Feb. 24, 1968

THE NEW YORKER

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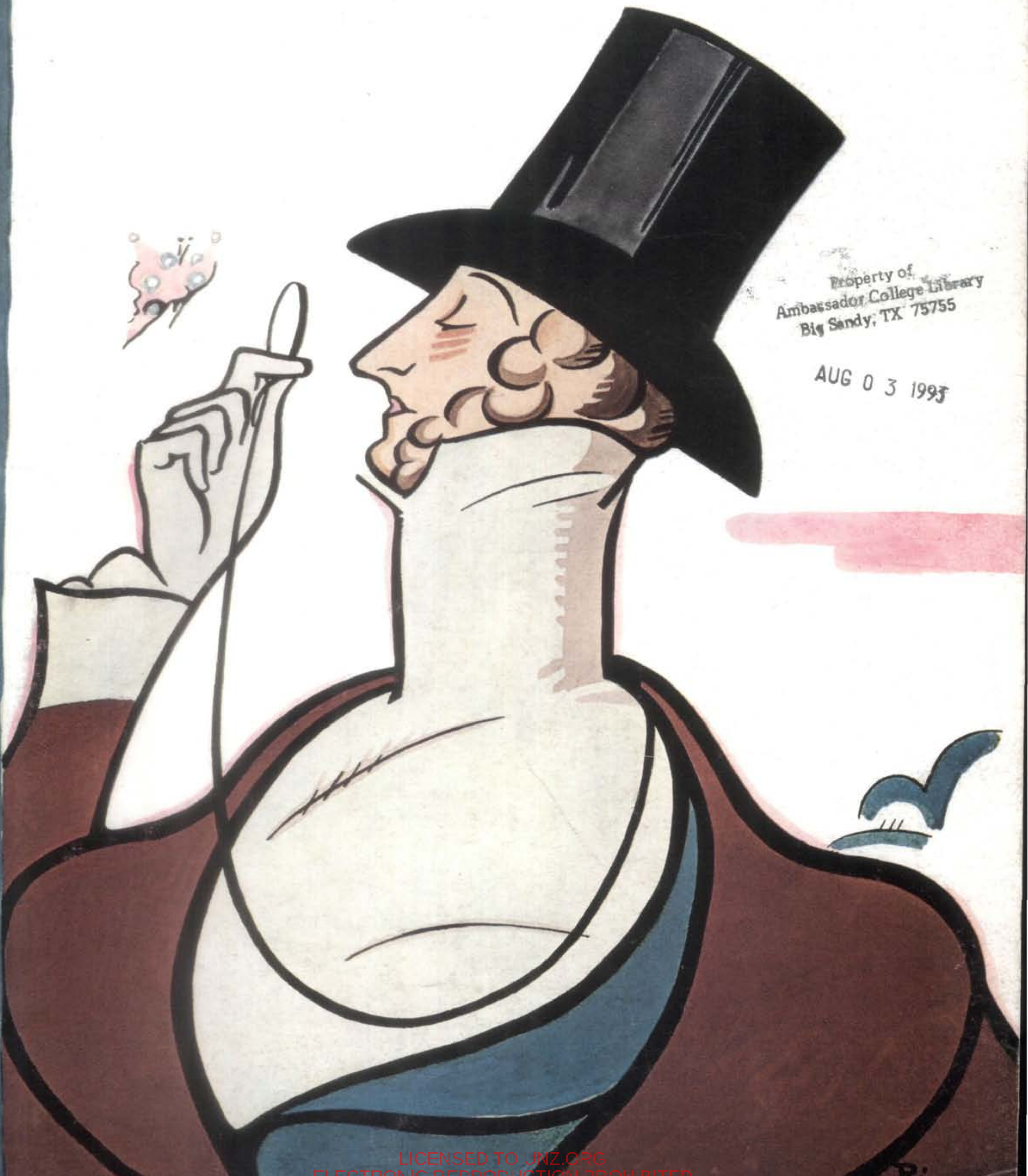

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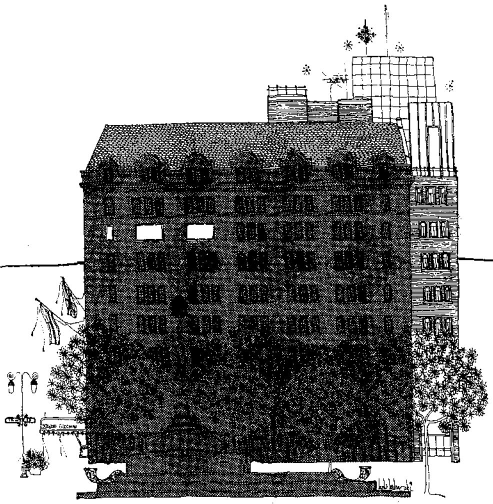

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(This week, most theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of *Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22. There may be* further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway. ...¶ Except Sundays, special buses to the Broadway theatre district leave from Fifth Ave. and 96th St. and from Lexington Ave. and 96th St. at 7:40 and 7:50, picking up passengers at "Theatre Express" stops (ten on Fifth and eleven on Lexington) along the way. Return buses leave from Eighth Ave. and 42nd St. at 11:15 and 11:25 for Madison Ave. passengers and at 11:20 and 11:30 for Third Ave. passengers.)

PLAYS

APA REPERTORY COMPANY—George Kelly's **THE SHOW-OFF:** Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 26-27, at 8:30; Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 2 and 8:30; and Thursday, Feb. 29, at 8:30.... ¶ Ionesco's **EXIT THE KING:** Friday, Feb. 23, at 8:30; Saturday, Feb. 24, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Feb. 25, at 7:30.... ¶ Michel de Ghelderode's **PANTAGLEIZE:** Friday, March 1, at 8:30, and Saturday, March 2, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

I NEVER SANG FOR MY FATHER—A wan tale of family misery, in Robert Anderson's characteristic vein. With Hal Holbrook, Alan Webb, Lillian Gish, and Teresa Wright. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, *except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées* Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

JOE EGG—A self-pitying English schoolteacher and his loving wife threaten to destroy their lives by their devotion to a spastic child. The playwright, Peter Nichols, has somehow found the means of making much of this sad story comic. The cast of this excellent play includes Albert Finney, Zena Walker, John Carson, Elizabeth Hubbard, Joan Hickson, and Susan Alpern. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

MORE STATELY MANSIONS—The third revision, by as many hands, of a play that Eugene O'Neill thought he had destroyed before he died. This version—highfalutin and ridiculous—does him a disservice that even the presence of Ingrid Bergman, Colleen Dewhurst, and Arthur Hill cannot mitigate. José Quintero, the third reviser, is responsible for the direction. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 2.)

PLAZA SUITE—Neil Simon has a knack for making people laugh, and these three conjoined one-act comedies would no doubt be S.R.O. *even in Tibet. George C. Scott and Maureen* Stapleton have a high old time in the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE PRICE—Arthur Miller's sombre study of family envy, brightened at intervals by a funny old man out of the lower East Side of long ago. Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, and Kate Reid comprise the family, and Harold Gary is the funny old man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE—Jay Allen has turned Muriel Spark's exhilarating little novel into an admirable play. Zoe Caldwell is exceedingly good in the principal role. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	1	2

ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD—A first-rate invention by Tom Stoppard in which Shakespeare's "Hamlet" is viewed from an eccentric and very funny angle. Brian Murray and John Wood are superlative as the *principals. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W.* 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

SOMETHING DIFFERENT—Carl Reiner's comedy about a playwright who is short on inspiration and has to try some wild devices to get his muse on the ball. Slow starting but quite funny when it hits its stride; there is a particularly droll scene toward the close in which Claudia McNeil figures merrily. (Cort, 48th St., E. 245-4289. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Washington's Birthday and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 24.)

SPOFFORD—Herman Shumlin's dramatization of Peter De Vries' "Reuben, Reuben" is a jolly *business dealing with a chicken farmer who* sets out to do a sociological study of the commuters invading his homeland. Melvyn Douglas is triumphant in the title role, and the rest of the cast is excellent. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. *Matinées Wednesdays at 2* and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

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STAIRCASE—A comedy by Charles Dyer about two middle-aged male lovers who have their troubles, like everyone else. Eli Wallach and Milo O'Shea play their difficult roles superbly. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 3.)

THERE'S A GIRL IN MY SOUP—Gig Young performs worthily as a middle-aged womanizer in this one, but, alas, there is not much to be said for his supporting cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—CACTUS FLOWER: Abe Burrows' study of a slow-blooming dental nurse. With Betsy Palmer and Lloyd Bridges. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)... **DON'T DRINK THE WATER:** A Jewish family from Newark behind the Iron Curtain. Put together by Woody Allen and featuring Lou Jacobi and Peggy Cass. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.) ... **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING:** Four plays by Robert Anderson. Sex is generally the focus. With Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, and George Grizzard, who will be replaced, starting Tuesday, Feb. 27, by Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, and William Redfield. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

DARLING OF THE DAY—An energetic but uninspired musical about Edwardian London, with music by Jule Styne, lyrics by E. Y. Harburg, and a cast that includes Vincent Price, Patricia Routledge, Peter Woodthorpe, Teddy Green, and Brenda Forbes. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

GOLDEN RAINBOW—Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme in a musical about Las Vegas and the tiresome, raucous types that frequent it. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence are in the wrong town. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

GRAND MUSIC HALL OF ISRAEL—A rousing vaudeville, with lots of singing and dancing and jumping and banging away on xylophones. Geula Gill brings down the house a lot more easily than Samson did. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

THE HAPPY TIME—A big, hollow, and technically adroit staging of a skimpy book with skimpy songs. Robert Goulet and David Wayne are its wasted stars. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

HOW NOW, DOW JONES—Cutting up in the financial district. The book, by Max Shulman, and the music, by Elmer Bernstein, are not very sparkling, but Carolyn Leigh's lyrics are often sprightly, and the performers, under the direction of George Abbott, are a

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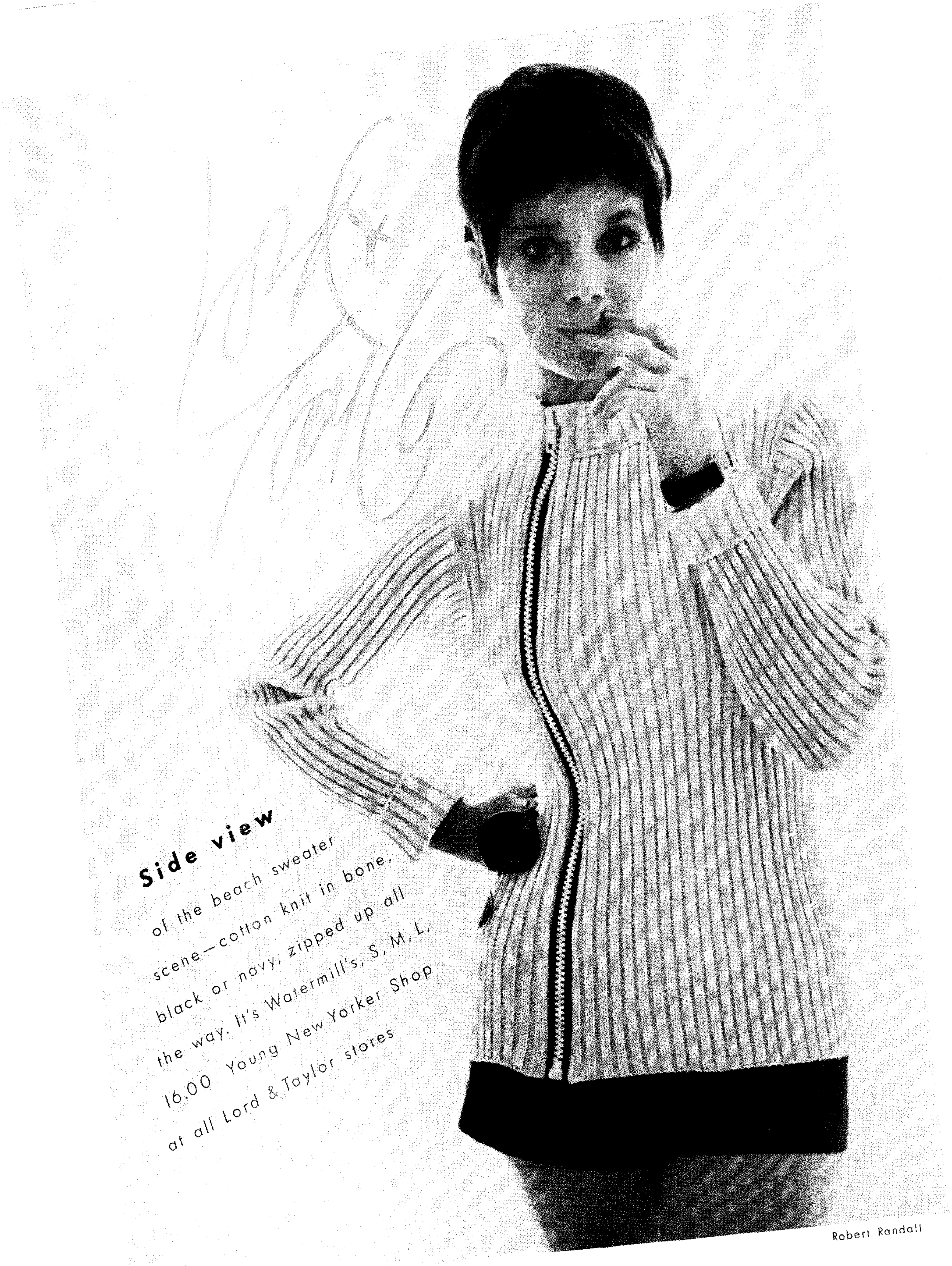


Side view

of the beach sweater scene—cotton knit in bone, black or navy, zipped up all the way. It's Watermill's, S, M, L, 16.00 Young New Yorker Shop at all Lord & Taylor stores

Robert Randall

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	1	2

lively lot. Conspicuous among them are Anthony Roberts, Marlyn Mason, Brenda Vaccaro, and Hiram Sherman. (*Lunt-Fontanne*, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—cabaret: How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. With Jack Gilford. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.) . . . **fiddler on the roof:** Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.) . . . **hello, dolly!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.) . . . **i do! i do!:** A highly sentimental account of a half century of marriage, with Carol Lawrence and Gordon MacRae. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.) . . . **mame:** Angela Lansbury plays Auntie in the musical version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Guide—Zia Mohyeddin in a play by Harvey Breit and Patricia Rinehart, based on an Indian novel by R. K. Narayan. Directed by Shirley Butler. Previews through Saturday, Feb. 24; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30. Opens officially on Monday, Feb. 26. (Hudson, 44th St., E. 757-4198. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Carry Me Back to Morningside Heights—A comedy by Robert Alan Aurthur, with Louis Gossett, David Steinberg, Cicely Tyson, Diane Ladd, and Johnny Brown. Sidney Poitier is the director. Preview Monday, Feb. 26. Opens officially on Tuesday, Feb. 27. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Portrait of a Queen—A play adapted by William Francis from the letters and diaries of Queen Victoria. Dorothy Tutin, Dennis King, and Derek Waring head a cast under the direction of Val May. Previews through Tuesday, Feb. 27; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:40 and no performance that evening. Opens officially on Wednesday, Feb. 28. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Giraudoux's **tiger at the gates**, translated by Christopher Fry, with Philip Bosco and Diana Sands. The third in this season's series of four plays. Previews through Wednesday, Feb. 28. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 29, at 7:30, and will run through Saturday, April 6. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **luisa miller.** (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Curley McDimple—A witless lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to those starring the young Mrs. Black. (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Washington's Birthday, at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

The Electronic Nigger and Others—A triple bill by Ed Bullins. Season subscribers (ten dollars) only. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; on Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Ergo—This play by Austrian writer Jakov Lind is the third winter offering of the New York Shakespeare Festival. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Goa—An Indian play by Asif Currimbhoy, directed by Patricia Newhall. Opens Thursday, Feb. 22. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

House of Flowers—A revival, after thirteen years, of Truman Capote's musical about a bordello somewhere in the Caribbean. In spite of Harold Arlen's charming score, the show is nebulous and wispy, and the performance, while agreeable, is not strong enough to serve as an anchor. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In Circles—Script by Gertrude Stein, music by Al Carmines, and a joy from start to finish. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 9, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

The Indian Wants the Bronx—Two one-act plays by an extremely gifted young playwright named Israel Horovitz. Each in its own way is a horror comedy, the first set in a student's room in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the second on a lonely street corner in this city. The cast, also young, does very well indeed under James Hammerstein's direction. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 673-6190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Iphigenia in Aulis—Irene Papas is magnificent as the defiant, anguished Clytemnestra, and Jenny Leigh is very touching as her daughter who willingly allows herself to be sacrificed for what she believes to be the honor of Greece. The men of the company are not quite as strong. Michael Cacoyannis is the director. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. Elly Stone, Shawn Elliott, Alice Whitfield, and Mr. Shuman make up the cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, but the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

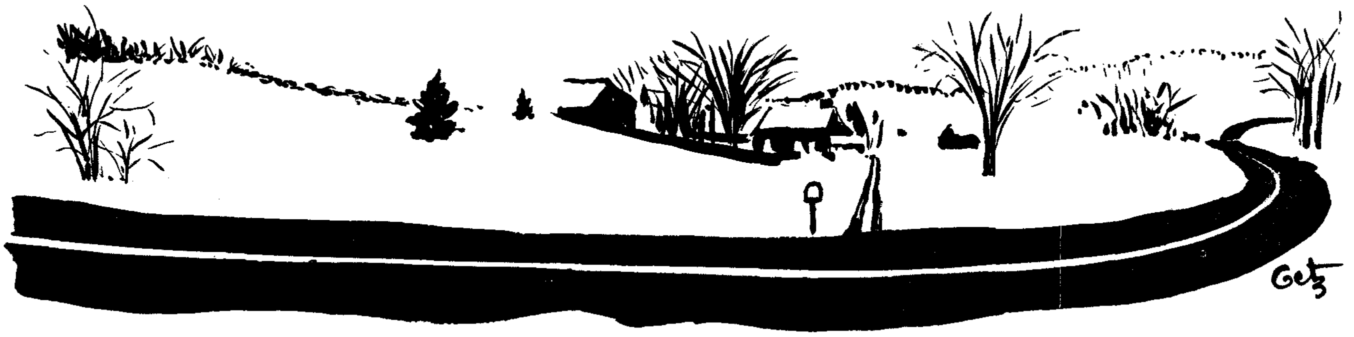
Nighthawks—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Fridays at 8:40 and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

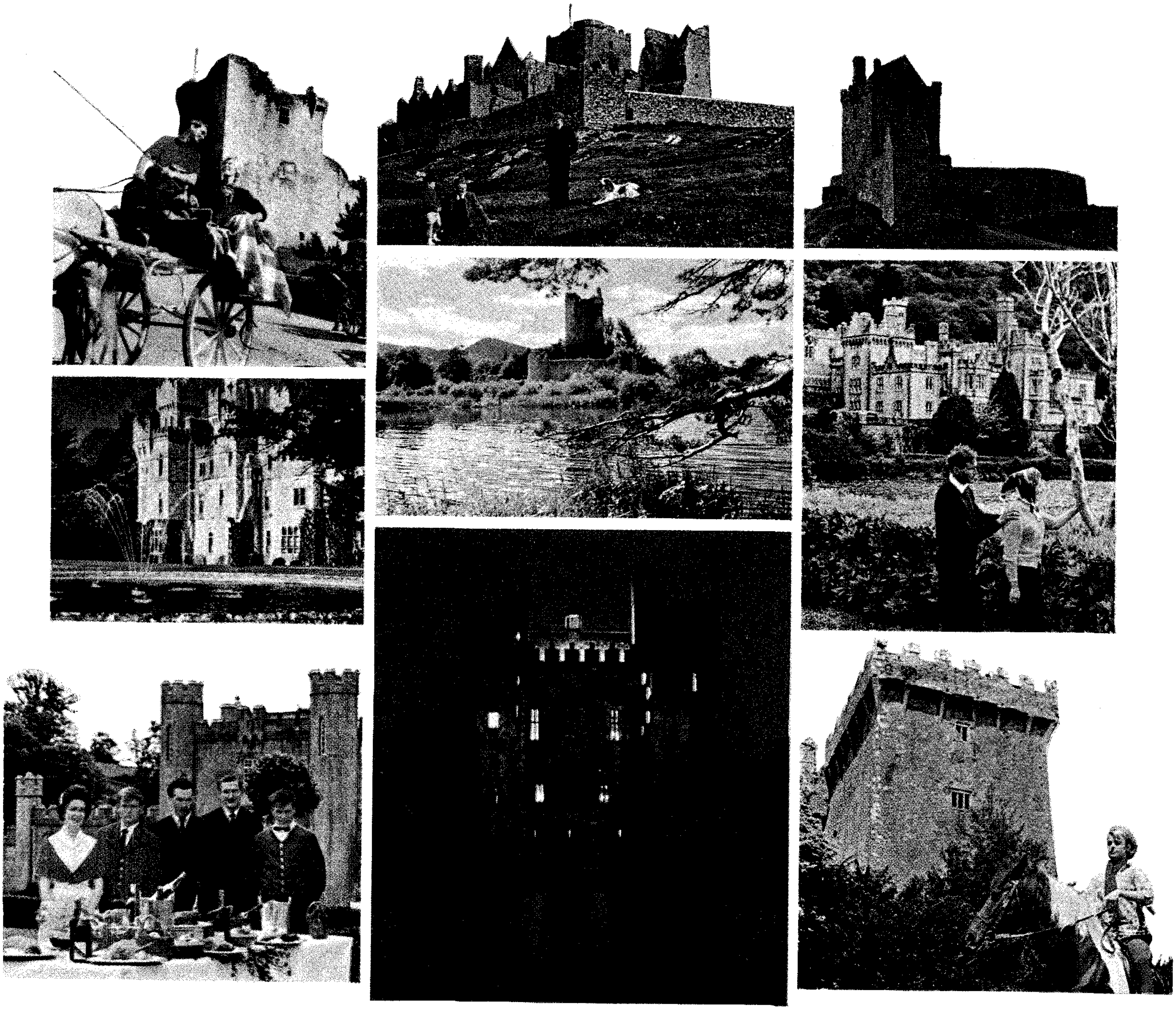
Scuba Duba—Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is the comic Walpurgis Night of an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. Mr. Friedman knows what he is doing, but what he is doing is not for every taste. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Summer of the 17th Doll—A revival of the Ray Lawler play, presented as the second in a series of four productions by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This delightful little musical and the six actors who play in it manage to capture the elusive humor and charm of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts," on which, of course, it is based. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Your Own Thing—As this little rock musical





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Pas des Déesses," and "Astarte." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 23, at 8:30: "Moves," "Secret Places," "Mannequins," and "Astarte." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 24, at 2:30: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Secret Places," "Pas de Trois," and "Con Amore." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8:30: "Moves," "Pas des Déesses," and "Astarte." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 25, at 2:30: "Con Amore," "Pas de Trois," and "The Green Table." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 25, at 8: "Moves," "Mannequins," "Secret Places," and "Viva Vivaldi!" . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 8:30: "Donizetti Variations," "Mannequins," and "Astarte." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8:30: "Pas des Déesses," "The Clowns" (première), and "Donizetti Variations." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 29, at 8:30: "Scotch Symphony," "Nightwings," and "The Clowns." . . . ¶ Friday, March 1, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Secret Places," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 2, at 2:30: "Scotch Symphony," "Sea Shadow," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 2, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Pas des Déesses," and "The Clowns." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, March 17.)

Ballets Africains—A troupe of forty-five dancers, singers, and musicians from the Republic of Guinea. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—"Coruscare," "Chrysalis," "The Flower Festival at Genzano Pas de Deux," and "Old Lady Culpes" (première). (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Mondays at 8:30.)

Indrani—With her company of Indian dancers and musicians. (Anderson Theatre, 66 Second Ave., at 3rd St. WA 0-8998. Friday and Saturday, March 1-2, at 8 and 11.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, at dinner and supper, Marty Allen and Steve Rossi, whose dialogue proves that vaudeville, wanted or not, will always be with us. On Tuesday, Feb. 27, they will be succeeded by Lou Rawls, a current Voice. The orchestra of Lee Evans, a sound investment, will be present on all occasions. Closed Sundays and Monday, Feb. 26.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—As before, there is a reasonably slender Billy Reed to lean on as he patrols his refectory and (from nine until two every evening but Sunday and Monday) *palais de danse*, in which a minuscule band does the music.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The parquet floor and the music in the restaurant are built for comfort, not for speed. The music comes from Ernie Warren's small band of longtime local citizens, who carry on in general from eight until one. No music Sundays and Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The archeologists' picks and shovels uncover but minute evidences of the Olympian life that once existed in this vanished city-state. Anyone who wants to help should show up between eight and three-thirty every night but Sunday. Collations for the toilers are offered by Lester Lanin and his band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Scholastic and social standards of the Ivy League bracket are maintained in the Café Pierre, and, naturally, the music of Ben Cutler's Yale team, which holds nightly practice sessions, is of the same quality. Little Miss Ellen Harwicke, who accompanies her own songs with her own piano, and neatly, has Mondays off.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The piping that is part of the décor of the Persian Room is done, in various fashionable hues, by Jane Powell, who is present during dinner and supper. The Burt Farber orchestra, now Dixie as well as dulcet, and the band run by Mark Monte are the house bumblebees. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano (these are the arsenal of Leo LeFleur's duo) speak with bated breath from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, which is the nineteenth century at the pinnacle of perfection, and again from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender light begins to suffuse the statuary and Gunnar Hansen's fiddle begins its sentimental journey down the Danube. No music Sunday nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—A chalet with all the comforts of high (sixty-five stories aloft) life and none of the discomforts (like skiing). Joe Williams and band, both of them loud and clear upon not only the midnight air but as early as nine, plus Phil Wayne's triad, which assembles at seven. Closed Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—Art Mooney's orchestra, surviving down through the ages, rolls (but rarely rocks) on its long, long course. Seven-thirty until two is the schedule, every night but Sunday.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, at dinner and supper, Earl Wrightson and Lois Hunt are billing and cooing in placid, domesticated fashion. The bands of George Cort and Quintero do the dance music. All these characters are off duty Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Dinah Shore is now the centerpiece in the Empire Room, and most of what she has to say is in lyric form. She is a dinner and supper item on Fridays and Saturdays; ten o'clock is her hour the rest of the week. Charles Turecamo's band turns out the dance music. No action Sundays. . . . ¶ Something is sounding off, if mildly, all week long in the manifold Peacock Alley, which deals in everything from cocktails to supper—piano Monday through Friday from four to ten, and Horace Diaz's trio for dancing from eight until one Wednesday through Saturday, from five to ten Sunday.

Note—roseland dance city, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Moderation in all things is the rule of thumb (or, rather, foot) because the Monkey, the Fracture, and the Urban Sprawl are all forbidden. The setting is plain but painstaking; the menu is token. Two ceaseless bands, one of them very Latin (Argueso's) and one of them very local—802, in fact—tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they begin at three-thirty, and Washington's Birthday at two-thirty. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): An off-campus campus that looks after a bunch of people who knew each other when and seem rather glad about it. The music for the reunion is piano, piano, piano—the whole night through, by Goldie Hawkins and his valiant aide, Wayne Sanders, plus an opening session (six to eight-thirty) by Francis Thorne, lately returned from his long Roman holiday. Closed Sundays and Washington's Birthday. . . . **jamaica arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A shipshape West Indie, visited every night from dinner time until after the theatre by a troubadour who sings in the choicest broken-Jamaican dialect. . . . **chucks' composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): You're only young a thousand times—this is the attitude of the boy and girl workers in the communications art who gather here. The threesome of Chuck Wayne, a deft abstractionist, does the holding forth with great glee. No music Sundays. . . . **la chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri's portrayal of the wickedest woman in Paris (done mostly from the top deck of a piano) is all fool and a yard

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

wide, which is how the guests in her small drawing room like it. She chants at dinner during the week, at dinner and supper Friday and Saturday, and—as a good Greek—never on Sunday. Unhurried dance music commences at eight. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Where the gypsy caravans of Hungary have rested, though not in complete silence. After the zimbalons and fiddles have had their say, Béla Babai's band does dance music and Tibor Rakossy does ballads of passionate importunity. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Not quite tempest in a teapot is the corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, but the animation in this Village snug can be ample. Here Laurie Brewis conducts, from his piano, a sort of sing-along that begins at nine-thirty every evening but Monday, and goes on and on into the night. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Scratch any waiter in the place and you'll find an operatic tenor whose mother tongue is Italian and whose voice is trigger-happy. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-9080): Or, really, a set of bumper-to-bumper tables, screened apart by a galaxy of glass-bead stalactites into a sort of winter palace. In one unquiet corner the voice and piano of Scott Reed ramble along from six until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): One of the few deeds that shine in the naughty world of Second Avenue is the now-and-then song recital by Charles De Forest, who, at his piano, intones his lush-life arias in a voice tinged with *Weltschmerz.* He is absent on Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie when Cy Walter addresses himself to the piano that, from a gentle slope, surveys this lordly manor. This act of beneficence takes place from the cocktail hour until one every night but Sunday, when Allan Haig serves instead. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The castle is a put-on, all right, but a merry, gregarious, and comfortable one. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of nighttime violinists. No music Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The city itself is eternal, but the nights are not, for two o'clock is lights-out. Until that hour, musicians and singers, who begin at seven-thirty, are on the move. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The watchmen of the night along this stretch of the Via Veneto are the ambulatory musicians under the bow and baton of Herman Honigsberg, master fiddler; the listeners are an outgoing lot. Closed Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Grand is the manner of the Regency Room, where there is well-behaved piano between five-thirty and twelve-thirty. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The Elegant Eighties and the Gay Nineties are permanent occupants of a town house that looks as it was in the beginning. In the bar, a leisurely piano dwells from six to one, except for Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): What the well-dressed bar and restaurant will wear. From five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, someone diligently plies a piano every night. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy is applying himself to the mannerly piano beside the bar in the grand salon-restaurant of the Westbury Hotel. He is not a Sunday or Monday visitor. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): A refectory deep in the arcanebrakes of some Far Eastern country, real or imaginary. In one alcove of it, a piano gets almost subliminally into whatever the act is. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): In an art gallery that is out on a mild spree, Felipe Gayo's guitar turns its thoughts lightly to nights in the gardens of Granada. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The Almanach by which one foretells the future here is not the Farmer's but de Gotha. The chargé d'affaires is George Feyer, whose conversation as he strokes his keyboard may be proof that politics and piano do not mix. He goes on (and on) from eight-thirty until two. Closed Sundays.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining unless indicated.)

ARTHUR, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Practically a closed circuit to anyone without a promissory note from the booking office. The eye of the booked beholder grows dizzy as it follows the free-form footwork of the often enchanted young champions. Some of the music comes out of wax containers, some of it comes out of earthlings—the Fuzzy Bunnies, at the moment. Nine until four is the rule; a slight bill of fare is offered. No Monday action. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): There's Egypt in the dreamy eyes of the Sphinxes who survey the scene from their niches, and Americana in the music that issues from the blue-platter specials that the disc jockey spins; what Lovelace Watkins' trio (some thunder, some lightning) contributes is music that is alive, alive-o. Dining in quite reasonable degree. Closed Sundays. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Mid pleasures and palaces, mostly Roman Mod—in both décor and dress. It must be looked for behind an unmarked door, and prior arrangements for access are a good idea. The eclectic music is from the grooves of Academe. It is open every night, from nine-thirty to three-thirty. . . . **CHEETAH,** 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The barrier for the dancers is sprung at eight, and their cross-country race with the beams of the strobe lights does not end until all hours. Sundays, the pressure is reduced (music from four to twelve), and Mondays are ceded to Latin music, which, under the circumstances, is oddly soothing. Cheetah is, by the way, in the temperance zone. . . . **WHEELS,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A sort of super-motor inn, whose bent is wheels (all the way from automobile to jukebox) whirling like dervishes from six until late in the morning. Not everything is popular mechanics, though; human beings, such as the New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble, which has the bit in its teeth and Bach in its repertory, likewise clamor. Closed Mondays. . . . **ELECTRIC CIRCUS,** upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080): This spaceship, tenuously moored to earth, is a *son et lumière* that gives one pause but also amusement. The occasional circus acts, seemingly as spontaneous as the light cues, are just as entertaining. Though the lighting effects are all fermented, none of the available beverages are. The hours are eight-thirty until three or four, every night. . . . **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Certain formalities are to be gone through, such as dressing like little ladies and little gentlemen, but the music (nine until early morn) is as vibrant as any, though not exactly at the top of any lungs. Supper, too. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining and dancing.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Tom Jones, pride and joy of young England, is singing full tilt. The words of the appended humorist are hardly worth the bother, but the Copa ballerinas are at least decorative. On Thursday, Feb. 29, a new deal, capped by Enzo Stuarti, in whose world every song ends not with a whimper but a bang. No nights off. . . . ¶ In the bar-lounge, music starts whooping and dooping at ten, and is not likely to stop. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "Women's World," the current extravaganza, may contain the ideal girls of all time—long, luxurious, yet fond of athletics, inexpensively clothed (if at all), and never inclined to dominate the conversation. There are stunt acts, too, as well as Morey Amsterdam, a humorist hardly for all ears. Mr. Amsterdam departs on Tuesday, Feb. 27; next evening, Marilyn Michaels begins a stint of sopranoing. Twice a night, and forever.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The ways of our wicked world are no match for the wickedness of the words with which "Four in Hand,"

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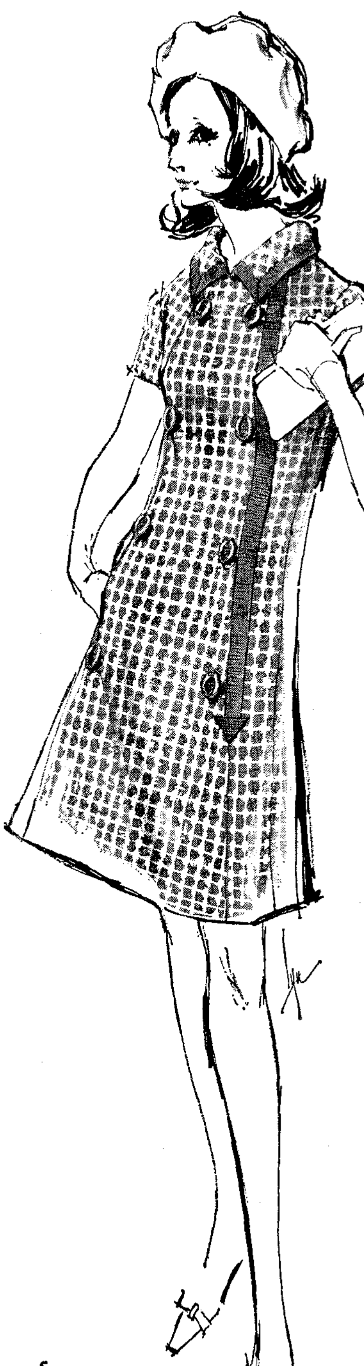

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Julius Monk's editorial-with-music, decries those ways. His coruscating Greek chorus is led by Mary Louise Wilson and Liz Sheridan, who receive valiant support from Terry O'Mara, Dennis Allen, and Alex Wipf. The orchestra is the dashing double piano of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; the opulent interlude piano comes from Baldwin Bergersen. Nine and eleven-thirty are the starting times. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The Serenata Oriental Orchestra (which, except for one sweet-tongued little Cio-Cio-San, is a wholly male Japanese squadron) is all things to all listeners ("Shadow of Your Smile" in Oriental, and "Guadalajara" in first-rate Spanish) and all things to a pair of dancers, Eduardo and Gloria, whose Argentine acrobatics make the tango the world's finest exercise. All is in fun, in innocence, and nearly in perpetuity, for the dancing of the customers is no slouch, either. Dining. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After ten, just off the bar, there is the guitar of Alejandro Manzana, which will have you marching through Iberia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Jackie Vernon tells his lot in mournful numbers, for his life is but a bad dream. With this comic recitation goes Alice Playten, a spirited child who gives her song sixty lashes of the belt. Not before nine-thirty or ten. On Monday, Feb. 26, they will be succeeded by Joan Rivers, patron saint of the psychoanalytical crowd, as well as mile-a-minute talker. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Photo Finish" is the newest of the portmanteau revues to inhabit this coign. The hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Home on the range in Israel, where never is heard a discouraging word, and the musicians and jesters make the evening more a private party than a public affair. It's a nightly operation, and the dining is native. The major interests are Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr, players and jokers, and the oud man, Chic Ganimian. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Friday through Sunday, Feb. 23-25, is assigned to the trio of the eminent Elvin Jones. Mondays, the rule is that the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band owns the place. The sound runs from nine-thirty, from five on Sunday. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): On the ground floor, Billy Taylor's trio is having itself a very happy time. It's out of action Mondays. . . . ¶ Belowstairs, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 23-24, Dick Gregory and his trenchant treatises on internal combustion, plus the quintet run by Stan Getz. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): There is dancing now as well as pizza pies, and Zoot Sims' quartet is responsible for a large part of the party of the first part. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The graduates of the Old School keep showing up at one of the Oldest Schools in town. At the moment, they are such as Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown. Closed Sundays. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727): The economic law that bad music drives good music out of circulation still prevails, so the progressive citizenry must often seek quarters as plain as this one. The quartet of Archie Shepp moves out on Sunday, Feb. 25, but Sun Ra's mysterious undercover men operate on Monday, Feb. 26, and next evening Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers check in. Saturdays, from five to nine, visiting jazz bands have the floor. . . . **THE FRAMMIS**, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160): A new hearthstone to keep the faith warm. Lyn Christie, the nimble bassist from Down Under, is helped out by a couple of diggers like our fellow-countryman Roland Hanna. On Wednesdays, from six to nine, Daphne Hellman, golden harp and hair at the ready, conducts a chamber-jazz session, with the aid of two sidemen. Dinner begins at six. No music Sundays. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804): The best of our Village coffee-and-ice-cream parlors, and sometimes the best of our Village folk-and-rock. Orpheus, a rock group, will see action through Sunday, Feb. 25, and Kenny Rankin, self-made songs and songster, will prevail through Monday, Feb. 26. On Wednesday, Feb. 28, Jake Holmes, a folk man of a certain distinction, and the Lemon Pipers, another band given to rock, take charge. Tuesdays are devoted to drop-ins. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—a current eternal-youth formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): More agenda for the rather young. The music is live and cast iron. It goes until two or three all week long, and on Sundays it commences at four-thirty in the afternoon, when the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band reports for a matinée. . . . **RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Museum pieces. The largest is the 1906 truck chassis in which the rataplan band plays. Chaplin and Laurel & Hardy movies occur at times; beer, peanuts, and pretzels happen continually. There are Sunday matinées, too, beginning at five.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

WILL BARNET—Stylized portraits by a widely exhibited New York artist; through Saturday, March 2. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

FLETCHER BENTON—Twenty works in polished aluminum and stainless steel, in some cases combined with painted Plexiglas, which move almost imperceptibly; through Saturday, March 2. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALBERT BIERSTADT (1830-1902)—Twenty-six small paintings by a leading nineteenth-century American artist; through March 9. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER BLUME—Five oil paintings and forty-five sketches by this Surrealist; through March 9. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD JEROME BOGART—Delicate, romantic landscapes; through March 7. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays and Washington's Birthday.)

WILLIAM BRICE—Paintings and pastels, generally containing figures; through Saturday, March 2. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays and Washington's Birthday.)

JAMES BROOKS—Recent paintings by a well-known New York Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, March 2. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARTIN CANIN—Paintings consisting of stripes of luminous color in graded tones within squares and rectangles; through Thursday, Feb. 29. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHRYSSA—Neon constructions whose color and movement can be controlled by the viewer, also drawings made as studies for them; through March 13. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

REX CLAWSON—Paintings and drawings with a leaning toward social comment; through March 9. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT COURTRIGHT—Shallow sculptured reliefs of monochrome areas divided by a diagonal; through Thursday, Feb. 29. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

ANTHONY DE BLASI—Large paintings with intertwined loops of bright colors; through March 9. (Spectrum, 54 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ENRICO DONATI—Recent paintings by a widely known Abstractionist, who emphasizes texture; through March 16. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

RONOLDO FERRI—Neon-tube constructions with lights controllable by the spectator; through Saturday, March 2. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

MAX FINKELSTEIN—Geometrical reliefs in light-

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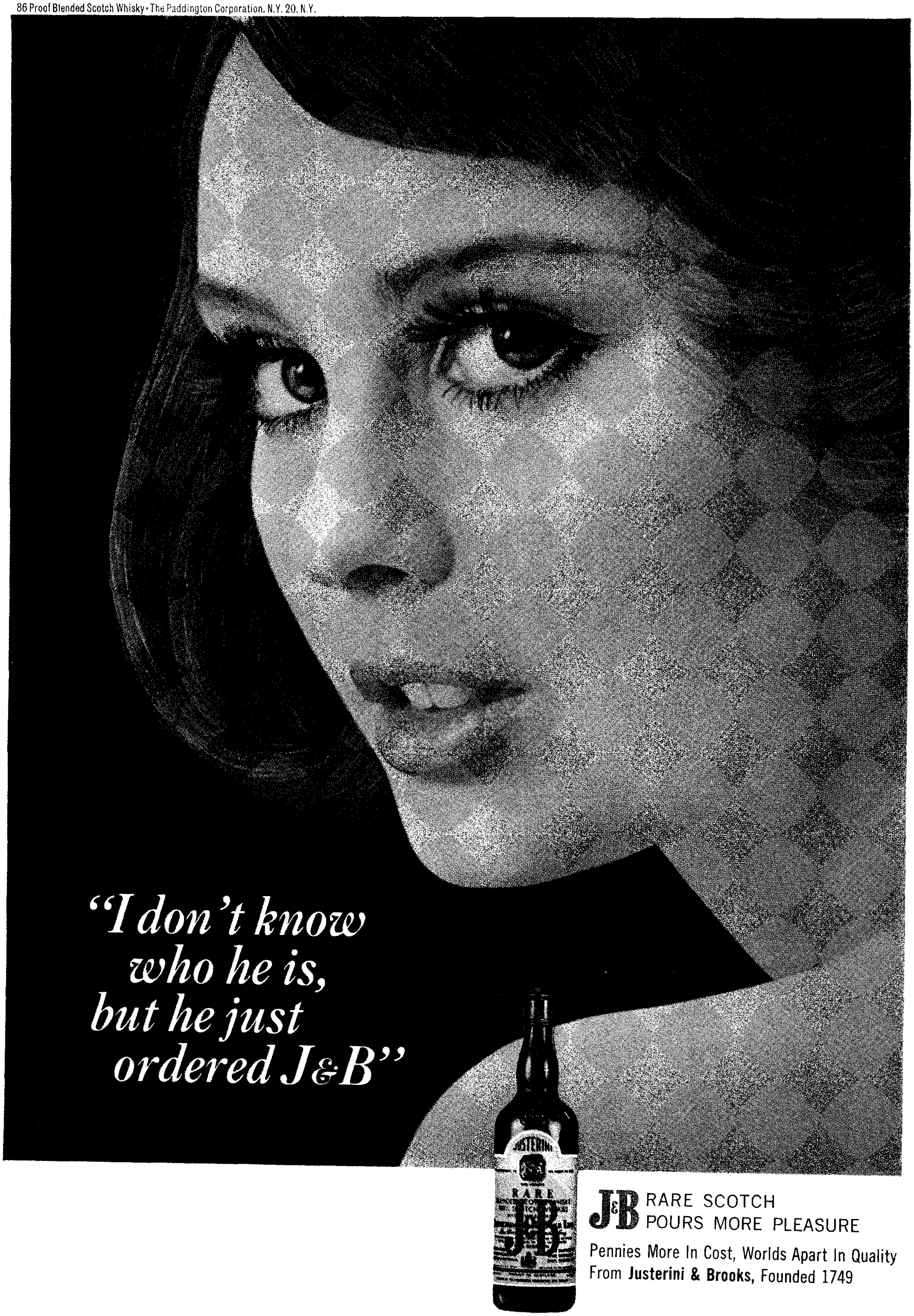
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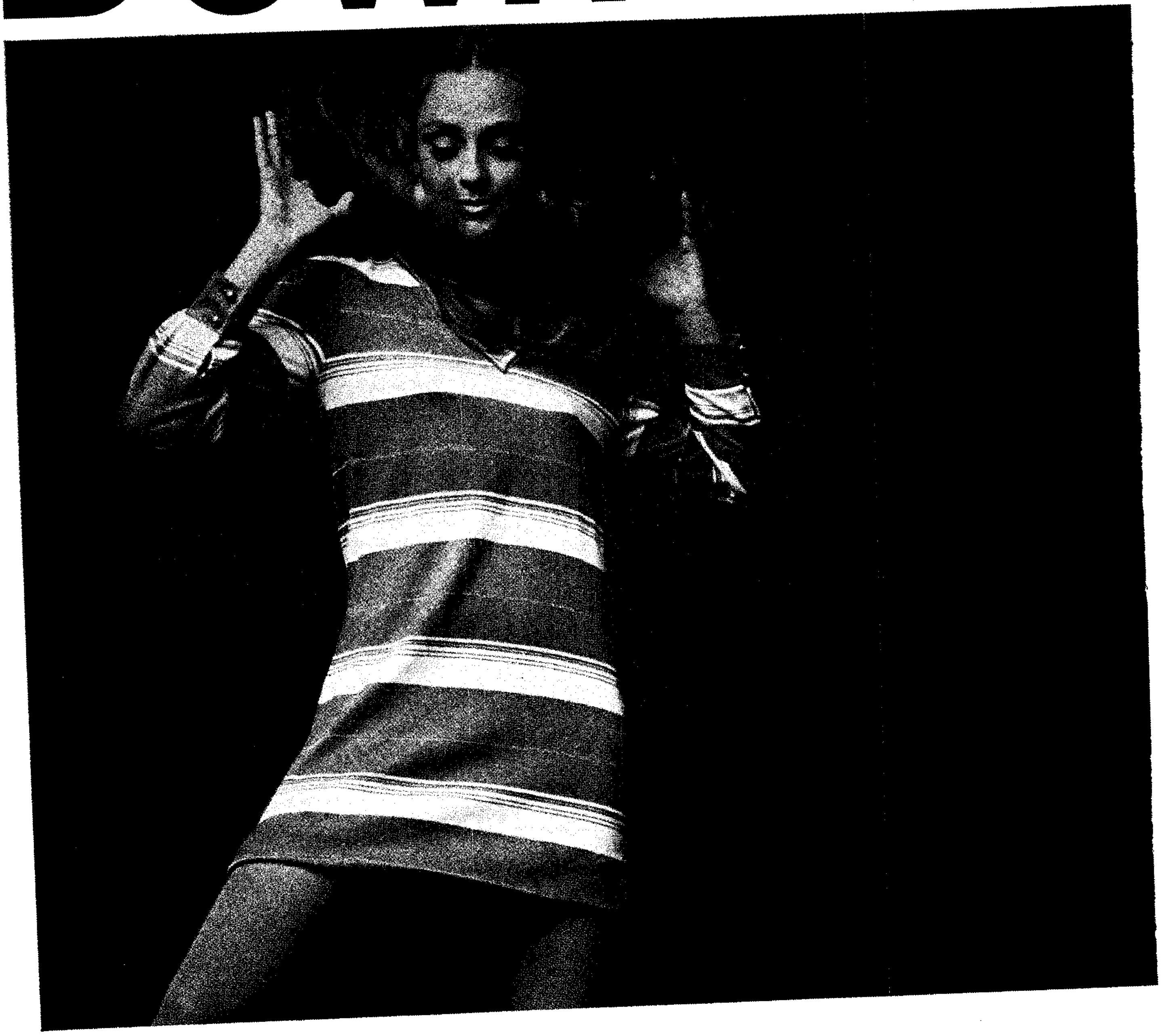

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

reflecting aluminum on steel; through March 7. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARY FRANK—Plaster and bronze sculptures and reliefs based on the human figure; through Saturday, March 2. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

SONIA GECHTOFF AND JAMES KELLY—Areas of color partly covered with feathery lines by the former and paintings of geometrical shapes by the latter; through March 8. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE GROSZ (1893-1959)—Fifty sardonic drawings from his early Berlin period, 1910-20; through Saturday, March 2. (Deitsch, 24 E. 81st St.)

RONALD GROW—Abstract sculptures combining various materials; through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

MARGO HOFF—Painted paper cutouts on wood panels; through Saturday, March 2. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

RALPH HUMPHREY—Paintings by one of the earliest of the new stripe-and-color-field school; through Thursday, Feb. 29. (Bykert, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALFRED JENSEN—More of this artist's heavily painted mosaic-like abstractions with gnomic titles; through March 16. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

LYMAN KIPP—*Painted steel sculptures; through* Saturday, March 2. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Washington's Birthday.)

MIRIAM LAUFER—Large Expressionist paintings (some containing words), mostly of heavyset nudes; through Saturday, March 2. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

SOL LEWITT—Sculptural variations on the cube; through Wednesday, Feb. 28. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PHILIP MCCRACKEN—Sculptural symbols of metaphysical situations; through March 9. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

LOWELL NESBITT—Paintings of his own studio and those of other artists—Hinman, Nevelson, Oldenburg, and Sugarman, to name a few; through Thursday, Feb. 29. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

PICASSO—Drawings and graphics; through March 9. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

CAMILLE PISSARRO—Fifty-two drawings and watercolors of Caracas executed during his two-year visit there (1852-54); through March 3. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Washington's Birthday, noon to 6.)

EARL REIBACK—Kinetic compositions with projections of light; through Saturday, March 2. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HANS RICHTER—An exhibition of wood and metal reliefs commemorating the eightieth birthday of this Dadaist and Surrealist, who is also the subject of a current showing (ending Saturday) at the Finch College Museum of Art; through Saturday, March 2. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ATTILIO SALEMME—Paintings of dreamlike constructions by a New York artist who died in 1955; through Saturday, March 2. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOOP SANDERS AND ROBERT ADAMS—Abstract paintings in sections, which can be recombined, by Mr. Sanders, and bronzed steel Constructivist sculptures by Mr. Adams; through Saturday, March 2. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

RAY SIEMANOWSKI—Paintings and sculptures that adapt comic-strip motifs in brilliant colors; through Saturday, March 2. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

PAUL SIGNAC (1863-1935)—Drawings and watercolors; through March 9. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

LEON POLK SMITH—Paintings, including a free-standing panel, by a specialist in geometrical forms and flat colors; through March 30. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

PIERRE SOULAGES—Twenty-three recent paintings by a Paris Abstract Expressionist best known in New York for his black-and-white compositions; *through Saturday, Feb. 24.* (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

HENRY STRATER—Still-lifes, figures, and landscapes by a Maine painter who has been exhibiting for the past forty-five years; through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

WALASSE TING—Paintings that seek lyrical effects; through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

JOHN H. TWACHTMAN (1853-1902)—Thirty-five works by a major American Impressionist; through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Spanierman, 50 E. 78th St.)

E. AMBROSE WEBSTER—Paintings by a prominent Provincetown artist, who died in 1935; through Friday, March 1. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays and Washington's Birthday.)

TOM WESSELMAN—Molded plastic reliefs of parts of the female body, by a Pop pioneer; through Saturday, March 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

ADJA YUNKERS—The first showing in five years of Abstract paintings and collages by this veteran New Yorker; through March 9. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

SCULPTURES—Transparent and translucent pieces, mainly of plastic and glass, by David Weinrib, Les Levine, and Hans Haacke, to mention a few; through March 8. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, except Washington's Birthday, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: "The American Landscape, a Living Tradition," comprising works by, among others, Georgia O'Keeffe, Henry Varnum Poor, Hyde Solomon, Reuben Tam, Edwin Dickinson, Richard Diebenkorn, Wolf Kahn, and Aristodemis Kaldis; through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Closed Washington's Birthday.) . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by notable Americans of the last century and the first part of this one, such as Mount, Inness, Hassam, Sargent, and Edwin Dickinson; through March 15. (Closed Washington's Birthday.)

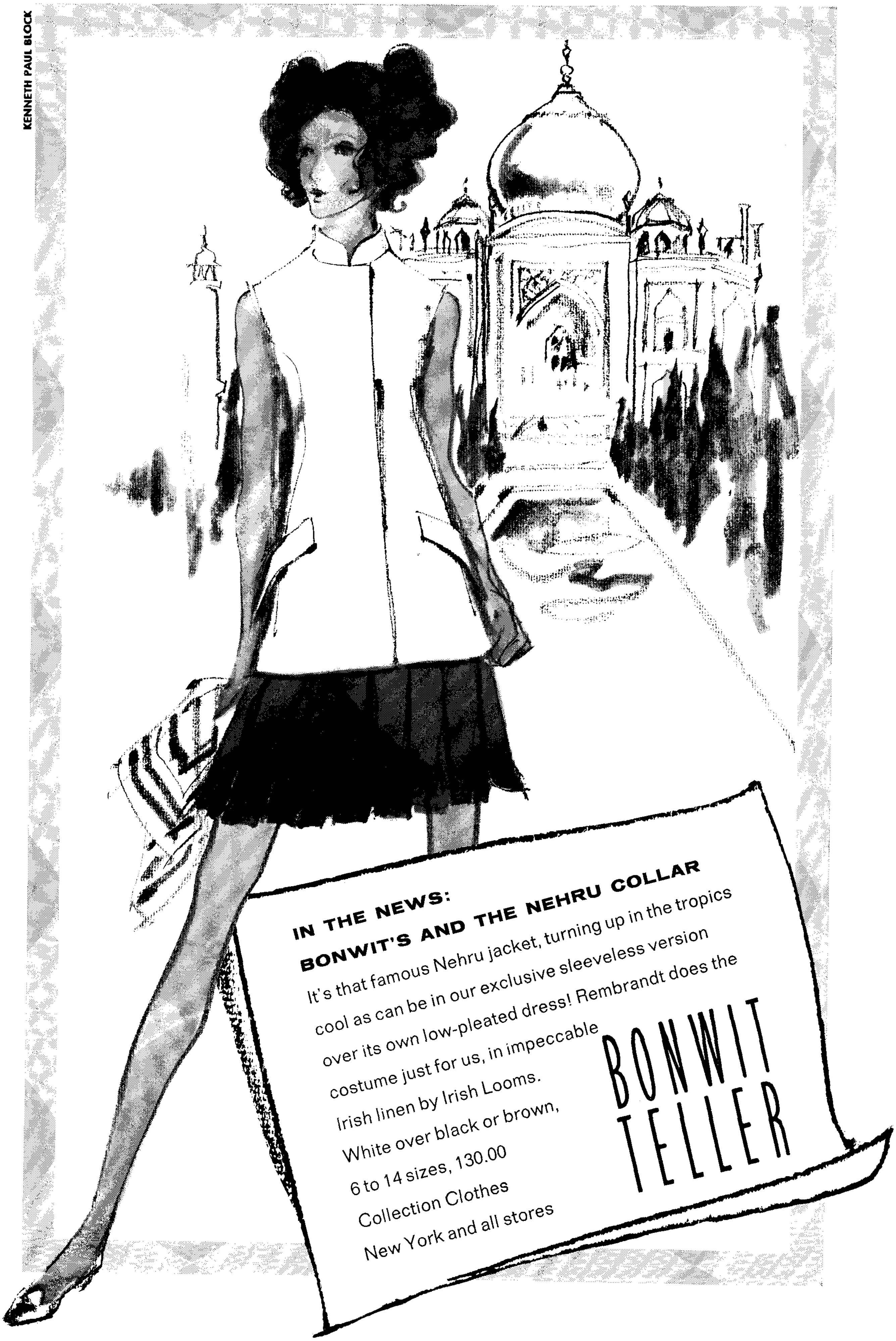
EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **EMMERICH**, 41 E. 57th St.: Greek, Etruscan, and Roman *sculptures and vases, from the sixth century* B.C. to the third century A.D.; through March 13. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LOEB & KRUGIER**, 12 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Braque, Picasso, Arp, Giacometti, Matisse, and other twentieth-century artists; through March 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by four young Britons; through Saturday, Feb. 24. . . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12th St.: Ninety-six drawings, many by children, done in a concentration camp in Czechoslovakia during the Second World War; through March 16. (Mondays through Fridays, except Washington's Birthday, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Close to three hundred objects lent by the Turkish government, including gold from Troy; Greek, Roman, and Byzantine sculptures; and treasures of the Ottoman Empire. Through March 10. (Except on Mondays, admission is $1.) . . . ¶ "F-111," a monumental Pop painting by James Rosenquist, which received much press comment when it was first shown, in 1966; through May 5. . . . ¶ Some hundred drawings, prints, and illustrated books from the sixteenth century to the present, recently acquired by the Museum; through March 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Sidney and Harriet Janis Collection of a *hundred paintings and sculptures* by three generations of twentieth-century artists; through March 4. . . . ¶ A selection of posters and other graphic-design items from the Museum's collection, covering successive styles since the eighteen-nineties; through March *10. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and* Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred and seventy-five oils, watercolors, and drawings, which constitute a major review of Neo-Impressionism, by Seurat, Signac, Pissarro, Matisse, van Gogh, Gauguin, and many other outstand*ing moderns* who were either in the movement



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or affected by it; through April 7. . . . ¶ Early works by Adolph Gottlieb in a show that is running concurrently with his show at the Whitney Museum; through April 7. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Late works by Adolph Gottlieb in an exhibition that coincides with his exhibition at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum; through March 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—American prints from the Civil War to the First World War, among them hand-colored lithographs; Currier & Ives prints; etchings by Homer, Whistler, and Cassatt; and works by participants in the 1913 Armory Show. Through Wednesday, Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Paintings of a common snipe, a least sandpiper, a greater yellowlegs, and other shorebirds by Robert Verity Clem, who sets his subjects in their serene and undisturbed environment; through Friday, March 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A hundred and seventeen bronzes, ceramics, lacquers, jade carvings, stone sculptures, and paintings, representing forty-five hundred years of Chinese art, selected from the Avery Brundage Collection; through March 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A retrospective of Hans Richter's Dada and Surrealist works, including movies, which will be shown at 1:30 Friday and Saturday; through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.) A good complement to this exhibition is the Richter showing at the Byron Gallery, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—Thirteen Rembrandt drawings and etchings; through April 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition (of archeological findings, photo murals, charts, and maps) portraying the heroic resistance, to the death, of Jewish Zealots against the Romans at Masada in the first century A.D.; through Sunday, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Twenty-nine marriage contracts (*ketuboth*) dating from the seventeenth century, illuminated with scenes of Biblical episodes and the city of Jerusalem, signs of the zodiac, floral decorations, allegories, and coats of arms; through March 3. (Thursday, Feb. 22, from 10 to 6; Friday, Feb. 23, from 10 to 3; Sunday, Feb. 25, from 10 to 9. Thereafter Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Pre-nineteenth-century Polynesian sculptures—for instance, objects by the Maori of New Zealand, wood figures from the Easter Island, ivory and bone carvings from Tonga, and wood pieces from Hawaii; through April 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8: "Luisa Miller," with Montserrat Caballé, Louise Pearl, Nancy Williams, Richard Tucker, Sherrill Milnes, Giorgio Tozzi, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 23, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Lucine Amara, Louise Pearl, Franco Corelli, Mario Sereni, Jerome Hines, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 24, at 1: "Die Walküre," with Birgit Nilsson, Leonie Rysanek, Christa Ludwig, Jon Vickers, Walter Berry, and Karl Ridderbusch. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8:15: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Fiorenza Cossotto, Mignon Dunn, Carlo Bergonzi, Cornell MacNeil, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 26, at 8: "Luisa Miller," with Montserrat Caballé, Louise Pearl, Nancy Williams, Richard Tucker, Sherrill Milnes, Giorgio Tozzi, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Lohengrin," with Leonie Rysanek, Christa Ludwig, James King, Walter Berry, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Theodore Lambrinos. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8: "Aida," with Birgit Nilsson, Fiorenza Cossotto, Carlo Bergonzi, Cornell MacNeil, Jerome Hines, and Louis Sgarro. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 29, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Régine Crespin, Gundula Janowitz, Barbro Ericson, Jon Vickers, Thomas Stewart, and Karl Ridderbusch. . . . ¶ Friday, March 1, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Renata Scotto, Joy Clements, Alfredo Kraus, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 2, at 1:30: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Fiorenza Cossotto, Mignon Dunn, Carlo Bergonzi, Cornell MacNeil, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 2, at 8: "Luisa Miller," with Lucine Amara, Louise Pearl, Nancy Williams, John Alexander, Sherrill Milnes, Giorgio Tozzi, and Ezio Flagello.

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Opening performances of the spring season, which will continue through Sunday, April 21—Thursday, Feb. 22, at 7:45: "Oedipus Rex," with Frances Bible, George Shirley, Edward Pierson, and William Ledbetter; and "Carmina Burana," with Anne Elgar, Enrico di Giuseppe, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 23, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Jeannine Crader, Bernabé Marti, Chester Ludgin, and Michael Devlin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 24, at 2:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Elisabeth Carron, Kay Creed, Seymour Schwartzman, Nico Castel, and Robert Moulson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Francesca Roberto, Huguette Tourangeau, Muriel Greenspon, Enrico di Giuseppe, and Richard Fredricks; and "Pagliacci," with Maralin Niska, Placido Domingo, Calvin Marsh, Dominic Cossa, and Norman Paige. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 7-8281.) . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 25, at 1:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Kay Creed, Jerome LoMonaco, Dominic Cossa, and William Beck. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 25, at 7:15: "Oedipus Rex," with Frances Bible, George Shirley, Edward Pierson, and William Ledbetter; and "Carmina Burana," with Anne Elgar, Enrico di Giuseppe, and William Metcalf. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Jeannine Crader, Bernabé Martí, Chester Ludgin, and Jack Bittner. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Muriel Greenspon, Enrico di Giuseppe, and Calvin Marsh. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 29, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Anne Elgar, Carol Bayard, Jerome LoMonaco, David Clatworthy, and William Ledbetter. . . . ¶ Friday, March 1, at 8:15: "Carmen," with Huguette Tourangeau, Carol Bayard, Roberto Banuelas, Salvador Novoa, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 2, at 2:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Joan Summers, Frances Bible, Muriel Greenspon, Maralin Niska, Robert Hale, David Clatworthy, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 2, at 8:15: "Oedipus Rex," with Edith Evans, Clinton Nichols, Will Roy, and William Ledbetter; and "Carmina Burana," with Anne Elgar, Enrico di Giuseppe, and William Metcalf. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

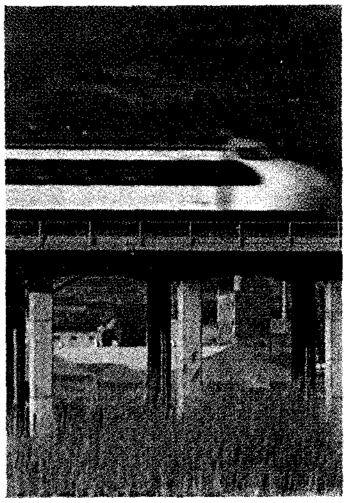
"LA TRAVIATA" ON FILM—A Rome Opera performance of Verdi's work, filmed in color, with Anna Moffo, Gino Bechi, and Franco Bonisolli. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall—William Steinberg conducting on Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 23, at 2:15; Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8:30; and Monday, Feb. 26, at 7:30 (all with Eileen Schauler, soprano, and Anthony di Bonaventura, piano). . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, Feb. 29, at 8:30; Friday, March 1, at 2:15; Saturday, March 2, at 8:30; and Monday, March 4, at 7:30 (all with the Camerata Singers; Howard Hanson will conduct one of his own works at each concert).

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Erich Leinsdorf

Ride the world's fastest train back to ninth-century Japan



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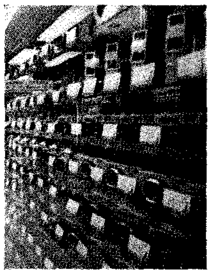
You discover the Inland Sea with its piney picture-islands and misty vistas—from a speeding hydrofoil. You stroll Tokyo's Ginza, past window after window of excellent watches, cameras, mini-TVs. Then abruptly here's a folk art shop, with pottery fired in ancient kilns, and traditional toys carved by hereditary craftsmen.



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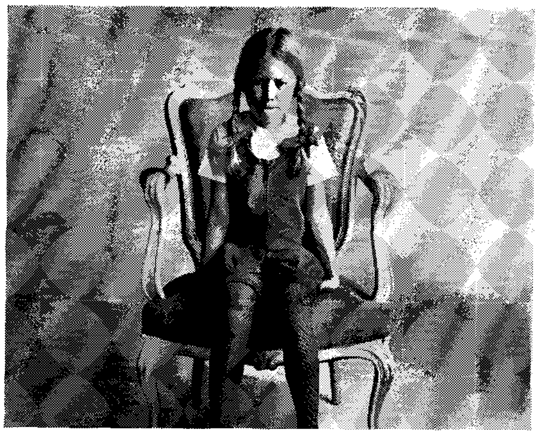

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 28, and Friday, March 1, at 8:30, both with João Carlos Martins, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 29, at 8:30, an all-Beethoven program, with Grant Johannesen, piano; and Saturday, March 2, at 8:30, a performance of Haydn's "The Creation," with Beverly Sills, soprano; John McCollum, tenor; Ara Berberian, bass; and the New England Conservatory Chorus.)

St. Louis Symphony Orchestra—Eleazar de Carvalho conducting, with Nathan Milstein, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

Orchestra da Camera—Sylvia Caduff conducting an all-Mozart program, with Karl and Till Engel, duo piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Grant Johannesen, piano, (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Aram Khachaturian conducting a program of his own music, with Karine Georgian, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 25, at 3, and Monday, Feb. 26, at 8:30.)

Clarion Concert—Newell Jenkins conducting, with Zvi Zeitlin, violin. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)

Oratorio Society of New York—T. Charles Lee directing a Dvořák-Haydn program. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 8:15.)

RECITALS

Artur Rubinstein—Piano, in the last in a series of recitals. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)

André Watts—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)

Prague Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 23, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Judith Raskin—Soprano, in a lieder recital. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.)

Andres Segovia—Classic guitarist. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday, March 1, at 8:30.)

Shirley Verrett—Mezzo-soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 25, at 3.)

New School Concerts—The first in a series of three programs of Schumann chamber works, performed by Alexander Schneider, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; Leonard Arner, oboe; and Murray Perahia, piano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Feb. 25, at 3 and 9.)

Trio Flauto Dolce—A program of recorder music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, Feb. 26, at 8:40.)

Galimir Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)

Lili Kraus—The third in a series of five concerts presenting the Mozart cycle of piano sonatas. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8:40.)

Guarneri String Quartet—With Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Feb. 29, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Manhattan Baroque Ensemble—A program of Italian music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Feb. 29, at 8:30.)

Janet Baker—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 1, at 8:30.)

Isaac Stern—Violin, in a sonata recital. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan

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Illinois. Marking a century and a half from wilderness to greatness.
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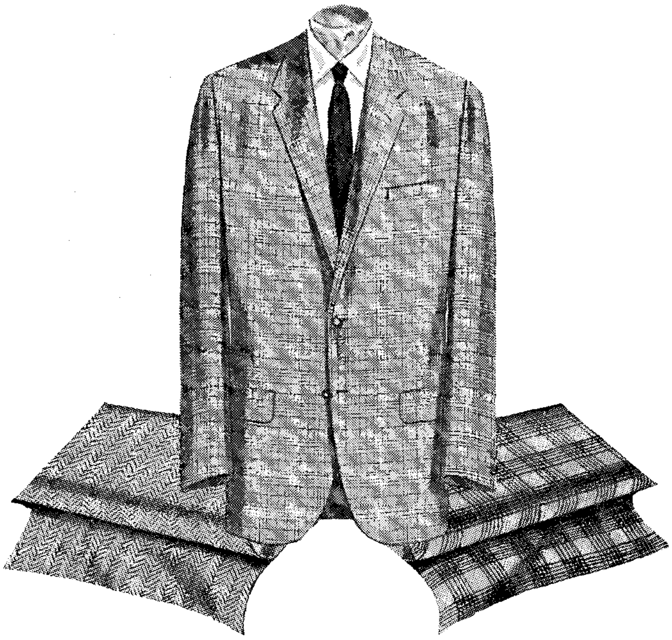

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 1, at 8:30.)

NARCISO YEPES—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Friday, March 1, at 8:30.)

MALCOLM FRAGER—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 2, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA—A program of English medieval and Renaissance music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, March 2, at 8:30.)

NOTE—The Juilliard String Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) *on Sunday, March 3, at 2:55. Free tickets,* limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 26, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/POP—The Electric Flag and Pearls Before Swine. (Anderson Theatre, 66 Second Ave., at Third St. WA 9-8998. Friday, Feb. 23, with Chuck Berry, and Saturday, Feb. 24, both at 8 and 11.)... ¶ Gary Burton Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)... ¶ Judy Garland. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 25, at 8:30.)... ¶ Kenny Burrell, solo and with accompaniment. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 25, at 8:30.)... ¶ Jane Morgan and the Doodletown Pipers. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 29-March 2, at 8:30.)... ¶ Miriam Makeba. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, March 1, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call UN 1-2440.)... ¶ The Jimi Hendrix Experience and John Hammond. (Hunter College Assembly Hall. 535-5350. Saturday, March 2, at 8 and 10:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden Center—Saturday, Feb. 24: Knicks vs. Chicago.... ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 27: Knicks vs. St. Louis.... ¶ Saturday, March 2: Knicks vs. Detroit. (Games begin at 8:35.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden Center—Sunday, Feb. 25, at 2:05: Rangers vs. Toronto.... ¶ Saturday, March 2, at 2:05: *Rangers vs. Philadelphia.*

RACING—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, April 20.

TRACK MEET—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events. *(102nd Engineers Armory,* Broadway at 168th St. Friday, Feb. 23, at 7:30.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, March 2. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC:** Leonard *Bernstein conducting. (Philharmonic Hall.* TR 4-2424. Saturday, Feb. 24, at noon and 2:30.)... **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** An abbreviated version of "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 2:30.) ... **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY:** Thomas Scherman conducting, with Elie Siegmeister, narrator, and Claude Kipnis, pantomimist. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, March 2, at 11 and 3.)

STAGE SHOWS—By **BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTE THEATRE:** "Winnie-the-Pooh," plus a number of puppet variety acts. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays at 3:30; Fridays at 3:30; and Saturdays, Sundays, and Washington's Birthday at 1 and 3:30.)... **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Saturdays at 1:30 and 3. ... ¶ "The Pied Piper," Sundays at 1:30 and 3. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. For tickets, call MU 4-1230.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel," Sat-

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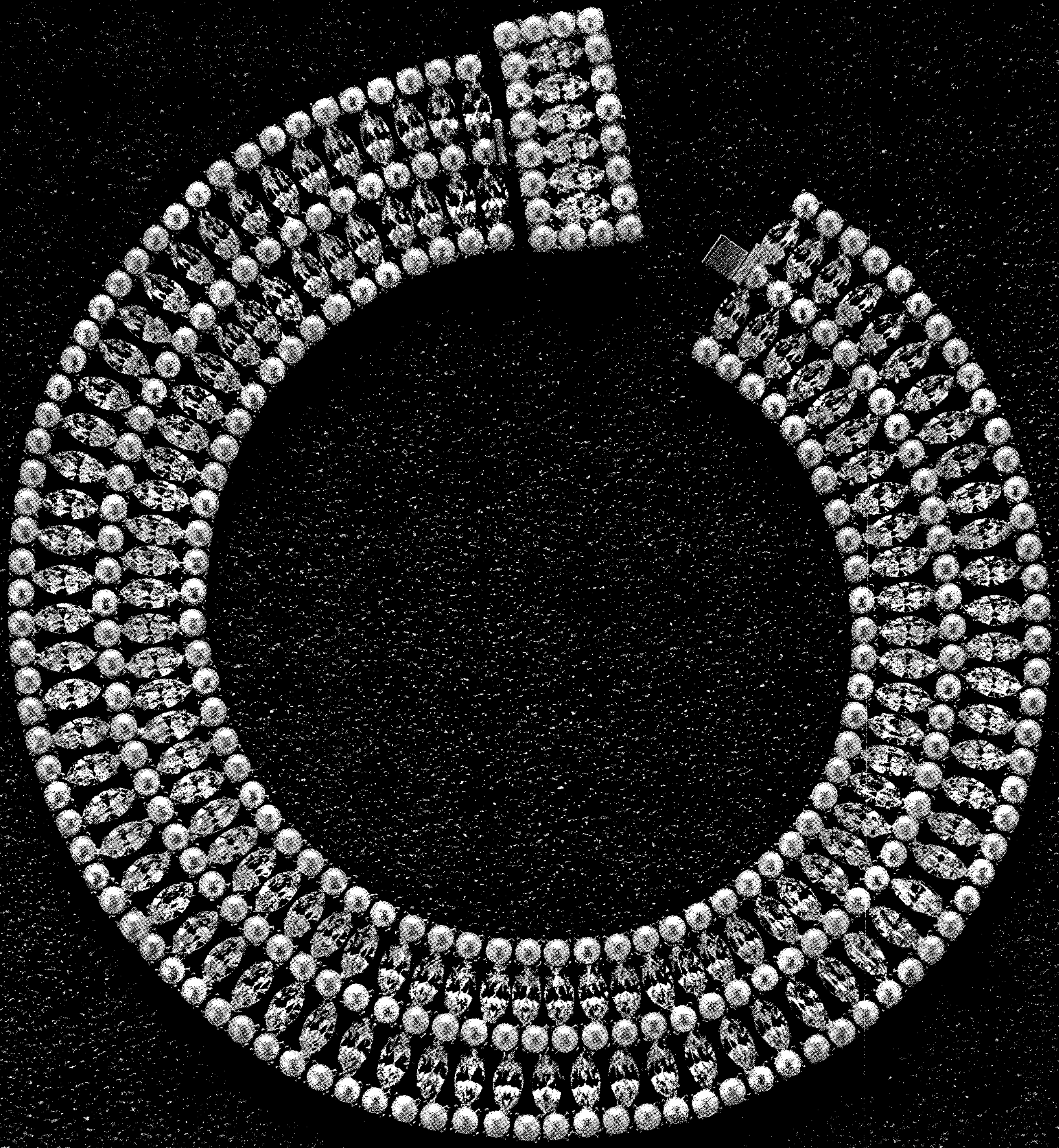

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urdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "The Bye Bye Tree," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "My Horse Is Waiting." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Pinocchio," Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30, and Washington's Birthday at 1. . . . ¶ "Rapunzel and the Wicked Wizard," Saturdays and Sundays at 3, and Washington's Birthday at 2:30. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "The Prince and the Pauper." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Washington's Birthday at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The stars of the current show are "Six Men Who Changed the Universe;" through March 4. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; and Washington's Birthday at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Washington's Birthday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Washington's Birthday. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Feb. 23, at 10:30 and 1:45: Old-master and nineteenth-century paintings and drawings, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 24, at 1:45: Furniture and decorations, from various owners. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Feb. 29-March 1, at 1:45: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints by Matisse, Picasso, Renoir, Rouault, and others; from many sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 24.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Feb. 22 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Port of Shadows" (1938), in French, with Jean Gabin. . . . ¶ Feb. 23 at 2 and 5:30: "L'Atalante" (1934), in French, with Michel Simon. . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at 11:30: "Intolerance" (1916), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Mae Marsh and Constance Talmadge. . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at 3 and 5:30: "Beauty and the Devil" (1940), in French, with Michel Simon. . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 2 and 5:30: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1932), in French, with Michel Simon. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 2 and 5:30: "The Kid" (1921), with Charlie Chaplin and Jackie Coogan. . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 2 and 5:30: "Fatty and Mabel Adrift" (1915), "A Clever Dummy" (1917), and "The Star Boarder" (1919). . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 2 and 5:30: "The Finances of the Grand Duke" (1934), in German, with French and Flemish titles. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED HERE

Bedazzled—An intellectual's "Hellz-a-Poppin," full of relentlessly silly jokes, most of which work. With Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Bonnie and Clyde—In Arthur Penn's highly intelligent film, the parts of the Depression's mythic bandits are played by Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway. One of the themes of the movie is the urge in criminals and assassins to use violence as a way of recording themselves. The picture is perfectly cast and edited, and it becomes touching about the dragonfly lives of two kids with no sense of reality. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Camelot—A very long and very dull musical, distinguished only by the presence of Vanessa Redgrave and Richard Harris. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Washington's Birthday at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

China Is Near—A seventeen-year-old Maoist upsets his Socialist brother's chances for political office in this straight-faced carnal comedy written and directed by young, prodigiously talented Marco Bellocchio. In Italian. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Closely Watched Trains—A tragicomedy about a young lad who seeks to establish his manhood and quite innocently discovers it. The setting is a godforsaken railway station during the last war. One of the fine Czech films shown last summer in the Lincoln Center festival. Directed by Jiri Menzel. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

Cool Hand Luke—An inmate of a Southern prison (Paul Newman) reluctantly becomes a hero to his fellow-prisoners and so meets his doom. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Feb. 28.)

Doctor Dolittle—If, as an adult, you *have* to go to this for the sake of your children or grandchildren, all is not lost—at one point, Rex Harrison, in the title role, sings a love song to a seal. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 22-25, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Elvira Madigan—A true tale of young love losing its way in nineteenth-century Scandinavia. The extraordinary beauty of the picture makes us forgive it its sadness. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Fox—Two lesbians (Sandy Dennis and Anne Heywood) on a chicken farm, and along comes a fellow (Keir Dullea). It's enjoyable in a simple way, and if you haven't read the D. H. Lawrence novella, you might think this was what it was about. Mark Rydell directed. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Graduate—Mike Nichols directed (and appears to have written much of) this energetic and often very funny account of a young man hurled into the sea of life and threatening to sink like a stone. With Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Guess Who's Coming to Dinner—The ninth, and last, movie made by the famous team of Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. Directed by Stanley Kramer. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166.)

In Cold Blood—An altogether satisfactory translation of the Truman Capote book of a couple of years ago. Written and directed by Richard Brooks. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Planet of the Apes—An entertaining and ingenious science-fiction fantasy. Charlton Heston is Adam as an American, and Kim Hunter is a delightful ape lady-doctor. Franklin Schaffner directed. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Poor Cow—Unexciting version of Nell Dunn's novel, with Carol White as a thieves' Darling and Terence Stamp as her burglar-lover. Kenneth Loach's semi-documentary direction is no more than competent. (Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th, CO 5-1355; Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Reflections in a Golden Eye—A clumsy mistranslation of the McCullers novel, directed by John Huston. Elizabeth Taylor and Marlon Brando make less than they should of the leading roles. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Feb. 28.)

The Stranger—The Camus novel is a milestone in fiction, and, sadly, the movie version follows the original work without being able to encompass it; still, it is worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013; through Feb. 25.)

The Whisperers—Edith Evans as a very old woman living alone in the industrial North of England. The physical detail of solitude and age is nobly precise. Bryan Forbes directed; Eric Portman plays her craven quitter of a husband. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

REVIVALS

Accident (1967)—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant in a melodrama about the pleasures and pains of domesticity. Directed by Joseph Losey from a screenplay by Harold Pinter. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; through Feb. 24.)

Aparajito (1957)—A sequel to the Indian film "Pather Panchali," accompanying the family through further trials and misadventures. Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 26-27.)

Around the World in 80 Days (1956)—A Cook's tour, based on the fantasy by Jules Verne. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head the cast. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AG 9-1144.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 24-26, last showing on Feb. 26 at 2:10.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; Feb. 25-27.)

A Damsel in Distress (1937)—Comedy, music, and dancing, with Fred Astaire, Joan Fontaine, and Burns and Allen. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Feb. 23.)

Devi (1962)—Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 28.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Washington's Birthday at 2. Reserved seats only.)

High and Low (1963)—A thriller based on an American novel about a kidnapping. Directed by Akira Kurosawa and starring Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 27-28.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; Feb. 25-27.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Love between a beautiful widow and a handsome widower who drives racing cars. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Music Room (1963)—Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 26-27.)

The Naked Night (1956)—Early Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and other members of the Bergman repertory group. In Swedish. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 27-28.)

Pather Panchali (1954)—An Indian film, made on location, that describes most poignantly the way a village family lives. Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 23-25.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 24-26, last showing on Feb. 26 at 4:05.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version, with added musical sound track. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; through Feb. 24.)

The Sleeping Car Murder (1966)—Yves Montand and Simone Signoret in a mystery, laid mainly in Paris. Directed by Costa Gavras. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 22.)

To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed (1963)—Alberto Sordi plays a Don Juan among a bevy of Swedish beauties. In Italian and Swedish. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Feb. 27.)

The World of Apu (1959)—Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 28.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28			

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS, revival.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
PLANET OF THE APES.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Half a Sixpence," Tommy Steele. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Washington's Birthday at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Good, the Bad and the Ugly," Clint Eastwood.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Grand Slam," Edward G. Robinson, Janet Leigh.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Sweet November," Sandy Dennis, Anthony Newley.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"A Matter of Innocence," Hayley Mills, Trevor Howard.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
DOCTOR DOLITTLE.

Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
POOR COW.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE FOX.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
CAMELOT.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE WHISPERERS.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French), revival.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Feb. 27: **REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE**; and **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish), revival.
From Feb. 28: "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada; and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," revival, a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 27: "In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger; and "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," revival, Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.
From Feb. 28: "The President's Analyst," James Coburn.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS, revival.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
POOR COW.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Tell Me Lies," performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Charlie Bubbles," Albert Finney.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
POOR COW.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Bye Bye Braverman," George Segal, Jack Warden.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
BEDAZZLED.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Doctor Faustus," Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
IN COLD BLOOD.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS, a Czechoslovakian film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Two of Us" (in French), Michel Simon.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"A Matter of Innocence," Hayley Mills, Trevor Howard.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Grand Slam," Edward G. Robinson, Janet Leigh.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
PLANET OF THE APES.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Good, the Bad and the Ugly," Clint Eastwood.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Feb. 27: "Firecreek," James Stewart, Henry Fonda.
From Feb. 28: "The President's Analyst," James Coburn.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS, revival.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
Through Feb. 24: **POTEMKIN** (silent); and **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival.
Feb. 25-27: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival.
Feb. 28: A program of underground films.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Feb. 27: "In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger; and "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," revival, Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.
From Feb. 28: **COOL HAND LUKE**; and "The Naked Runner," Frank Sinatra.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
ACCIDENT, revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8330)
"Love Affair, or the Case of the Missing Switchboard Operator," a Yugoslavian film.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS, a Czechoslovakian film.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Feb. 27: "Firecreek," James Stewart, Henry Fonda.
From Feb. 28: "The President's Analyst," James Coburn.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"A Matter of Innocence," Hayley Mills, Trevor Howard.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE FOX.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
CHINA IS NEAR (in Italian).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"The Jungle Book," a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

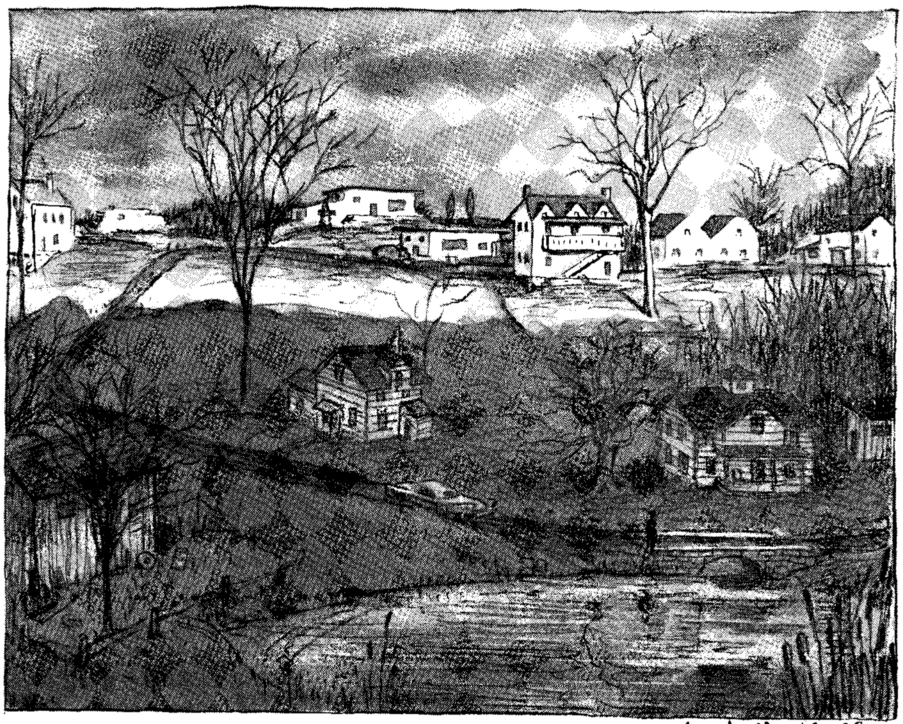
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
Through Feb. 25: **THE STRANGER** (in French).
From Feb. 26: "Treasure of San Gennaro" (in Italian), Nino Manfredi, Senta Berger.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Feb. 23: **A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS**, revival; and "The Beggar's Opera," revival, Laurence Olivier.
Feb. 24-26 (last showing on Feb. 26 at 2:10): **THE PETRIFIED FOREST**, revival; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival.
Feb. 26 at 6, 8, and 10: "Island of Lost Souls," revival, Charles Laughton.
Feb. 27-28: **HIGH AND LOW** (in Japanese), revival; and **THE NAKED NIGHT** (in Swedish), revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 27: "In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger; and "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," revival, Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.
From Feb. 28: **REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE**; and "Hotel," revival, Rod Taylor, Catherine Spaak.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Feb. 22: **THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER** (in French), revival; and "They Were Five" (in French), revival, Jean Gabin.
Feb. 23-25: **PATHER PANCHALI** (in Bengali), revival; and "Boot Polish," revival, an Indian film.
Feb. 26-27: **APARAJITO** and **THE MUSIC ROOM** (both in Bengali and both revivals).
From Feb. 28: **THE WORLD OF APU** and **DEVI** (both in Bengali and both revivals).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS, a Czechoslovakian film.



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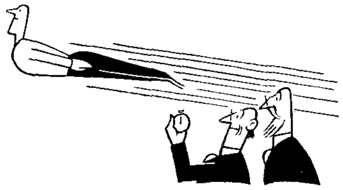
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ACCORDING to most red-blooded motorists, speed limits were meant to be broken. Ever since 1905, when Albert Einstein presented his first paper on the special theory of relativity, physicists have been telling us that the velocity of light is the absolute speed limit in the universe; that is, no wave or particle of energy or matter can conceivably travel faster than one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second—not even on a clear day with a good tail wind and the top down. This basic law of modern science has now been challenged by Dr. Gerald Feinberg, of Columbia University, who has postulated the existence of things called "tachyons" (from the Greek word for "swift"). These hypothetical particles are supposed to travel at supervelocities up to "infinite speed," and if the Feinberg theory is correct, it means that man may someday be able to communicate with, and even travel to, incredibly distant galaxies that would be forever unreachable at a top speed of only one hundred and eighty-six thousand m.p.s. The trouble is there is no experimental evidence as yet to confirm the existence of tachyons, and Dr. Feinberg admits that the search will not be easy. But he thinks the effort should be made. Why? In a recent interview, he explained that it was a feeling of being "hemmed in" by the old speed limit that led to his taking a second look at the Einstein equations. Not so long ago, men thought that the planet they lived on was the center of the universe. Today, we are aware of living in one corner of an intolerably large universe, on a planet that seems to be growing intolerably small. Those who seek escape in speed alone are always doomed to be disappointed, but in the breadth of imagination that enables a man to feel constricted by the velocity of light we may yet find the clue to our salvation.

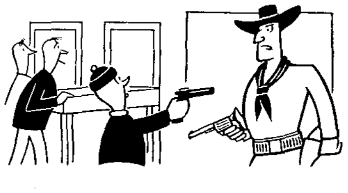


The Moment

THE sanitation workers had returned to their jobs, but New York had the look of a city badly hit by storms. Cans, cartons, and sacks stuffed with garbage stood in dingy heaps in front of apartment buildings, and the high winds that swept through the streets picked up bits of refuse and carried them along, lining the gutters with torn newspapers, crushed milk cartons, orange-juice cans, and other trash. Paper fluttered from the bare branches of shrubs, and a kind of urban sediment began to collect along the curbs—a fine, eclectic substance that looked like colored sand. In a gutter on West Forty-third Street, a broken umbrella rested beside a tattered paper lei. At the corner of Forty-fifth Street and Sixth Avenue, the wind seized a sheet of newspaper and took it suddenly aloft, lifting it above a cigar store and carrying it past the windows of Beneficial Loans and across the façade of Phil's Bowling Alley, where its horizontal flight ceased for a moment as it hovered near the building's roof, turning and flapping as though it would go even higher. Then it took a swift plunge downward, past the Automat, scooted northward, and finally came to rest in front of the Blarney Stone Restaurant, settling to the sidewalk as gracefully as a well-constructed kite.

Outside the School of Performing Arts, on West Forty-sixth Street, two girls and two boys talked and laughed, passing the time between classes. One of the girls had an onion roll, which she was dividing and offering to the others. In the street, traffic moved sluggishly, with six taxicabs lined up one behind another. The girl with the onion roll said to one of the boys, "You know what's your problem? You've got a good voice, but you don't project enough." Pushing his hands into his pockets, the boy shifted from foot to foot, and said, "I can't stand cabdrivers." Then he cupped his hands around his mouth and shouted, in full-throated, resonant tones, "*I can't stand cabdrivers!*" The drivers of the cabs in the street drove slowly toward Sixth Avenue, apparently unperturbed.

Hubert's Museum, an amusement center on the south side of Forty-second Street, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, was filled with the sounds of bells, rolling metal balls, simulated rifle shots, voices, and music from a radio that had been placed on a shelf near the middle of the large room. About twenty people—mostly young—were playing coin-operated games: Batting Champ, Ski 'n' Skore, Playboy, and Captain Kid Gun. Near one wall, a young man sat at a device called Turnpike Tournament, twisting a steering wheel and trying to maneuver on a filmed roadway that flashed by on a screen in front of him. Near the entrance of the Museum was a life-size animated model of a cowboy. A teen-age boy stood in front of the cowboy, firing an electronic pistol at it. After he had fired several times, a recorded voice drawled, "You missed, you polecat. You're not as fast as you thought you were, are you?" The boy, without replying, walked away.

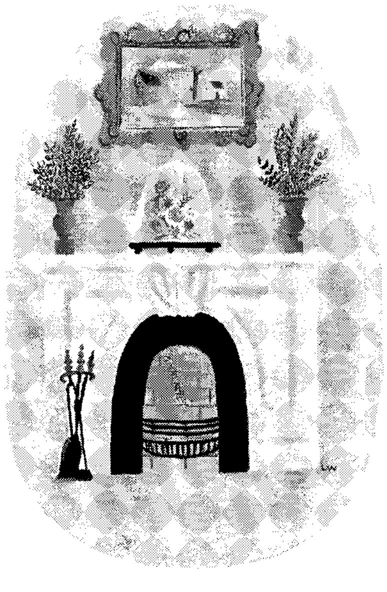


At the Department of Health, on Worth Street, Dr. George S. Mirick, scientific director of the Health Research Council, an organization established ten years ago by the city to stimulate medical research and to foster the careers of scientists engaged in medical research here, was talking to a visitor. "The Council is composed of forty-two scientists and laymen—they are appointed by the Mayor—and fifteen officials of the city government," Dr. Mirick was saying. "Our annual budget is seven million dollars, half of which is provided by the state, and we spend it in the following ways. Through our Career Scientist Program, we give financial assistance to a hundred and eighty researchers, who, for the most part, are young assistant professors at local medical schools. The idea is to encourage these valuable people to remain in the city, where, through their teaching and their clinical contacts, they will help raise medical standards and improve health care. Special grants for research projects are made to scientists who need funds to work on important problems, particularly in such crucial areas as narcotics addiction, air and environmental pollution, and methods of improving the delivery of medical care to ghetto districts. We also support research into many other problems, including alcoholism, arthritis, blood diseases, diabetes, hepatitis, heart diseases, diseases afflicting infants and children, and metabolic and glandular disorders. In addition, the Council maintains a laboratory-renovation program that over the past five years has helped to create more than a hundred research facilities in which its career scientists and project grantees can carry out their work."

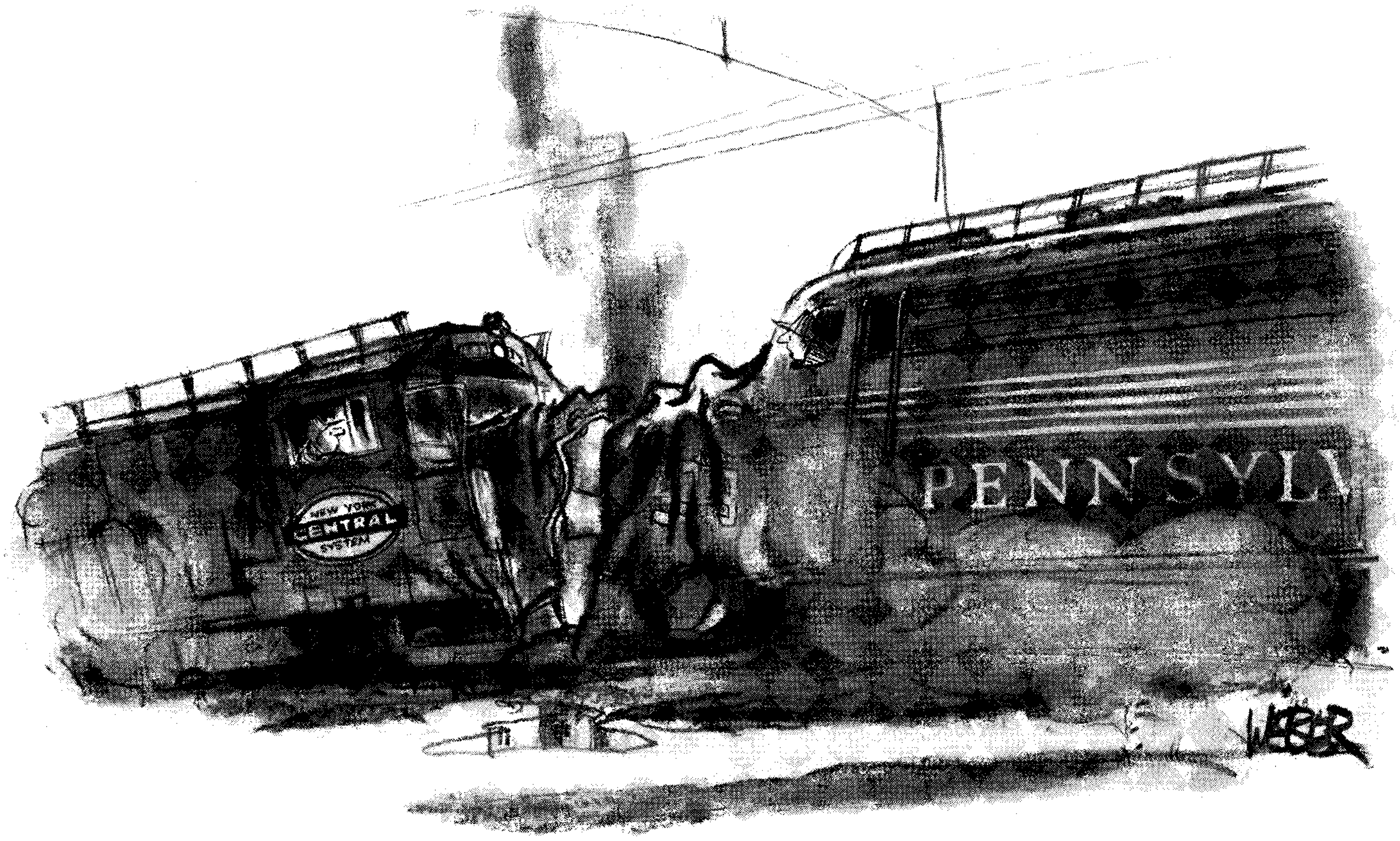
On Spring Street, just west of Lafayette, on the fourth floor of a dilapidated loft building, Leon Wiener, the manager of the Olympic Rubber Company, was strolling through a room where blue and red toy balloons were being turned out by an automated machine eighty-four feet long and ten feet wide, which included a conveyor studded with ten thousand aluminum molds—some finger-shaped and some round. At the start of its cycle, the conveyor carried the molds into a vat containing a rubber-coagulant solution. Then it sent them through a dryer. Next, it dipped half the molds in a tank of bright-blue latex and half in a tank of red, and after that it passed them between rows of revolving brushes, which made a lip on each balloon by rolling down the edges of the rubber adhering to the upper part of each mold. Then the balloons were cleaned in a tank of water. At the far end of the machine, the conveyor carried its cargo up into a huge drying oven and back to the starting point, where a pair of hard-pressed, perspiring workmen plucked the finished balloons from the molds by the handful and dropped them into cartons.

On the sixth floor of the Museum of Natural History, Dr. Ethel Tobach, a comparative psychologist, sat at her desk. Dr. Tobach, who has silvery hair, was wearing a dark-blue dress that went very nicely with it. A few months ago, she and her colleagues had made an unexpected observation that suggested a new line of inquiry to them, and she was eager to get on with it. The observation had been peripheral to the work she was doing, but that, she said, was often true of new observations. She and her associates had been conducting experiments on the role that the sense of smell plays in the development of baby rats, who are born without sight. She had found that newborn rats become aroused when they are placed on wood shavings that come from their own nest. To determine whether it was the sense of smell that was responsible for the excitement, Dr. Tobach and her colleagues had destroyed the sense of smell in some baby rats, and, sure enough, they were then unable to distinguish between their own home shavings and others. Recently, Dr. Tobach and her associates had made the additional observation that the rats whose sense of smell had been destroyed were completely unable to take their mothers' milk, and it was this peculiarity that Dr. Tobach was preparing to study next. "It may turn out that the olfactory sense plays a much more important role than we formerly thought in determining whether baby animals that are born deficient in hearing and sight will suckle," Dr. Tobach wrote in a memorandum.

Up at Columbia University, Harold K. Bell, a builder and real-estate investor who has taken a leave of absence from his firm to become director of the Urban Action and Experimentation Program in the School of Architecture, was addressing a few students on the subject of the program. "The time has come to attack the crisis in our cities on a total basis," Mr. Bell declared. "I believe that the nation's universities provide an ideal starting point, because they have people of talent and training who can see beyond the confines of the political arena and perform the vitally important function of involving business and the private sector in the task of rebuilding our blighted urban areas and of giving on-the-job training to the disadvantaged people who live in them. During the past eight months, we have persuaded thirty of the city's major corporations to help us plan and institute Urban Action Projects. At the present time, fifty executives from our member corporations are teaching in business-opportunity workshops in Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant. Other member corporations are attempting to provide jobs for two thousand so-called hard-core unemployables, who are being trained in the South Bronx Concentrated Employment Program. In addition, we have formed a consortium, spearheaded by the Celanese Corporation, that will build low-cost, low-rent housing units in upper Manhattan, in the Model Cities area in the south Bronx, and in Bedford-Stuyvesant. It's an encouraging start, and I'm hoping not only that the program will expand here in New York but that similar projects based upon coöperation between academicians and businessmen will be instituted in other cities throughout the country."



At the United Nations, the thirty-two delegates (all but four of them women) to the Commission on the Status of Women were debating a draft resolution that proposed the creation of regional seminars in family planning and the integration of women into economic life. The Soviet representative, a stocky, red-haired woman wearing an electric-blue dress and jacket, declared that her delegation did not agree with the wording of Paragraph 3. "It would be better to say 'the participation of women into socially productive activities' rather than 'the integration of women into economic life,' " she said. "We are also opposed to the inclusion of family planning as a subject for these seminars." After a moment of silence, the delegates from Tunisia, Cyprus, France, Ghana, Finland, and the United Arab Republic registered polite but firm opposition to both Russian suggestions. "I think we are all saying the same thing in different words," said a



"Oh, well. It's all in the family."

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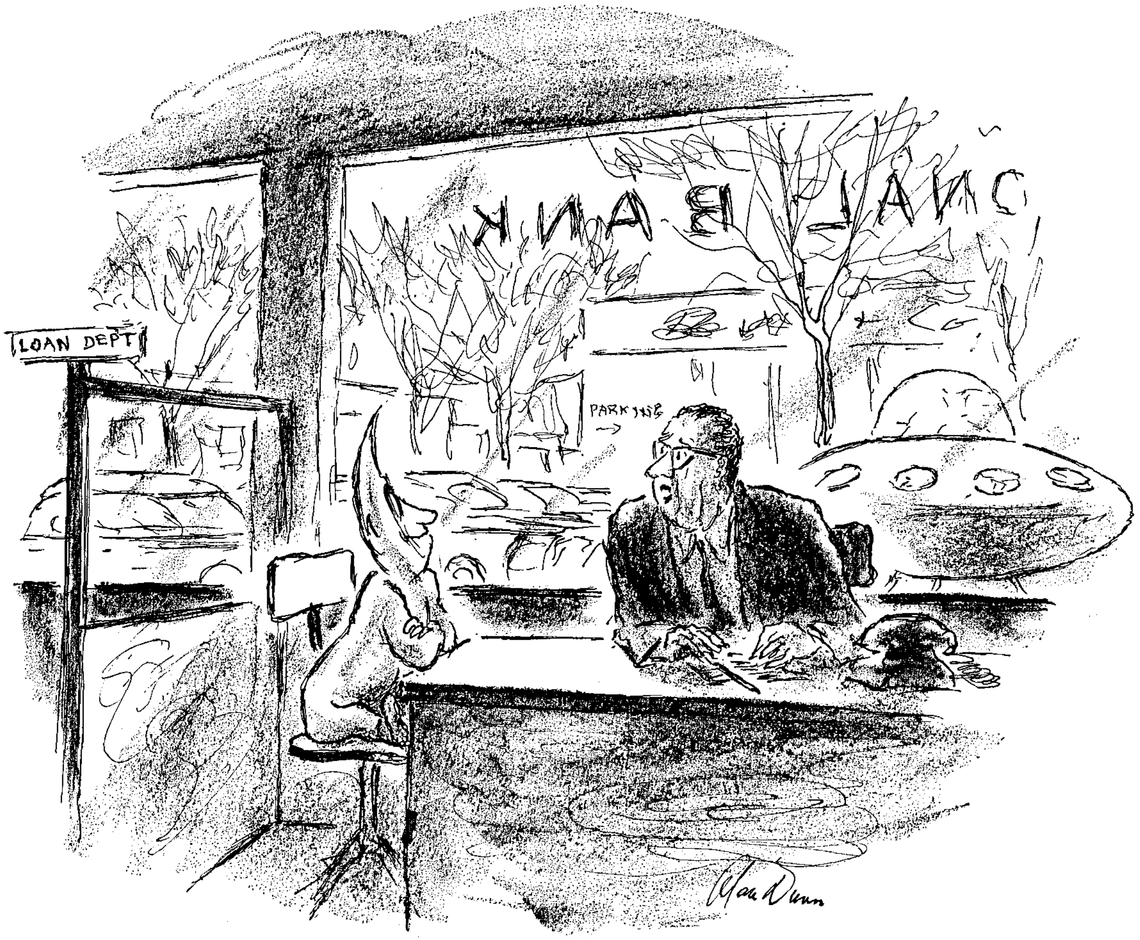
blond Finnish woman in a tweed suit. "This is the first year we are to study the relation between family planning and the status of women, and it would be very difficult for my delegation *not* to include it as part of the agenda." The Russian delegate tapped her pencil irritably on the desk. "We would request," she said, "that the report of the Commission should mention that certain members are opposed to the inclusion of family planning as a seminar subject." "In other words, you're not suggesting formally that we delete this, but you want the objection registered?" said the chairman, a cool, polite woman, who spoke in French. "That is correct," the Russian said. "In our view, family planning is a matter for the family itself and not within the purview of the state, the United Nations, or these seminars." Two of the men on the Commission—the delegates from Iraq and Iran—glanced at each other and smiled. "Shall we go on to Paragraph 4?" the chairman asked briskly.

At Carnegie Hall, Vladimir Horowitz, who was taping his first television recital (to be broadcast by C.B.S. at some undetermined time), was rippling through a Chopin Ballade before an enthralled audience. He was surrounded by three television cameras, the first pointing up from the front of the orchestra, the second focussed on his face across the top of the piano, and the third—mounted on a dolly—prowling noiselessly around the stage. Mr. Horowitz wore striped trousers, a morning coat, a four-in-hand tie, and an expression of anguish. The television crews wore dark-gray suits, tiny transistorized headsets, and black leather bedroom slippers. Toward the end of the Ballade, when the mobile camera crept across the front of the stage for a closeup of Mr. Horowitz's hands, its crew froze. The cameraman peered through his viewfinder, back arched, arms raised, elbows out; the dolly operator bent forward from the waist, clutching the kind of plunger handle that usually sets off a charge of dynamite; two assistants, spaced ten feet apart, held up a thick black electric cable resembling an inert python. Mr. Horowitz polished off the Ballade with his usual delicacy and precision, leaned back for a second, and wiped his face with a handkerchief. As the first wave of applause engulfed the stage, the dolly operator pushed his handle down and moved the camera back to the wings. The two cable holders executed an intricate ballet to keep the power line from doubling back on itself. Mr. Horowitz got up to take a bow, and a camera on the far side of the piano turned around and photographed the audience.

At the Rockefeller University, an English neurophysiologist, Dr. A. Grey Walter, was about to begin a lecture entitled "How We Think the Brain Thinks." Dr. Walter, who is a handsome man with a thick gray beard, waited patiently as the lecture room filled up and then spilled over with Rockefeller scientists, who, being notably brainy people, would be expected to take a proprietary interest in the subject. A young lady with her left leg in a plaster cast came in last, and two men offered her their seats. The cast was covered with a pattern of psychedelic flowers. At the rear of the room, a scientist in a white smock prepared to take notes on a pad of yellow paper. Then the lights went down, and a slide was projected—a picture of the human brain seen from the front. Dr. Walter pointed out the frontal lobe. "The frontal lobe stores all sorts of apparently unconnected information that might one day contain just the reference you want," he said. "It's not so much for incoming mail. It's like the pile of old magazines I keep in my office." The scientist in the smock jotted down on his yellow pad, "Frontal lobes: Old magazines." As Dr. Walter's voice



"A new-__what__ loan?"

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went on, the scientist wrote, "84 electrodes in 1 patient." Dr. Walter had wired the brains of several patients with electrodes in order to tune in on the brains' activity. Lots of wavy lines flashed on the screen. These were, quite literally, brain waves. "The brain's a great gossip," he said. "There's lots of background chatter in the different circuits. It's like a teletype operator sending nonsense signals to keep a line open." He flashed several pictures of intercepted thoughts on the screen. As the thoughts became more complicated, the lines on the screen became increasingly squiggly. When some exceptionally complex wavy lines appeared, the scientist took another note: "Curiosity aroused in male patients by girls in miniskirts."

Twelfth Avenue was bleak, cold, and nearly deserted. A wind off the river blew in gusts down the slips between the piers. The river was clear of ice, but the inner third of the slips was filled with floes several inches thick and jammed solidly together. A cruise ship lay quietly at its pier, with no one in sight; half a dozen blocks uptown, a few flags fluttered pluckily between the masts of another. If one looked through the open door of a pier shed—overflowing with people, cargo, trucks, and cars when a ship is in—a quiet, cavernous expanse stretched away, empty except for the guard in their room by the door. Across the avenue, three men huddled over a fire in an oil drum, and a few blocks north a steady stream of burdened police tow trucks turned off the avenue toward the river. Nearby, a fenced lot full of crates was humming with activity. Several pier sheds up here were full of trucks, and fork lifts darted about. A guard at the gate of one checked out a vast trailer, and when it had pulled away, he turned to a bystander and said, "You know, we haven't had a ship in here since Thursday. We had one due today, but they're all caught in storms on the ocean."

Over at the East River, the Belgian Line pier was aswarm with longshoremen loading and unloading two ships. The larger of the ships, the Moliro, had come in from the Gulf the day before and was loading for the Congo and Angola. The other ship was the Atlantic Star, and she had just come in from the West Indies. Her sides were coated with ice. Crewmen were hacking it off the railings, and some still clung to the cargo booms. Four-foot bales of sisal were swung up out of two holds and dropped on pallets on the pier, where fork lifts scooped them up; from another hold came bags of coffee. On a corner of the pier, between the two ships, were half a dozen tall stacks of two-hundred-and-eighty-pound blackish copper ingots. A flatbed truck was pulling away with about two hundred ingots, stacked four high. In the warehouse, three aisles were formed by piles of bales, sacks, cartons, automobile tires, and crates of all sizes. In one spot near mounds of burlap bags stencilled "Haitian Coffee," a mound of sisal bales was growing. There were pallets stacked high with cartons of detergent for Nassau, and several large cartons of dog food for São Vicente. Then there were sacks of coconuts. Alongside was a bundle of harrow discs for Luanda. A dozen large crates of glass vases were headed for Luanda, too. In another part of the warehouse, also for Luanda, were crated truck parts, and outside was some Luanda-bound heavy earth-moving machinery. There were crates containing piston cups, augers, bits, and rings, marked "Moliro-Lobito;" a stack of bales marked "100 Trousers Extra Extra," for Katanga; a dozen or so drums of pipeline enamel, for Angola; half a dozen cartons of a drink called Great Shakes, for Lusaka; some drums of lubricating oil, for Katanga, via Lobito; several Westinghouse refrigerators, for Luanda; and a great pile of sacks containing flour, also for Luanda.

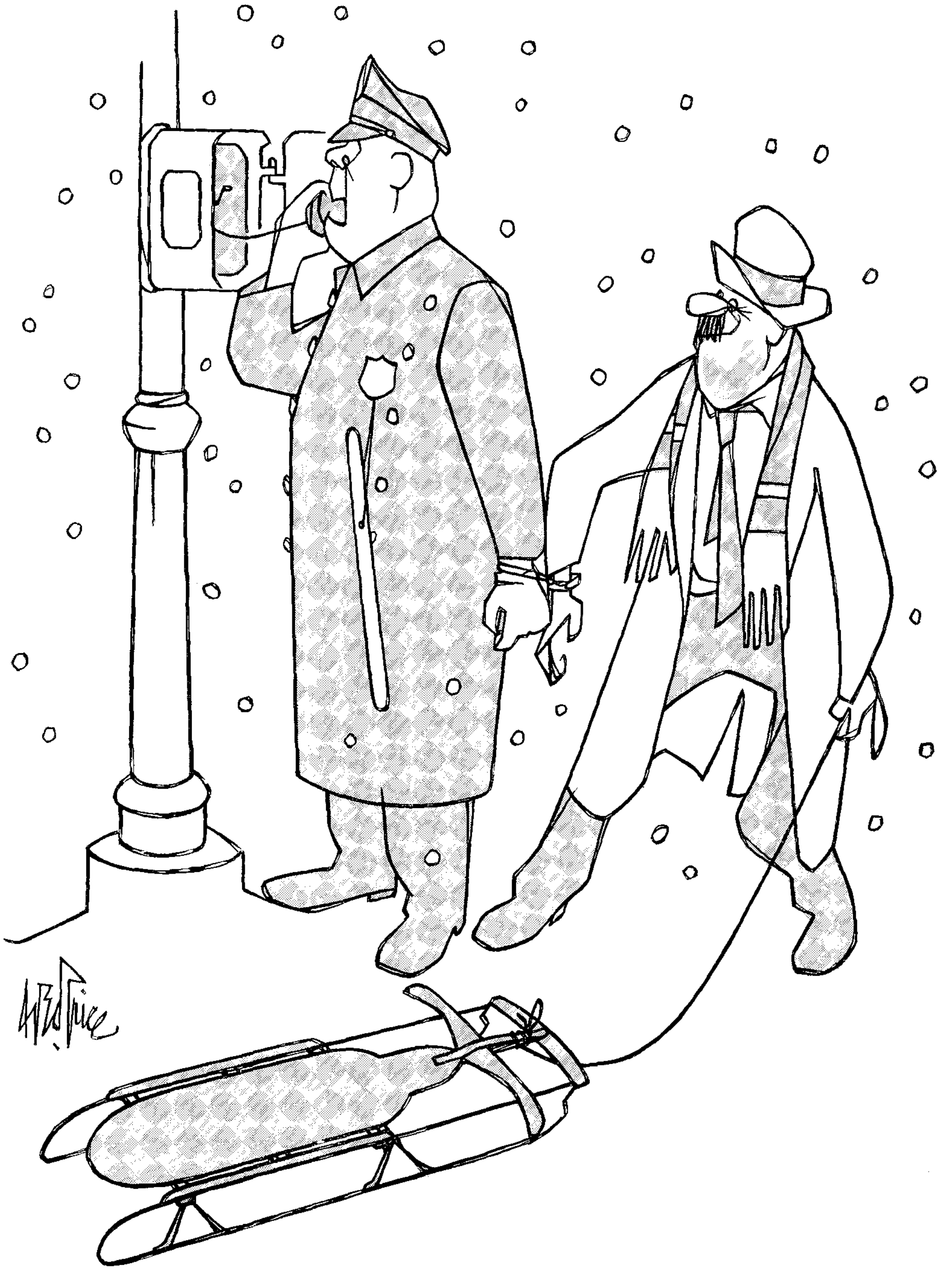
In the Smile Bar, a small establishment on Lexington, near Seventy-fifth Street, that has carved dark-wood panelling and tall liquor cabinets faced with diamond-shaped glass panes, a dozen men were at the bar, most of them hunched over glasses of beer. Above the bar was a small sign that read, "A smile is something nice to see,/It doesn't cost a cent./A smile is something all your own,/It never can be lent." From a radio at the far end of the room came a stream of talk from WINS, the all-news station—news about Saigon, about Hué, about Khesanh. Nobody was smiling.

Farewell

A FRIEND of ours named Jules, a young broker's clerk who sometimes permits us to play on his touch-football team in Central Park in the autumn, surprised us last week with a long letter.

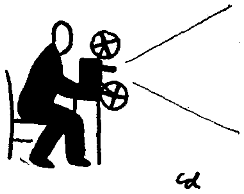
"My uncle had to go to a wedding in Mineola last Sunday," Jules wrote, "so he gave me his ticket to the Rangers-Red Wings game that afternoon, and that's how I got to go to the last sports event at the old Madison Square Garden unless you count the Dog Show, which closed things up a couple of days later. The funny thing was, I didn't even know it was going to be the last game at the old place. Oh, I knew the end was coming, but there had been all those postponements, and I guess I never really thought it would happen. The outside of the Garden looked sort of quiet and beat-up that afternoon, but then the Garden has *always* looked quiet and beat-up in the daylight, like a street rummy on Sunday, and everything else was about the same as always. A couple of sidewalk venders were selling chestnuts out of those carts made out of old baby carriages, and there were lots of fathers taking their young sons, and maybe a couple of school friends of the son, to the game, the way there always are at a Garden matinée, and there were those men in the crowd in the outer lobby whispering at you to ask if you have any extra tickets, and the man selling the *Hockey News*, and everybody pushing in, and I didn't notice anything different until I got inside and up in the side arena and saw a spectator standing on the back of his seat and unscrewing the sign that said 'Section 127' from the pillar behind him. He was taking it for a souvenir. I looked around, and I saw that almost all the section signs had been swiped already; there were clean, light-green squares on the dirty-green pillars where the signs had been. Then I looked up at the scoreboard, to the part where they bill the coming attractions, and it said, 'TOMW. TUES WESTMINSTER DOG SHOW. WEDS CLOSED FOR NEW GARDEN,' and then I knew.

"I found my seat, which was between a bald man wearing a turtleneck, who had brought his maybe ten-year-old boy along, and an older couple, who (it turned out) came from Schenectady and had never seen a big-league hockey game or been in the Garden before. I was anxious for the action to begin, because I'd decided to remember everything I could about this historic game, but then I saw that they'd put down some rubber matting and a microphone on the ice in front of the Ranger bench, over on the Forty-ninth Street side. I thought, Oh-oh, ceremonies, and a minute later, sure enough, an announcer introduced the president of the Garden, Irving Mitchell Felt, and Clarence S. Campbell, the president of the National Hockey League, and everybody booed (hockey fans hate officials), and then Émile Francis, the Rangers' coach, came on and got a big hand. I still wanted the game to begin, but then the announcer introduced Johnny Gagnon, a member of the old New York Americans, the hockey team that played in the Garden years and years ago, and down from one end of the white, painted ice this old gentleman in horn-rimmed glasses came skating slowly along. He was in business clothes, but over his regular shirt and tie he was wearing an old Americans uniform shirt—red, white, and blue, with white stars across the shoulders—and he was wearing hockey skates and carrying a new hockey stick. He skated very carefully, circling behind the goal at the other end, and then he stopped along the far boards and waved, and everybody clapped. Another player, Baldy North-



"Belly-whopping while under the influence, Sarge."

cott, was announced, and skated on, wearing another uniform shirt I’d never seen before—a big ‘M,’ for the old Montreal Maroons—and then I noticed that behind both gates opening onto the ice up at the Ninth Avenue end there was a long line of old hockey players, in scarlet and blue and white and striped uniform shirts, all waiting to skate the Garden ice one more time. All of them were famous or had been famous once—members of Stanley Cup champions, members of old All-Star teams. The next one introduced was Lorne Carr, of the Americans, who beat the Rangers once, in 1938, with an overtime goal scored at one-thirty in the morning. Next was Marty Barry, of the long-ago Red Wings (the boy near me said to his father in the turtleneck, ‘He looks just like Grandpa’), and then came Aurel Joliat, the Canadiens’ ace left-winger, who had played on the 1924 Stanley Cup champions and was a member of the very first All-Star team. Even I had heard of him. Joliat looked too frail ever to have played hockey, but he was wearing a little black cap, and when he skated up to center ice he doffed the cap and waved it in a dashing sort of way. A photographer came running across the ice to catch this and suddenly fell down and went sprawling, and the crowd laughed very loud. I think everybody *wanted* to laugh, because a funny thing was happening there. I mean, we all knew this was just another sports ceremony, only a faked-up thing, but there was something about those old hockey players that made everybody clap and cheer harder than you would have thought. Maybe it was because some of those first players—some of the older ones—didn’t know how to skate very well anymore. They leaned forward too much, and you could see them tipping back and forth on their skates, and some of them had put on a lot of weight and had to balance too much with their arms. We were helping them with our applause.



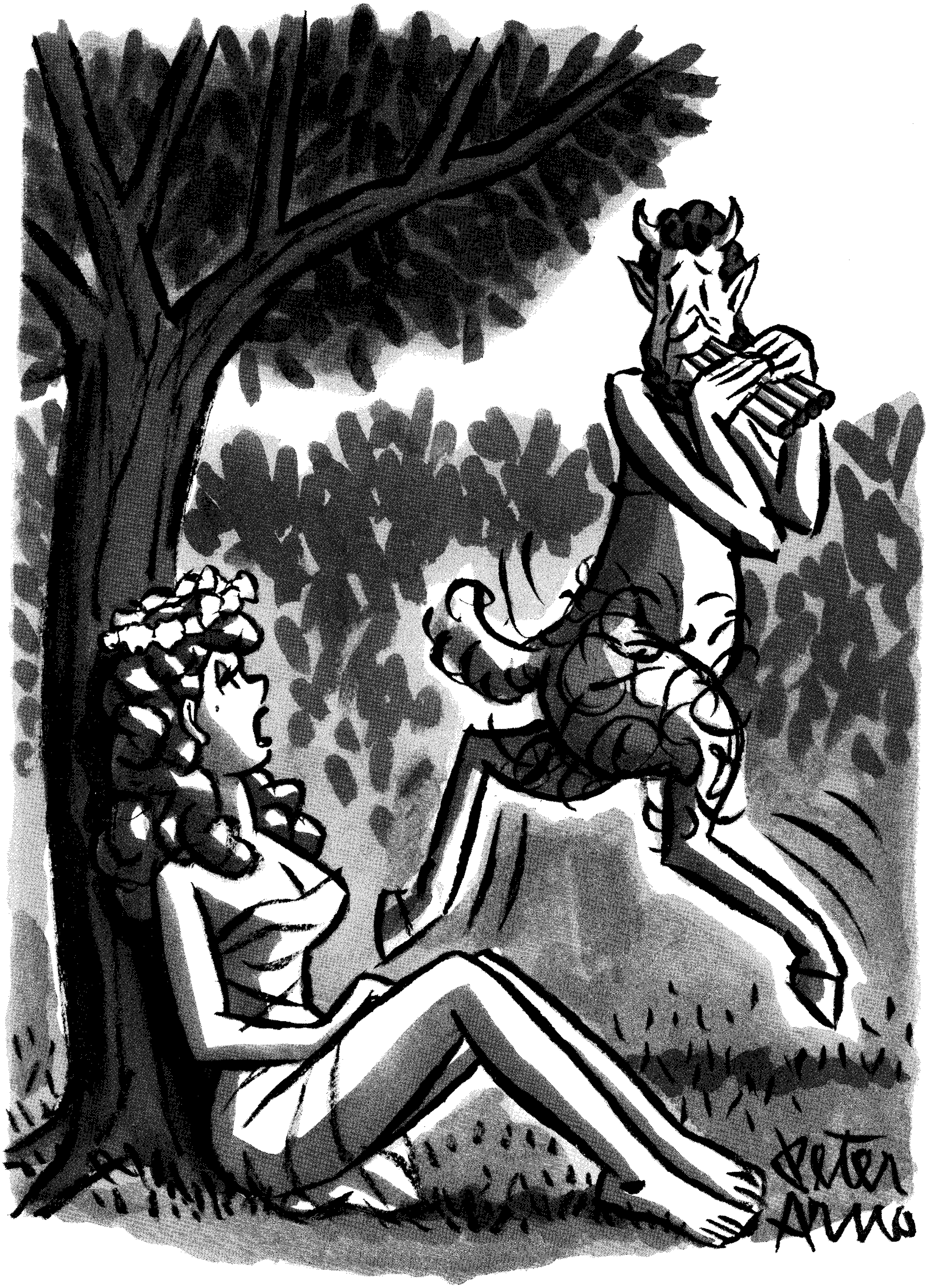
“The famous hockey players kept coming, more and more of them, and the line along the boards now stretched all the way down and behind the Eighth Avenue goal. I couldn’t keep track of them all, but I remember Gordie Drillon, of the Leafs, and Ebbie Goodfellow, of the Red Wings, and Cooney Weiland, who played for the Bruins and is now the coach at Harvard, and Gaye Stewart, of the Leafs, and Doug Bentley, of the Hawks, and Bill Quackenbush, of the Red Wings, who coaches Princeton now, and Syl Apps, and Milt Schmidt, and Black Jack Stewart, and Gus Mortson, and Babe Pratt, and Roy Conacher (who looked thin and quick, ready to play), and Dickie Moore, and lots of others. The applause grew louder as the younger players, who were known to more and more of us, were introduced, and I noticed that these players, at the open end of the line, looked much bigger than the first ones who had come on. Then two Red Wings, Norm Ullman and Roger Crozier, came on in full uniform; they are active players and were going to play against the Rangers that afternoon.

“I thought the hand for Jacques Plante, the terrific Montreal and Rangers goalie, was going to set the record for the afternoon, but a minute later Gordie Howe skated on, suited up for the game, and, of course, the place went crazy. We were all standing by now, and I saw that the man next to me, the one in the turtleneck, had tears in his eyes. His face was choked, and he leaned over and shouted to his son, through the noise, ‘The greatest ever! The greatest hockey player who ever lived! You’ll never forget this!’ Howe stopped along the boards right in front of us and shook hands with two of his retired teammates, Ted Lindsay and Sid Abel, and then the announcer invited the three of them, who had made up the Red Wings’ high-scoring ‘Production Line,’ to take the puck up ice one last time. So the Garden quieted down, and the three came up the empty ice together, smiling a little but skating easily and beautifully. Abel, at center, slid the puck over to Lindsay, on his left, and Lindsay poked it back to him, and then over it went to Howe, then quickly across to Lindsay, and then—oops—there was a mixup and they missed the open net, and how the balcony loved that!

“The crowd of players waiting to be introduced was thinning out at last. Eddie Shore came next, bald and wearing glasses, and then we were all standing and shouting again, because here came Maurice Richard. I saw him play only once or twice, when I was a kid, and his neck was thicker now and he looked heavy inside his Canadiens red shirt, but I knew him right away—the Rocket. They gave him a puck, and he circled once and attacked, flying up the ice in big, pumping strides. He dipped his right shoulder and the puck leaped into the top of the net, and then, circling the goal, Richard shook his stick twice in triumph. The man in the turtleneck was laughing and clapping and wiping his eyes all at the same time, and his son, staring up at him, was crying. People all around me were crying or fighting back tears—everybody but the couple from Schenectady, who looked embarrassed. I was almost crying, too.

“After that, at the end, it was all Rangers, of course. Cecil Dillon, Davey Kerr, Bryan Hextall, and Lynn Patrick, from the old days; Bill Gadsby and Andy Bathgate, from a few years back; then Harry Howell and Ed Giacomin and Boom Boom Geoffrion, from this year’s team. The founding fathers, the members of the very first Rangers team, were introduced last—Murray Murdoch and Ching Johnson, and the first line of Bill and Bun Cook and Frank Boucher. Bun Cook wasn’t on skates, but he came hopping and shuffling out to center ice to stand for a moment with the others while the lights and the applause came beating down on them. And then the organ played ‘Auld Lang Syne,’ and all the hockey players took a last, counterclockwise swing around the ice together—fifty or sixty middle-aged men in bright, too young costumes skating slowly and smiling and chatting together, for all the world like a midwinter company outing. Only Richard skated fast; he circled the ice alone, staring this way and that with his bright eyes, like a man still in search of something.

“The real game, the one between the Rangers and the Red Wings, was a pip, with the Rangers making up a two-goal deficit to pull out with a 3–3 tie. In the first period, Reggie Fleming and Jim Watson fought the Garden’s last fistfight ever. Jean Ratelle scored the last goal ever, on a picture play in the third. The only thing wrong with the game was that I knew I’d forget it, even though I didn’t want to. I’ve almost forgotten it already, if you must know. What I’m going to remember about my last day at Madison Square Garden is me almost crying for those old-time hockey players, and now I think maybe they shouldn’t have invited them back like that. I mean, we go to the Garden for games, and why should people start mixing us up and making us cry for a lot of old geezers? It’s all right if the Garden gets old, and I guess it’s all right if *I* get old someday, but the people who play our games for us have got to stay young. You should leave them alone.”



"Oh, grow up!"

INDULGENCE IN GAMES

BY DIRK ARNDT, M.D.

THE plan of this work is to discuss and analyze various games played by men and women during the stitial and interstitial course of their lives, or Opi (OPI), as they kill time awaiting the Ultimate (ULT). All men and women engage in such games, consciously and unconsciously, Social Nutrition acting as the motivation. Big Point: In each man and woman there resides a Baby Chimp (BC), an Adult Chimp (AC), and a Parent Chimp (PC). When games are going well and are socially productive, the lines of Contact and Communication (CONICATION) follow a clear-cut, uncrossed pattern, as illustrated in Diagram 1:

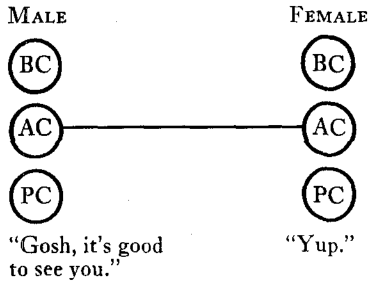


DIAGRAM 1

Trouble begins—and trouble is always beginning—when the lines do not follow a normal pattern. CONICATION has broken down, and although at first the disabled game may merely lead to Stress and Strain, it proceeds deterioratively to General Hubbub, the Madhouse, and finally to Potter's Field (Hart Island, Bronx, N.Y. 10464). Thus, the simple case of Diagram 2:

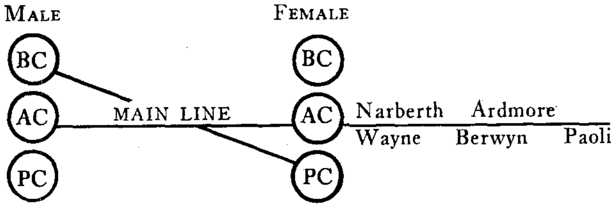


DIAGRAM 2

Some Standard Games

1. AIRPLANE

A CLASSIC game between men and women, best played out in airplanes that are circling over airports, unable to land either because of weather conditions or because the planes are Stacked Up (STUP) owing to Incompetence in the Control Tower (ICT). In concentrated and danger-ridden circumstances, Airplane becomes a variation of the Chase; i.e., men chasing women. In Airplane, the Chase evolves as a complex battle between a nervous male passenger (Oyster White) and a stewardess (Ochre). Outwardly a paragon of efficiency and fearlessness, Ochre, beneath her sang-froid (COLD BLOOD), is jello. Oyster White, of course, is jello both within and without. A complicated situation is thus further complicated, throwing all lines and crosslines into fragile introversions. The airplane in question has been stacked up for more than forty-five minutes over a major airport in a major city, and tension runs high throughout the craft. Ochre walks up and down the aisle making certain that all seat belts are fastened.

Oyster White has an aisle seat, and when Ochre passes him he grasps one of her arms and, acting entirely upon impulse, says, "Could you give me a rational explanation why this particular aircraft seems unable to land?"

Ochre offers him a stick of chewing gum (AC-BC) and a package of salted nuts (PC-BC) and says, "Why, certainly, sir. We are in the midst of a concentric landing pattern induced by the convergence of a number of aircraft all desiring to land at the same time but unable to do so, thanks to a combination of weather conditions and other factors, including the convergence of a number of aircraft all desiring to land." (Translated into social terms, this is known as the Factual Approach, or See What an Interesting Person I Am [SWAIPIA].)

"Thank you," says Oyster White. "That is the first time I have ever been in a domestic aircraft in a similar situation and received such a cogent reply to what must, after all, be a somewhat common query." (Translated into social terms: "I didn't hear a word you said, because I have been staring at your bright-blue eyes.")

"I am delighted that you find my explanation satisfactory," says Ochre, "because Transmigratory Airlines desires to keep its passengers fully informed."

She offers him another stick of gum. (Social terms: "There is something about you—your sensitivity, perhaps—that is beginning to reach me.")

Oyster White smiles wanly. "I find your presence aboard this aircraft extremely pleasant," he says. "In fact, everything about you is pleasant indeed, and you are a great comfort under trying circumstances." (Social terms: Oyster White knows that he is on "safe" ground, because although inconveniently airborne, he will soon land [DV], and the flirtation will be permanently ended.)

Captain Jack, in the cockpit, suddenly announces that they are about to come down. "Sank foo for flying Transmigratory," he mumbles.

Surrounded by danger, Oyster White and Ochre have skirted personal peril, having assumed the Universal Risk without Personal Involvement (URPI). Analysis: Brushless Hostility.

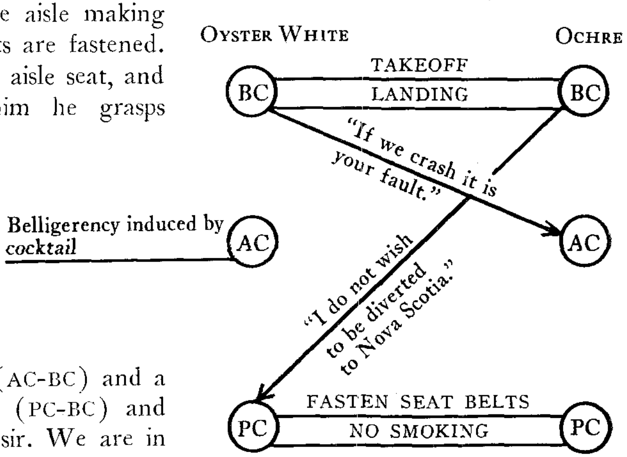

OYSTER WHITE
OCHRE
BC
TAKEOFF
LANDING
BC
"If we crash it is your fault."
Belligerency induced by cocktail
AC
AC
"I do not wish to be diverted to Nova Scotia."
PC
FASTEN SEAT BELTS
NO SMOKING
PC

DIAGRAM 3

2. CLEANUP, OR MESSY LIVING ROOM

A GAME played continuously between a man (Blue) and a woman (Shocking Pink). In its simplest form, Blue cries out, "Where do you expect me to get peace and quiet when I come home at night to a mess such as this?," pointing at cigarette butts, unwashed glasses, books, and magazines scattered every which way across coffee tables, on floors, and so on.

"And what do you expect of *me*?" cries Shocking Pink. "Do you expect me to come home after my hard day as a fashion designer, supplementing the income that, thanks to your incompetence, you seem unable to maintain at a subsistence level yourself, and then set about to tidy up the mess that you have left from the night before?"

Analysis: Regressive Retroactive. Prognosis: 4%. Blue's initial move is the move of a Baby Chimp appealing to an Adult Chimp. Shocking Pink's reply—although surfacewise the reply of a Parent Chimp—is actually that of a Baby Chimp. In essence, Cleanup, or Messy Living Room, is a game between Baby Chimps on a playpen, or household, level. In its quiescent form, the game terminates with the throwing of ashtrays and the setting of fire to a coffee table, ending in Finis (FIN). Often, there is a Twist, known as the Calculated Redress Based on Cruelty (CRBC). In CRBC, the wife scrupulously tidies up the place (unscrupulously), washes each ashtray the moment it is used, and constantly travels around the living room with a silent butler. "Watch that cigarette ash," she will cry out to guests almost before they have extinguished the match. The predictable result soon occurs. The husband announces that he cannot live out his life in so antiseptic a fashion, that he requires mess. His wife berates him for his desire to live in untidy circumstances. Twist thus, of its own volition, turns into FIN. Existential: Sadistic.

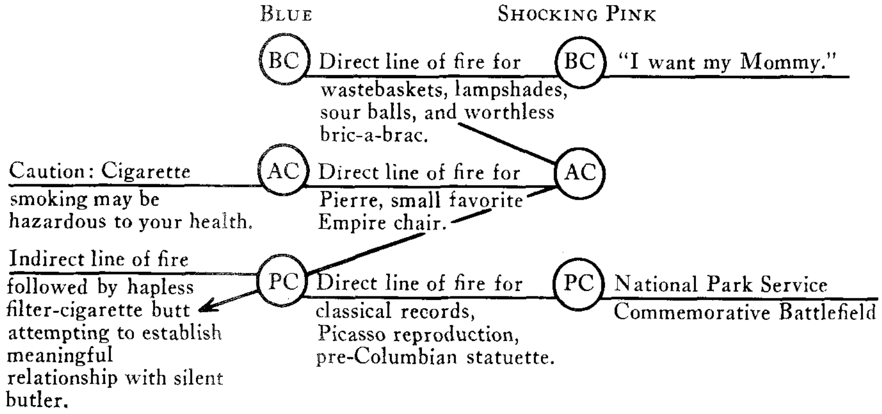

Blue
Shocking Pink
BC
Direct line of fire for wastebaskets, lampshades, sour balls, and worthless bric-a-brac.
BC
"I want my Mommy."
Caution: Cigarette smoking may be hazardous to your health.
AC
Direct line of fire for Pierre, small favorite Empire chair.
AC
Indirect line of fire followed by hapless filter-cigarette butt attempting to establish meaningful relationship with silent butler.
PC
Direct line of fire for classical records, Picasso reproduction, pre-Columbian statuette.
PC
National Park Service Commemorative Battlefield

Diagram 4

3. BARBER

A game that is played time and again takes place in a barbershop between a male customer, Pea Green, and his male barber, Puce. Pea Green has been having his hair cut by Puce for fifteen years. They have been engaged in a running Stimulus and Response game (STIMRES), during which Puce has desperately attempted to launch a conversation, his goal being to discover Pea Green's identity, his line of work, his income, something about his home life, and how much he spends on vacations. Over the fifteen years, Pea Green has resisted each verbal advance of Puce's. Pea Green is a renowned expert in arbitrage, but so skillful has been his sparring that Puce thinks he is a lawyer, and refers to him as "Counsellor." Puce keeps asking Pea Green for legal advice, as a possible opening wedge, to which Pea Green invariably replies, "I am a maritime lawyer and deal mostly in piracy cases." Puce is frustrated almost to the point of madness.

Analysis: Puce is a Baby Chimp (BC) asking the Adult Chimp (AC), "Where have you been all day, what have you been doing?" This instills Pea Green with a euphoric sense of Adult Chimphood; i.e., "I am an older and wiser chimp than you and withhold certain information in your own best interest. You are not yet to be fully trusted." But Pea Green's conflict lies deeper. He is, in fact, also a Baby Chimp; i.e., "I have my secret and just you try to discover it. You can poke and pry, but you will never know." The game of Barber reaches its inevitable climax on the morning Pea Green hurries into the barbershop, tells Puce that he has a vital business appointment, and asks for a fast trim, without frills or fuss. "Yes, Counsellor," says Puce, and proceeds, without conversation, to cut Pea Green's hair with a vengeance. Pea Green, although aware of what is taking place, is curiously incapable of calling a halt to the proceedings. When Puce has reduced Pea Green to a state approaching baldness, and is ankle-deep in his hair, he stands back triumphantly and says, "Perfect, Counsellor. The perfect trim. I will get the small mirror so that you can see for yourself." The long, uneasy relationship is, of course, broken forever, and an entirely new alignment is required. Pea Green moves to another barber, where he again begins to play the game of hiding his identity, and Puce continues his conversational probing with other customers, generally without success. Biological: The game of Barber is Existential.

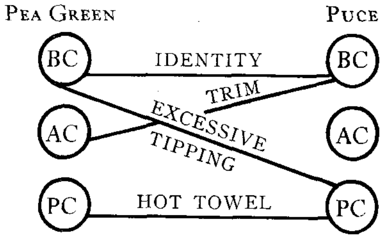

Pea Green
Puce
BC
IDENTITY
BC
TRIM
AC
EXCESSIVE TIPPING
AC
PC
HOT TOWEL
PC

Diagram 5

4. JOSTLE, OR NUDGE, A GROUP GAME

The basic idea is to achieve social superiority by means of humiliation. Jostle, or Nudge, generally takes place at cocktail parties, where jostling and nudging are normal conditions of the general ruckus and can be safely conducted for twelve to fifteen minutes before the person being jostled or nudged is remotely aware that he is part of a game. Mulberry, the man, and Henna, the woman, have been drinking Martinis, and have lost touch with the more obvious aspects of reality. Mulberry has grasped at Henna's elbow several times, and Henna has nudged, if not poked, Mulberry's stomach. Henna suddenly runs her fingers across Mulberry's eyebrows.

"What's going on here?" says Mulberry.

"I like thick eyebrows," replies Henna, "although your mouth is entirely too small for your face." (Social terms: An opening parry of a controversial nature to determine who is to gain the upper hand.)

Mulberry nudges Henna and says, "Your hair is extremely messy." (Social terms: War has been declared. It must further be remembered that similar conflicts [jostles and nudges] have broken out all over the room.) Sometimes the game ends in a draw, with the summoning of the paddy wagon (Law Jostle) or the making of scrambled eggs (Pang) or the running out of liquor. Penetration Scope: Existential: Goo-Goo.

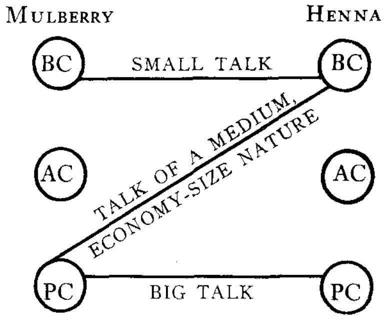

Mulberry
Henna
BC
SMALL TALK
BC
AC
TALK OF A MEDIUM, ECONOMY-SIZE NATURE
AC
PC
BIG TALK
PC

Diagram 6

What Lies Ahead?

In the world of adult angular delinquency, the sublimating and complex situation induced by human beings' playing games merely poses the problem but does not answer the essential question: Who Comes Out Ahead (COA)? It has been my observation that those who COA are those with Poise, Money, Breeding, Good Looks, and Enormous Intestinal Fortitude, in addition to Animal Cunning. We must not blind ourselves to the fact that there is some reason to have hope for the Human Race, thanks to the natural limits of its Ambient Stretchability (AMSTRETCH). Even so, and even with Games, survival is in doubt (DOUBT). —Philip Hamburger

THE SATELLITE

I WASN'T too keen that they should come over this weekend, but I tried not to sound unenthusiastic. Since I gave them my old Ford, my parents have made a growing habit of coming over from Worthing "to see the children," as they put it, every other Saturday afternoon. Usually, I'm glad they do. I still enjoy seeing my father grin as he gets out and pats the windscreen as if it were a borzoi or an Arab stallion, and I think he still looks forward to my saying that the old rattler ought to be put out to grass or sent to the knacker's yard. The car was thirteen years old when I bought it. In the space of eight months, I drove it twelve thousand miles, including a trip to the Welsh mountains. I'd felt uneasy dumping it on him when I bought my new one. It wasn't fair to wish a load of trouble onto him; he wouldn't be able to afford the repair bills, not to mention the tax and insurance. But since that hilarious day last October when I towed it over to his place (the towrope snapped as we were halfway round a traffic island), he's had the engine to bits in his little shed and repainted the bodywork to look like new. "It might get you over now and again to see the children of a Saturday," I'd said. "And if it falls apart before the tax and insurance expire, there's no harm done." Far from falling apart, the old car has taken him to work every day through the winter, and always starts first time, even though it's left in the road outside all night. He keeps a bit of plywood in the glove compartment to clear away the frost from the windscreen every morning; he'd have needed it today.

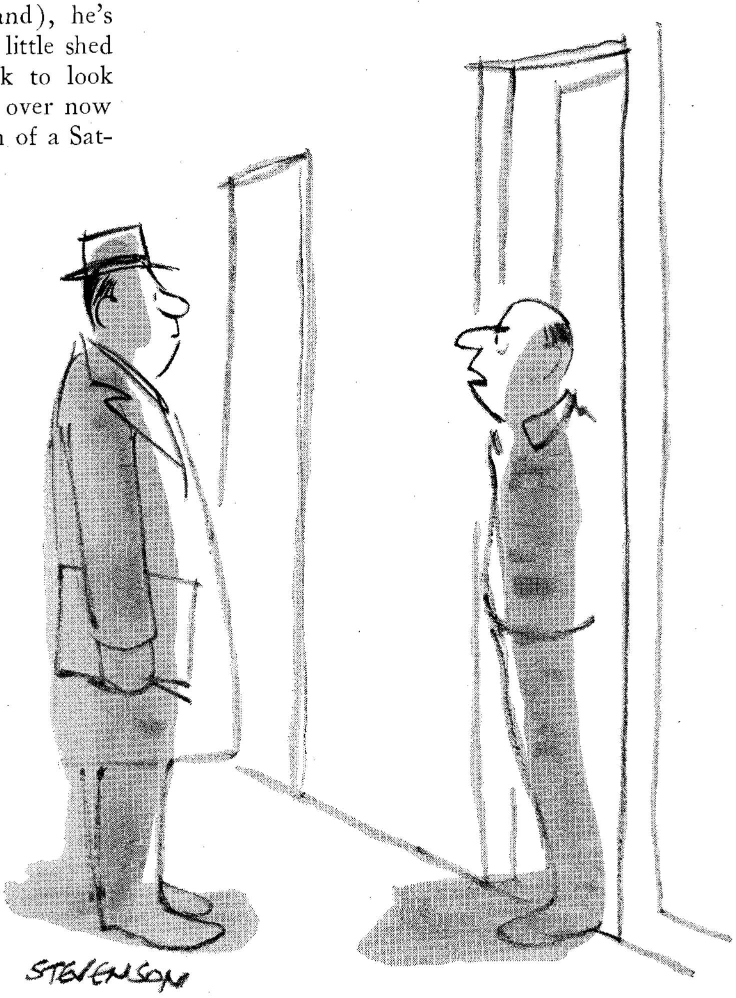
I put down the phone and called to my wife in the kitchen. "Kate? Mum and Dad. Coming over to see the children. Latish afternoon. All right? Dad's got the pictures back that he took of us the other week down the yacht basin. Remember? You know, down at Birdham, the day George came over and he made the dog jump off the jetty for a stick. Pictures have come out well, he says. He's going to bring the projector over and the screen. Come to that, he could show them on our nice new wall."

All week, I've been redecorating the house. I'd wanted to get the job finished tonight. Three or four hours this evening would have completed the stairwell and the hall. Kate was anxious to be rid of the paintpots that littered up her kitchen, and the children were becoming irritable with the smell of turpentine and my incessant warnings not to touch the wet paint. The smell was upsetting me, too. I had a pain on the left side of my chest. At first, I put this down to the reek of spirits; I remembered feeling the same the last time I redecorated, three years ago. However, it did seem odd that the pain was only on the left side. Surely, if it was caused by the turpentine, the pain would have settled on both sides? Not that it was a pain exactly. More of a dull ache, with a gentle stab when I thought about it. I was thinking about it more and more. Sometimes it was an inch or so under the nipple, sometimes further round under the armpit. I tried to remember whether I'd noticed anything before I started the painting. Perhaps I had. There was certainly a day last week when I'd felt a distinct jab. But wasn't that on the right side and lower down? And hadn't I been leaning against the edge of my desk for some time? Wednesday was the day I began to feel the first dull throb. That afternoon, I'd been in the public library to read the weekly papers. And there was that article about lung cancer and the most recent statistics about deaths among males in Great Britain. Twenty-two thousand. Figures falling in only one section of the community—doctors. Thursday and Friday, I smoked cigars. A half-finished packet of cigarettes lay on my desk; I'd have thrown them away, but Kate would have noticed.

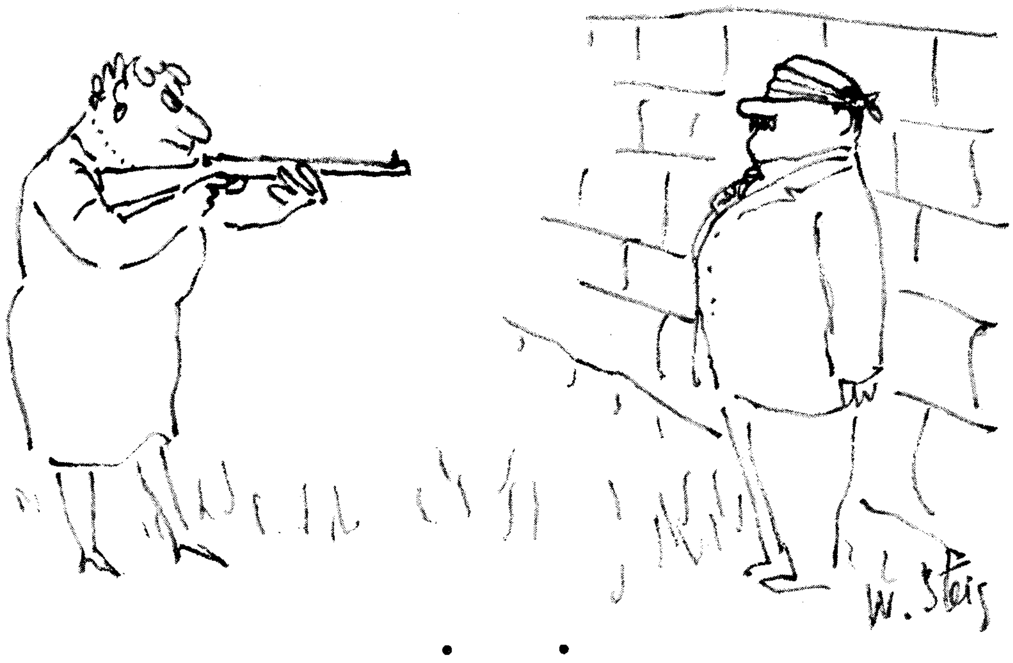
As often as I laughed at my suggestibility, I felt an urgent twinge. "Kate, does the smell of this paint give you a pain in the chest? No, not a pain, a bit of an ache?"

She looked through the hatch and smiled. Her hair had a thin blaze of white in it, from getting too close to the door of the broom cupboard last night. "No," she said, "only a trace of a headache. But these pots and brushes give me a pain. Look, they're sending me gray overnight." She brushed her hair back with the back of her hand. Grains of flour fell.

Anyway, it was too absurd. Lungs don't extend under the armpit. I looked up the anatomical drawings in the encyclopedia. There were drawings of lungs and drawings of the rib cage, but no illustration to show their relative positions. Of course, pain could be felt in one place though it emanated from another. There was the time when I was certain I had earache and it turned out to be a bad tooth in the lower jaw. And didn't Leslie once tell me that the cancer grows *through* the ribs sometimes? There it was again, a definite stab. I didn't imagine that. I ran upstairs and locked



"I'm watching the 'Andy Griffith Show,' I prefer Rockefeller for President, I feel we should get out of Vietnam but on honorable terms, and if you're selling something I don't want it."



myself in the bathroom. I took off my shirt and prodded myself in front of the mirror. Nothing. I waited a minute or two, concentrating on the area where I expected a throbbing. Still nothing; only a tingling just above the waist. I caught sight of my worried face and laughed it off. I ran hot water, and when the mirror was clouded with steam I wrote "Le Malade Imaginaire" on it with my finger. Right then, I thought, that's my warning. Cigars for me in future. And I ran downstairs to play a boisterous game with the dog in the garden. The snowdrops were in bloom. I hadn't noticed that before. I took twenty very deep breaths as I dried the dog's paws.

After lunch, Kate said that she'd take the children and the dog for a walk while I got on with the painting. I'd be able to make faster progress if I didn't have the rest of the family running up and down stairs, opening and closing the doors, asking me to move the ladder so they could squeeze past with their toys. As I stood in the kitchen stirring a new pot of white gloss, I watched them all going down the road toward the church. Kate was carrying the blue string bag full of stale bread and other scraps for the ducks on the pond at the manor house. I calculated how long I'd have before they came home. Say half an hour at the pond; then twenty minutes to get to the hazel wood, and another twenty while the dog rooted about the rabbit warren; after that they'd go up to the farm for the double-yolked eggs we always bought there on Saturdays; and then, finally, half an hour to come home along the canal towpath. About two hours, as long as it didn't start to rain and send them scurrying back before. I might just manage to finish if I didn't stop to make a cup of coffee. Or have a smoke. That would bring us to just after four o'clock. Mum and Dad would arrive at five. I'd be able to clear away all the old paintpots, brushes, and rags before they came. I'd be able to display my handiwork proudly and make the sort of disparaging comments about it that would ensure my mother's protests and my father's praise.

I worked hard and fast, with a dexterity that surprised me. Usually, it takes me a great deal of time and trouble to negotiate door moldings and window bars, but I went boldly at the fiddly bits with a large brush and the job was finished within the hour. I cleared up and went to look for the family. It occurred to me that since they went out I'd not been aware of my chest and I'd not brooded about statistics or my stupid self-indulgence. True, there was a warm, tight feeling four or five ribs up, but this I disregarded in my exhilaration at completing a long, monotonous job, and in my eagerness to tell Kate that she could have the use of the draining board again.

I met them by the iron bridge. They were all carrying hazel catkins to decorate the house. We'd had no flowers since the last of the chrysanthemums, unless you counted the snowdrops. I could imagine how the yellow catkins would set off the newly painted walls. "I suppose we'll have pollen-flecked skirtings and doorjambs," I said, taking the bundle from Kate. "But won't they look splendid if the sun shines on them? I've finished. Everything. No more taste of turps in the food, no more sticky little fingers and white-mottled cardigans. I feel grand, now it's all done. All we've got to do now is sit back and admire it. Who can we ask round?"

"Your mum and dad are coming soon. Won't they do?"

"Yes, I know, but what about tomorrow or the day after?"

"Don't worry. By then the dog will have scratched the bottoms of the doors and the baby will have scribbled on the walls."

"O.K. Well, we'll just have to gloat for an hour or two tonight, on our own."

Kate held the gate open for us. I was clumsy with the catkins and some of them fell as I brushed through. "You look as if you could do with a rest," she said. "You've not been looking very well all this week." And as I bent down to gather the twigs I had dropped, I felt the pain again. That was it, whenever I bent down.

Back in the house, we all stood in the hall and looked up the stairs. I saw that Kate was pleased. "Just think how it will look when we get the new stair carpet," she said. That would be another fortnight—the earliest delivery date.

I didn't answer. I was wondering how bad the pain would be by then. I had to go out. I couldn't bear to stop in, sitting in my chair, worrying, speculating. Think of all the things I could have been doing that week instead of brushing on white paint.

"I'll walk down the main road to meet Mum and Dad while you're getting the tea," I said.

"It's getting dark. They won't see you."

"I'll spot them coming. I can tell that old car a mile off—the head lamps are cross-eyed. I'll flag them down."

"Sit down, why don't you? You look worn out."

"No, I could do with a breath of air."

"But you've just been out."

"Not for long. Anyway, I want to go to the shop."

"Good. Get me some cigarettes, too."

"Not that shop. Oh, all right, then."

"Take the dog. Keep him away from the wet paint."

"Sooner go on my own. Anyway, he

won't get into their car. The fumes get in. He breathes them down, lying on the floor. Bad for him."

I CLOSED the door before anything else could be said. I could feel my heart beating faster, the throb under my armpit aggravated by my beginning anger. The lawn was already crisp with frost and the street lamps were coming on. Yes, think of all the things I could have been doing that week: walking round the estuary, fishing off East Head, driving to Oxford to visit my brother. No, I should have made something. There was that block of marble I've been intending to carve into a birdbath for the garden. Something permanent. Plant a silver birch in the corner by the Japanese azaleas—no, wrong time of the year. What's the point? What *is* the point? I thought of the yellowing latent in the fresh white paint. One day, one of the children would crash the go-cart into the birdbath. The birch tree would take its decades to die, rotting from the inside out. Snap out of it—ridiculous to be thinking like this, a young man. Look how often you've worried before, all for nothing. You'd laugh if it were somebody else. You came out so that you wouldn't brood. But it's hurting again. Only because you're willing it to. Think of the smell of raspberries. Walk faster. Look at that heron. Yes, plant that tree. In the spring.

I stopped by the gravel pit and waited there. I was cold.

It was quite dark before I saw the old car come down the slope toward me, its head lamps crossing their beams, one white, one amber. The exhaust fumes were as bad as ever, I noticed as I climbed in the back.

"Don't know about putting this old hack out to grass," I said. "Pair of glasses might do it good—it's as boss-eyed as ever. And how about a packet of mints to clear up the bad breath?" I wound down the window. "Hello, Mum, nice to see you again. You getting a draft from this window? Hold on, I'll close it again." There, it was easy, slipping back into the old silly banter. Glad they came.

"How're you keeping?" my father said.

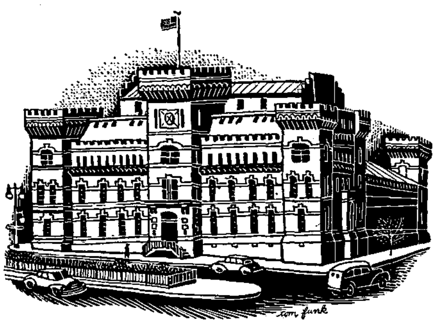
"Not too bad. Got a bit of tightness in the chest, that's all. Expect you're glad of the old wagon these days."

"It's been a godsend. He's not had a single cold this winter yet, touch wood." My mother tapped her head and, with her other hand, crossed her fingers.

We pulled up outside my garage. Even in the dark, the flaking paintwork could be seen. Dad put his finger behind one of the larger flakes and detached it. "If I could afford a garage, I'm pretty sure I could afford a lick of paint for it, too," he said.

That was true enough. He's never been very well off and he's always looked after everything he's ever acquired. He's still got the motorcycle he bought in 1928. It stands in his neat shed, luxuriant in a coat of grease, not a trace of rust. I thought of my new car, which hadn't been cleaned for weeks, the rust already showing at the bottom of one door. His old Ford was spotless, its chrome twinkling around the black bodywork like winter stars. To please him, I said so.

"Good job you reminded me," he said, grinning his pleasure. "Later on, I wanted to come out to see the satellite go over. I saw in the paper that it's due over at half past eight—about the time we'll have to be leaving."



He's been interested in astronomy ever since I can remember. Sometimes he phones me late at night to tell me that there's a satellite passing over, or that there's going to be a partial eclipse of the moon, or that there's the chance of seeing a meteor shower. I've seldom bothered to go out and see, though I always promise that I will. Once, when I was in my teens, I had a craze on astronomy and learned enough about it then to be able to hold my own with him. But I didn't know much about satellites and had never seen one.

"All right, then," I said, "I'll come out with you when it's time, and you can air your knowledge. But let's get indoors out of this cold and I'll show you some real paintwork, seeing that my garage doesn't suit you."

The table was laid for tea, and the smell of newly baked cakes overlaid the smell of paint. The catkins were a delight, particularly an impromptu garland that the children had arranged round the hall mirror.

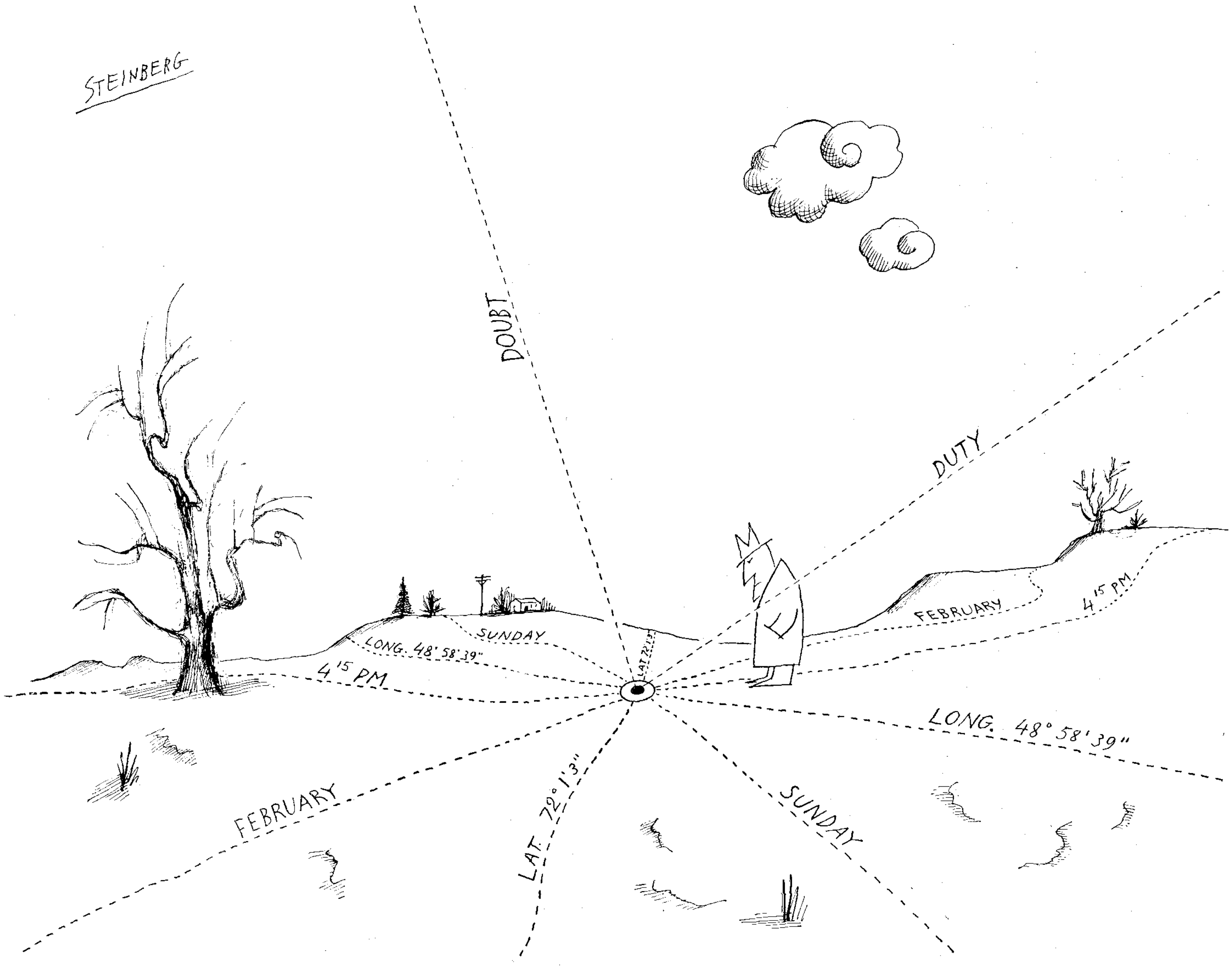
We made a tour of inspection, then sat down and had tea. As we were finishing, Kate drained her cup and said,

• •

WHO CALLED THAT PIED-BILLED GREBE A PODILYMBUS PODICEPS PODICEPS?

All I know about the bird:
It is feathered, not furred.
Ornithologists know all about the bird,
But their nomenclature is absurd.
As scientists, they are naturally pedantic,
But they are also afflicted with a compulsion to repetition that is hysterical and frantic.
Their needle is caught in a groove, a cog is missing in their pianola,
Hence we find the black-bellied plover turning up as *Squatarola squatarola.*
We laymen are not so woolly-minded as they think us—
We get the point when they call a mallard *Anas platyrhynchos;* they need not belabor it by proceeding to *Anas platyrhynchos platyrhynchos.*
Their bubbling bibble-babble is truly splendiferous;
Think upon the redheaded woodpecker, or *Melanerpes erythrocephalus erythrocephalus,* as well as the killdeer, or *Charadrius vociferus vociferus.*
Stay me with parsnips, comfort me with sarsaparilla—
From the pine siskin they have hatched a *Spinus pinus pinus* and from the eastern field sparrow a *Spizella pusilla pusilla.*
(And in parenthis,
While speaking of sparrows, what meagre meal is commemorated by terming the savanna sparrow *Passerculus sandwichensis*?)
Did Little Sir Echo originate the double- and triple-headed terminology they stuff in us?
How else did the eastern harlequin duck become *Histrionicus histrionicus* and the Manx shearwater turn into *Puffinus puffinus puffinus*?
By Allah,
I believe all ornithologists must be natives of Pago Pago, Baden Baden, or Walla Walla.

—OGDEN NASH



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“I’ll bet you forgot to buy me some cigarettes.” I mimed in penitence, but said nothing. She went over to my desk and took one of mine. “These are lasting you a long time. What’s the matter, trying to give them up?” She smiled at my father and said, “He’s been smoking little cigars since Thursday.”

We didn’t bother to clear away the tea things but set up the screen straight away. The children wanted to see the color slides before they went to bed, and my parents didn’t want to be late getting home. I sat down for the show and let a cigar burn down between my fingers.

They were good photographs. Dad had put by a little money each week to save enough for the new camera. “One of these days, when I’m dead and gone, you’ll have all these pictures of mine to look at and you’ll have a record of these days, with all the children growing up,” he said. He knew that I never bothered to take photographs, though I had a cupboard full of expensive equipment.

I appeared in most of the sixty slides. In every one, I noticed, I was smoking a cigarette. Me with the girls sitting on a breakwater: cigarette between fingers. Me leaning against a capstan, holding the dog on his leash: cigarette between the lips. Me taken unawares looking at the boys throwing stones in the water: cigarette packet half open, book matches at the ready.

“Just look how clear that is,” my mother said. “You can see the words quite distinctly on that packet.”

I could feel the throbbing again, spreading now, downward. Don’t panic, you fool; it’s only because you’re dwelling on it again. I got up and switched on the lights. “Come on, you children, that’s all. Off to bed with you. Granddad’s got to go now.”

Dad looked surprised and a little hurt; he thought, obviously, that I had been bored with the pictures.

Quickly I went over to him and whispered, “It’s time for your satellite, and we can’t have the kids going out there to see it or we’ll never get them to bed.”

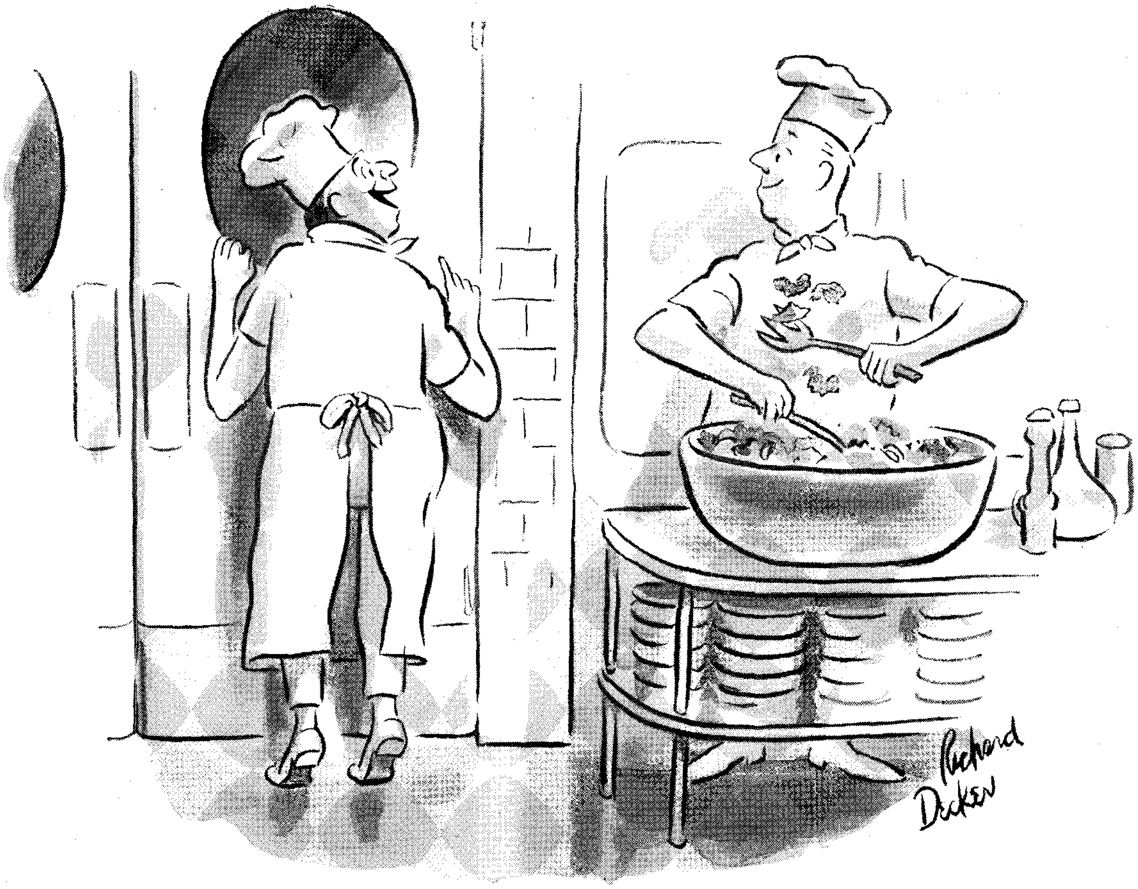
He smiled and nodded his head.

My mother took the children upstairs to bath them and put them to bed, as she always does when she’s here. Kate started to wash up. I helped Dad to put the slides away in their case and fold down the screen. We put on our coats and went outside.

“IF your clock’s keeping correct time, it’ll be over in precisely two minutes. Never fails. That’s the way it’s coming from.” He pointed through the lower limbs of our oak tree. I drank deep from the cold February air and imagined it seeking out every recess of my lungs. The sky was perfect. No cloud, no moon to scour the absolute black between the stars. Dad said what I knew he was going to say: “You can see why the old Greeks made up those stories, can’t you?” He had always begun like that. “There’s Jupiter,” he went on.

“Yes,” I said, “and there’s Betelgeuse and Procyon, and there’s Orion’s Belt, and over there—”

“Here it comes. Look, up there, to



"Now he's giving her a taste and she's going into raptures!"

• •

the left of that chimney pot. Not that one. The one on the end."

In silence, we watched the satellite moving through the fixed stars, all the timeless legends. It was brighter than Bellatrix; not twinkling but shining with the flat, bland glare of the planets. Not as bright as Jupiter, but beautifully in movement. Pegasus, Perseus and Andromeda, Taurus, Gemini, and Leo—all were there as I had left them so many years before. But here was a new creature, to thread through them, past them. It was gone, and the sky was still again.

"Tell me about that one," I said.

"Worth coming out for, wasn't it? Echo I it's called. Been up there for years now. I always go out and have a look at it if I know it's due over. Doesn't matter where I am. Just think, it's been all round the earth since we arrived here. It'll be back round again before we get home tonight. Do you know how many there are up there? Not that you can see them with the naked eye."

"No idea. Couple of dozen?"

"Couple of hundred, more like it. More. And no end of what they call space litter. Old rockets and bits of metal. Thousands of copper needles, too. There was quite a row about that. They've got to be careful, cluttering up space like that. Contamination, that's what it is."

"What's it for? This one we've just been looking at, I mean."

"Can't remember exactly, it's so long since it's been up. Observation was it, or communications? Anyway, it's outlived its usefulness. It just goes round and round. Eight miles per second, I think. Round and round. Just something to look at now."

"It'll go on doing that forever, then? Be part of the scene always, like all these others?"

"No. They think about another ten years. When it was first put up, they didn't think it'd last that long. There was one time when they thought it was going to die—"

"Die?"

"Well, collapse, then. It's a balloon of sorts. They thought it was going down. I remember reading in the paper—oh, years ago—that all the signs were that it hadn't got long to go."

"But it lived to a ripe old age. Bit like your old car. To tell the truth, I'd written that off before I gave it to you. Look how it's going now, though."

"Won't last forever. In the finish, the parts wear out, however much you look after them. Then that's it. All you can do is to take notice of the warning rattles and do what you can about them. I reckon that with a bit of care I should get another ten thousand miles. That ought to be enough for me, the number of miles I do in a year. After I'm gone, you can have it back, together with the slides."

"Don't talk like that."

"What do you mean? We've all got to go sometime. Like the satellite. It'll go on and on, billions of miles. One of these nights, though, it won't come over. Just when we've taken it for granted. Hit some of that space litter and get a puncture!"

"Oh, very likely. All that room up there."

"Well, fair enough. But even so, it will come down. Get burned up."

My mother came out, carrying her handbag. It was time for them to go.

I helped Dad to carry the screen and the projector to the car. Mum wound down the window so that she could kiss me goodbye. "Take care of yourself, now, and those lovely children. We'll ring you up when we get back to let you know we've arrived safely."

Kate and I went to bed early. After we had undressed and put out the light, I opened the curtains and looked for the satellite again. I didn't know when to expect it over. I wanted to see it again. It wasn't to be seen, but I thought of it, wherever it was. We lay in bed, looking through the window, talking. Kate liked the idea of planting the birch tree. Later, though. In the spring.

—Ted Walker

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The author's pique with Putnam, according to a close friend who declined to be identified, was caused by what Mr. Nabokov felt was the publishing house's lack of promotional interest in his books after the success of "Lolita."

Walter J. Minton, president of Putnam, spoke of Mr. Nabokov's change without apparent regret. He said that after the uproar over "Lolita" the six other Nabokov works became succès d'estime, literary successes without significant sales.

—*The Times.*

Did you suggest any sequels, Mr. M.? "Lolita Grows Up"? "Lolita at Yale"? "Lolita Pulls the Strings"?

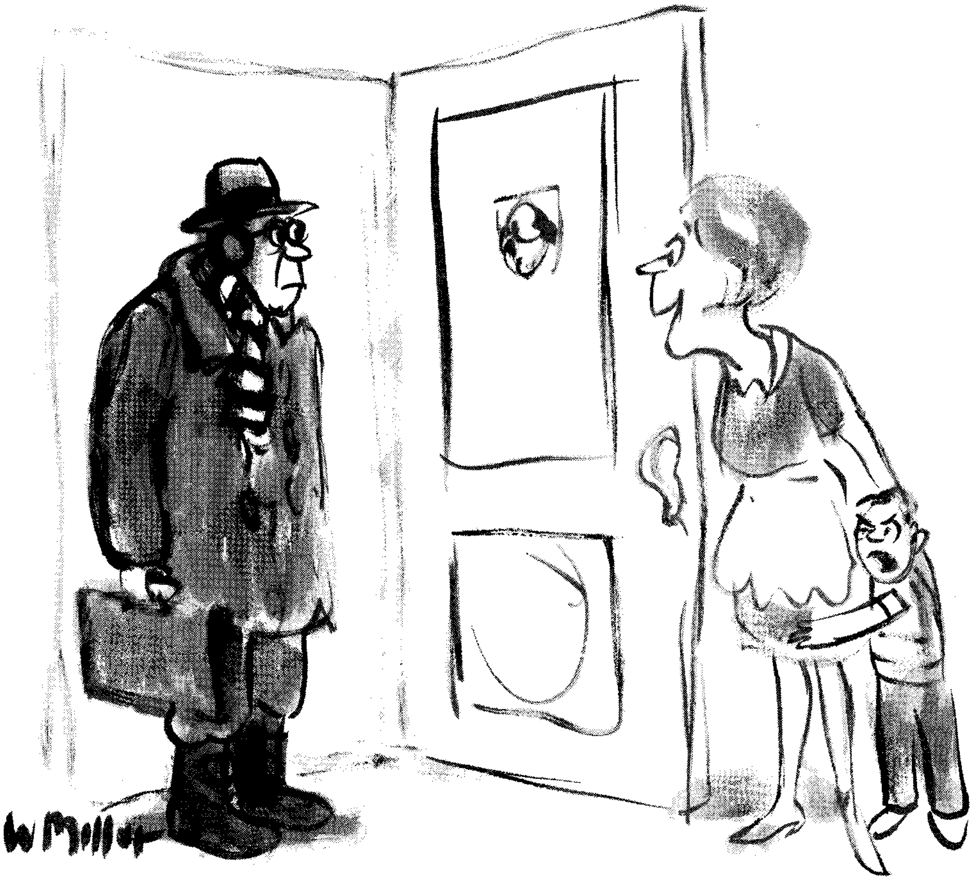
REFLECTIONS

A NEW SITUATION IN THE WORLD

TWENTY years ago, when General George C. Marshall was Secretary of State and was putting in place the foundation stones of American postwar foreign policy, he was asked to describe his objective. What was the United States hoping to accomplish in the world? How, and when, would we know whether or not we had succeeded? The Secretary said he could not answer a question put in those terms. He supposed that what we were really trying to do was to buy time for ourselves and the world, to avoid the kind of confrontation between the United States and the Soviet Union that the whole world—or, at any rate, the whole Western world, including the Soviet Union—dreaded. He was then asked whether the mere postponement of conflict was a suitably large and noble aim for this great and powerful democracy. He said it would not be if it were merely a matter of putting off the inevitable—of stalling long enough to pass an irreconcilable conflict on to another generation. But he did not, he said, see it in quite that light. He was not certain that the conflict would always be the irreconcilable one that it then appeared to be. In his reading of history, the world and its problems took on a new appearance every twenty or thirty years—the span of a generation—and what seemed an insoluble problem in 1948 might by 1968 or 1978 seem quite amenable to solutions undreamed of by the generation that had no strategy better than delay. The problem might even disappear completely over such a period—or, on the other hand, it might loom larger than ever. He said, as John Bartlow Martin has it in "Overtaken by Events," that "if we could just hang on for twenty or thirty years without starting nuclear war, we could be sure of one thing and one thing only: the world would be a different place." This is a paraphrase by Martin, not a quotation from Marshall. I can cite no source but memory—my own and that of a few others—for Marshall's observations, and my memory does not retain the date he made them or the occasion for them. I am not altogether sure I am right in giving the year as 1948—it could have been 1947 or 1949—but it was during his tenure as Secretary of State. At the time, I was impressed—and, as I recall, somewhat depressed—and the thought has stayed with me through the years. I was more depressed than impressed, however, when I came upon an echo of Marshall in the pages of *Life* for December 1, 1967. An article about W. W. Rostow, the most "hawkish" of the President's advisers on Vietnam, quoted Rostow as saying, "The duty of men is to prevent war and buy time."

Marshall's rationale for American policy was never embodied in any official proclamation, never made part of any "doctrine." Although it accords with a view of life and history that has been part of our culture from Solomon ("Our time is a very shadow that passeth away"), through Pascal ("We all change [in time] and are no longer the same persons. Neither the offender nor the offended is the same"), to Justice Holmes ("Time has upset many fighting faiths"), it is, for politicians seeking votes from the electorate and funds from the Congress, an unsatisfactory way of looking at the world. It can be attacked as either bleakly pessimistic or irresponsibly Micawberish. It lacks moral grandeur and provides a rather insubstantial foundation for the building of national morale. Nevertheless, it has for many years seemed to me to constitute the only intellectually honest and humane approach that can be made to the crucial issues of diplomacy in an age of great and potentially explosive international rivalries. We can, perhaps, "plan" for such things as the political and economic development of Latin America and Africa with reasonable confidence that people whose basic human needs are being met and who are more or less in control of their own destinies will have a stake in an orderly world. Theoretically, we can also "plan," by means of alliances and the development of our own internal strength, to create a world balance of power favorable to us (or a world balance of terror not *un*favorable to us), but it is all, at best, a gamble on the future and on the changes that, for better or worse, are bound to come with time. But even if the balance of power should be heavily in our favor, our safety and survival are never assured. We can never presume rationality as a determining factor in the life of mankind.

Yet we cannot presume irrationality, either—not without repudiating our culture and the best of our experience. And although what is different is not necessarily better and may often be worse, we know from certain of our travails that there are things men can do to bring a measure of order



"*And how was* your *day in the maze, O Naked Ape?*"

INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE
FILE EARLY

"If I may say so, you are cute when angry."

• •

into the world and to induce those bent on irrational courses to abandon or alter them. Not to try to do them is to resign ourselves to chaos and possible extinction. In any event, Marshall's view of the aim of policy seems to me to provide a sounder guide to this period than any that has been offered by those haggling over the meaning and the present wisdom of "self-determination" and "containment."

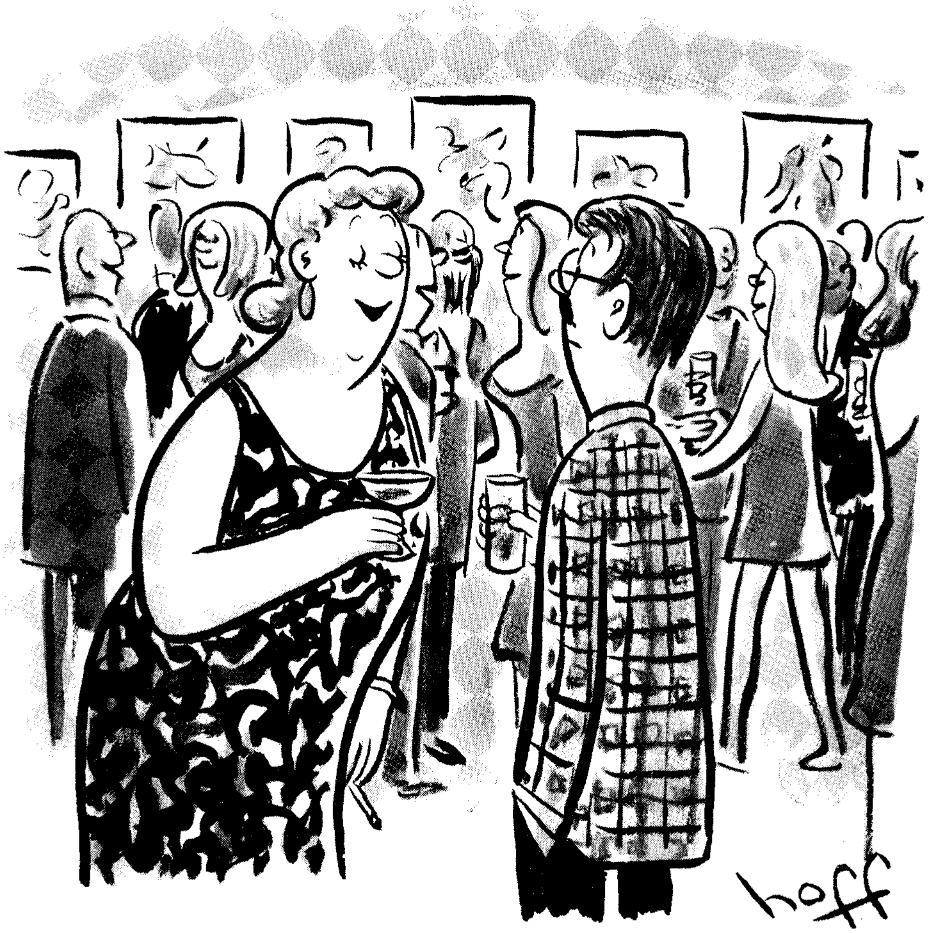
Marshall thought that the world would be a different place a generation later. The time has passed, and the world is so very different that fathers cannot convince grown sons—young men born into that other world—that the place ever existed or that its terrors were real. Neither the offender nor the offended is the same. Though Lyndon Johnson may in certain respects put one in mind of Harry Truman, the United States of 1968 is very different from the United States of 1948. We have become a different people, some of us who recall 1948 being frighteningly estranged from our former selves. Our society has a different structure, different values, different aims. And what is true of us seems in some ways even truer of our 1948 adversaries. More important to what is under consideration here, our relationships have been radically altered. What we once thought of as the Cold War—essentially a contest for political influence in Western Europe—has for all practical purposes been settled. The cockpits now are Southeast Asia and the Middle East. But the rivalries in these places are much more complex, partly because enormous changes have taken place in what was once called "the Communist world." If that world ever existed, it is now dead. Communism is scarcely more binding ideologically than monarchy or democracy. We are, I suggest, in trouble today not because we have changed our policies but because we have failed to do so. The policies we are applying were meant not to endure forever but merely to tide us over, to bring us safely into the present age. We have arrived, by no means safely but more or less intact, and it is incumbent upon us to look on this new age and seek new ways—if new ways are required, and it seems to me perfectly clear that they are most desperately required—of dealing with it. Instead, our leaders and many of their most eloquent critics are locked in debate over who is and who is not being true to a bygone age.

THE world has changed even in what we mean when we speak of it. In the late forties, although there had been an American presence in Asia for the better part of a century, although we had just dismantled Japan's Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere, and although we were shortly to intervene in Korea, our hopes and fears hinged almost exclusively on Europe. When Marshall spoke of avoiding war, he meant war on the mainland of Europe—in the very territories of Germany, France, the Low Countries, and Italy that had not yet been cleared of the rubble of the Second World War. As he spoke, civil war was raging in China and in many other parts of the world, but what was feared in this country was a war with the Soviet Union, fought in order to prevent it from doing in the late forties what Nazi Germany had done in the early forties. That was the fear. The hope was that this country and its allies could deter the Soviet Union by building the kind of collective-security system that, if it had existed ten years earlier, might have spared the world the war of 1939-45.

There are historians today who maintain that our fears of twenty years ago were not grounded in reality or logic, and that such tensions as existed were mainly of Western fabrication. I do not now wish to get into this controversy; it is not particularly relevant to my present concerns. Looking westward from the Kremlin, Stalin and his associates, men who had lately suffered much and had themselves caused much suffering, may well have felt justified in concluding that American power—augmented by nuclear weapons, which they did not then possess—threatened Soviet sovereignty. And it may well be that, regardless of who or what started the Cold War, our response to its real or imagined challenges was a badly mistaken one; if it could someday be argued, by insect survivors of the holocaust, that the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan had led directly to nuclear war with the Soviet Union and/or China, and thence to the end of mankind, there would be a strong prima-facie case against our whole postwar policy. But, we must deal with the human perceptions that men rely on when they attempt to determine the course of their lives. The Soviet Union that emerged from the war in 1945 was as totalitarian as Hitler's Germany had ever been, and by 1948 was even manifesting an overt and official anti-Semitism. In our need, we had collaborated with it. We were prepared to go on doing so, provided it did not attempt to spread its power far beyond its prewar boundaries. We were prepared to accept the establishment of a Soviet sphere of influence in Eastern Europe. In fact, such a sphere had been established well before the end of the war. In 1944, George Kennan, then in our Moscow Embassy, had proposed that American military and economic aid be cut off immediately, on the ground that the Soviets had turned a war *against* aggression into a war *of* aggression in Eastern Europe, but the suggestion was unacceptable in Washington, and, although we muffed certain opportunities for postwar economic coöperation, we were nevertheless still willing in 1947 to have the Russians and what were then so clearly their satellites take part in the Marshall Plan. What we were not prepared to do was see the Soviet Union extend its dominance to all of Europe.

That this was ever the serious intent of Moscow is not certain. To be sure, Moscow was eager to strengthen the Communist Parties in the West—all at that time, of course, Moscow-oriented—and would have been delighted to see any of them win or seize power. But though some people then thought that the main threat lay in the growth of those Communist Parties, the liveliest fear was that the Red Army, massed along what was becoming known as the Iron Curtain, would move against the then defenseless democracies. "If [it] is accepted that the Soviet Union has a right to penetrate her immediate neighbors for security," Averell Harriman said in 1944, "penetration of the next immediate neighbors becomes at a certain time equally logical." We shall perhaps never know whether Stalin played with the possibilities of applying Harriman's "logic." Certainly Stalin did not need instruction in the cost of doing so. The United States had atomic bombs, and it would have occurred to him quite early that we could do to Moscow and Leningrad what we had done to Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Some people, among them Bertrand Russell, were then urging that we do exactly this, in advance of any aggression and with no greater assurances than Harriman's "logic" that aggression was being contemplated or planned.

Cooler heads prevailed. In 1968, this may be judged rather a modest victory for rationality; a decision not to commit wanton murder or massacre is something less than a triumph of the human spirit. But in the late forties there were men of high intelligence and of a morality no less estimable than Lord Russell's who felt that restraint might be a form of suicide. Some thought that the only way to spare the world a vastly more destructive war than the one against Hitler was to threaten Moscow with the use of American nuclear weapons and, if the threat was ignored and Russian armies remained menacingly deployed in Eastern Europe, to destroy the Soviet regime with dispatch. We had a nuclear monopoly for more than four years. It was no secret that the Russians were on their way to breaking it. Throughout the West, it was assumed that when we no longer had a monopoly the Russians would have no scruples about using nuclear weapons—and, later, thermonuclear ones, which were clearly in the offing—as and when it seemed advantageous to do so. In February, 1949, seven months before the Atomic Energy Commission confirmed the detonation of an atomic device in the Soviet Union, President Truman said to David E. Lilienthal, chairman of the Commission, "Dave, we will never use it again if we can possibly help it. But I know the Russians would use it on us if they had it." They got it, and they have yet to use it—though we can only speculate as to what might have happened if they, rather than we, had ever been in a position to destroy without being destroyed. Communism at the time was monolithic and messianic; the Soviet Union had not emulated us in hasty demobilization; it had already used force for conquest; its diplomacy was everywhere disruptive and threatening. And so something more than smugness and a simplistic anti-Communism made "preventive war" or "preëmptive strikes" a subject for grave consideration not only by short-fused jingoes but by sober scientists like Harold Urey and Leo Szilard and by humane statesmen here and in many other countries. "If we are *sure* to get a third world war," Szilard said in 1945, "the later it comes, the worse for us." In his journal for November 1, 1949, Lilienthal wrote, of an evening he spent with Senator Brien McMahon, of Connecticut, a circumspect man, who served as chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, and who was as knowledgeable as anyone in Washington (Lilienthal excepted) about nuclear politics and diplomacy: "What he is talking about is the inevita-



"I hear you're a television writer. What shows are you to blame for?"

PIANO PRACTICE

I

Such splendid icecaps and hard rills, such weights
And counterweights, I think I scale the heights
When pentatonic Chinese crewmen start
Up in a cold sweat from the bottom of the keyboard
Only to arrive at some snow-stormed valley
To dissolve in steam-holes and vanish out of sight.

II

The left hand's library is dull, the books
All read, though sometimes, going under velvet,
An old upholsterer will spit out tacks,
Turn them into sparks and smartly hurl them
Up and down the loudest bowling alley—
His pressure of effects can last all night.

III

Two bird notes endlessly repeat themselves.
Or are they fish scales—iridescent, hard?
Mica into marble back to mica?
No images in trills. They're formal. Take
Your foot off the pedal. You're in a wood
Near the sea. And every tree and wave is fake.

IV

An underwater haircut by Debussy?
Oh, that's too easy. Astringent lotions
Let the swimmer down by easy stages
Down among the flashy soda fountains
Down to the bottom where the light bulbs waver
Down where all the mirrors eat their hearts out.

V

Grammar becoming poetry is what
You're after—say, a rational derangement
Requiring that you forget technique
And concentrate on what is harder like
A fireplace that burns pine needles only,
Before which spills the gore of Persian rugs.

VI

A vial of antiseptic meant for Schubert,
One modest, flat, meticulous translation
Of Chopin's lightning undercurrent Spanish—
These are the mere necessities of travel.
Someone you must meet is Dr. Czerny.
Then, through him, Domenico Scarlatti.

VII

Seizures are occurring. Despite snow-lightning,
The black keys are bent on mountain climbing—
All of it against a doctor's warning.
Soon they're descending like the black dots of
A wirephoto in transmission. An
Erotic black wing hovers up above.

VIII

Bach is more like opening an ember
And digging hard into the heart of fire.
The heart of fire is another fire.
When it comes to Mozart, just say nothing.
Think of it as milk, and drink it slowly.
Slowly you will taste the cream of angels.

IX

This black and white's deceptive. Underneath
The spectrum rages. Did you ever see
The calmest waters quickly come to life
Because a minnow's tinfoil flash in sun
Had rent them suddenly? It came. And went.
We take two thousand takes before we print.

X

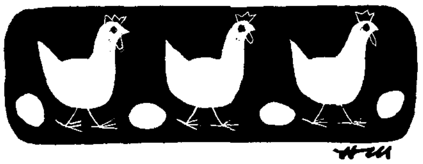
Don't try to catch that lion by Rousseau.
Before you wake, he'll eat you up. If you
Should meet the sleeping gypsy, let her sleep.
Tomorrow they'll be gone without a trace,
Half fact and half enigma. Now your hands
Are on the mysteries of the commonplace.

—Howard Moss

• •

bility of war with the Russians and what he says adds up to one thing: blow them off the face of the earth, quick, before they do the same to us—and we haven't much time."

McMahon did not make his despair public or urge a policy based upon it. Nor, though many shared it, did any other important figures in the government. No assumption of the inevitability of anything underlay our policy then or in the years that followed. Hope was based on the beneficent workings of time, and the effort to buy it began. The alternative to war was "containment"—justified by the hope that time might show Justice Holmes to have been right about "fighting faiths" and George Kennan to have been sound in anticipating "the breakup or the gradual mellowing" of Soviet power. The Truman Doctrine was proclaimed; the Marshall Plan was drawn up; and, in time, NATO, the containing force, was organized. Despite the deplorably loose wording of the Truman Doctrine, which could be, and was, read as an announcement that the United States would thenceforward render assistance to any countries anywhere that were "resisting subjugation by armed minorities or by outside pressures," these measures undertaken in the late forties were all designed for the purpose of enabling Western Europe to live, and seek economic recovery, in a state of what Stalin was to call "peaceful coexistence" with the Russians and with the nations that could then be legitimately regarded as their occupied colonies in Eastern Europe. It was quickly pointed out that it was extremely dangerous to make a commitment as open-ended as this one appeared to be. Dean Acheson, then Under-Secretary of State, immediately tried to make it clear that the Truman Doctrine did not mean unquestioning assistance for any country in any kind of trouble. On March 24, 1947, in testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, he said, "It cannot be assumed, therefore, that this government would necessarily undertake measures in any other country identical or even closely similar to those proposed for Greece and Turkey." He had no stomach for policing the world. Indeed, it strikes me that the reason for the loose wording of the Doctrine was that



the framers of it were so strongly Europe-oriented in their thinking as to be unaware of any need to define their terms more precisely. Europe and the world were still pretty much one. The great empires were for the most part still intact. Despite our disapproval of them, we had no choice but to deal with them as they were—to regard Indo-China, say, as part of France, and most of Africa and much of Asia as dependencies of one or another of the European powers. The explosion of new sovereignties that has brought the membership of the United Nations to a hundred and twenty-three was many years away. In a sense, the world of 1948 *was* Europe.

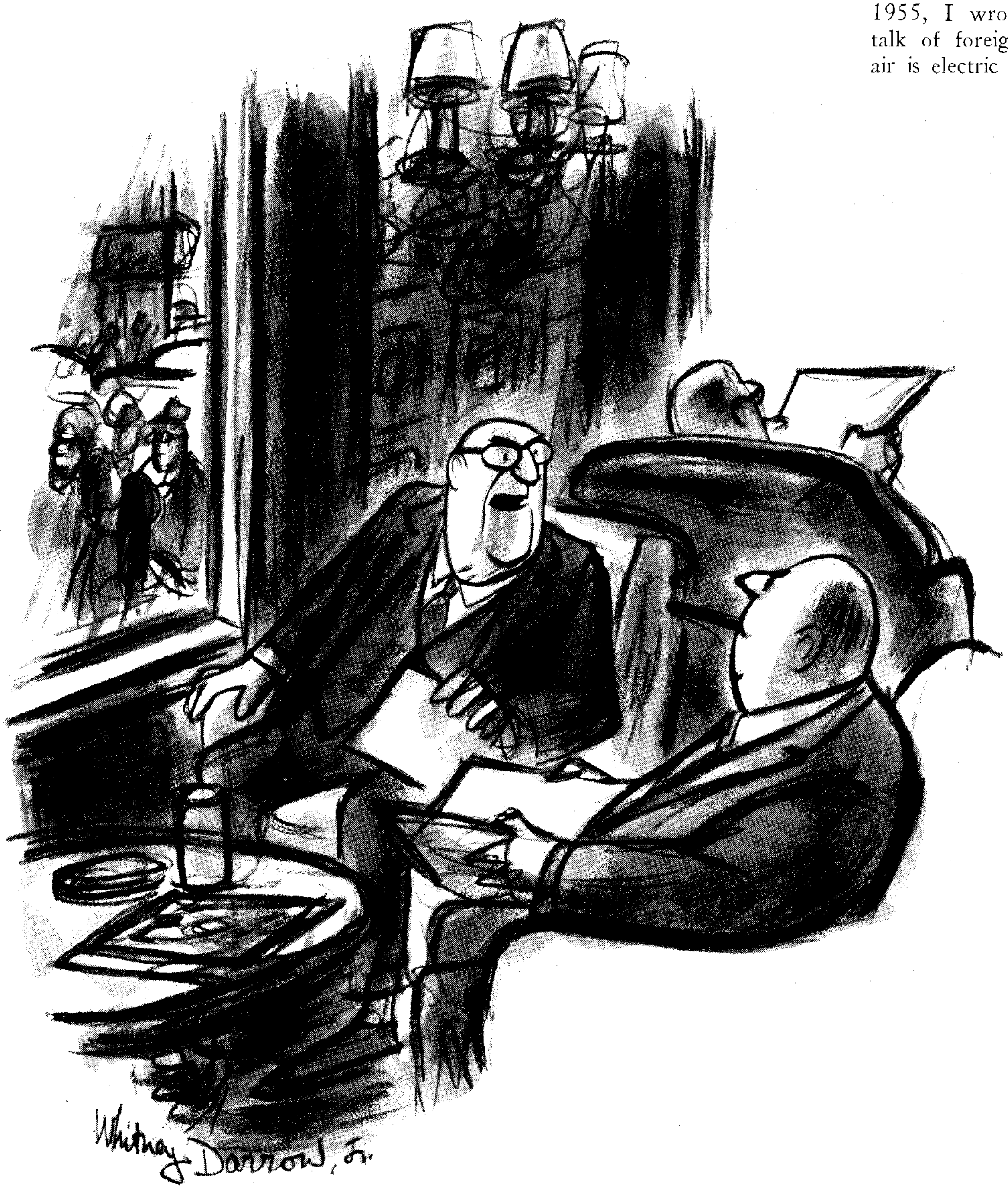
Ye Olde Wishing Well
Ye Olde Wishing Well

In 1968, in our preoccupation with Vietnam, we are likely to think of the wretched war there as the only foreign policy we have. Unhappily, it comes closer and closer to being that, but for the present it remains true that we are engaged—peaceably, in the main, and to some extent usefully—in many other places in the world. Similarly, it would be misleading to convey the impression that our only concern two decades ago was with the future of Western Europe. The occupation of Japan was no small enterprise. General Marshall and others were making efforts to end the civil war in China. We recognized the State of Israel and supported its right to sovereignty. We applied considerable leverage to the European colonial powers to get them to divest themselves of their holdings in Asia. In 1948, we took the lead in forming the Organization of American States in Bogotá. In 1949, Truman announced the Point Four Program—the modest beginning of American technical aid to underdeveloped countries. And, of course, we gave our support to the United Nations, of which we had great expectations, born partly of our messianic impulses—never to be taken lightly in any consideration of our role in the world—and partly of our guilt for having failed Woodrow Wilson in 1919. As the forties gave way to the fifties, and the Democrats to the Republicans, our involvements outside Europe increased. Our role as an occupying power and our eagerness to make the U.N. work had much to do with our intervention in Korea—but then so did the hardening of anti-Communism as a national ideology, and our fear of Soviet expansionism. John Foster Dulles raised anti-Communism from ideology to theology. Moreover, he was the first true globalist to become Secretary of State. He did not complain of the loose wording of the Truman Doctrine. He wanted us to smite the Devil everywhere (or so, at least, he said)—even in those provinces, such as the satellite states of Eastern Europe, where Satan's rule had been a *fait accompli* for several years. He travelled the world like a possessed insurance salesman, offering bargains in American protection to all nations whose leaders would give him their word that they, too, despised Communism.

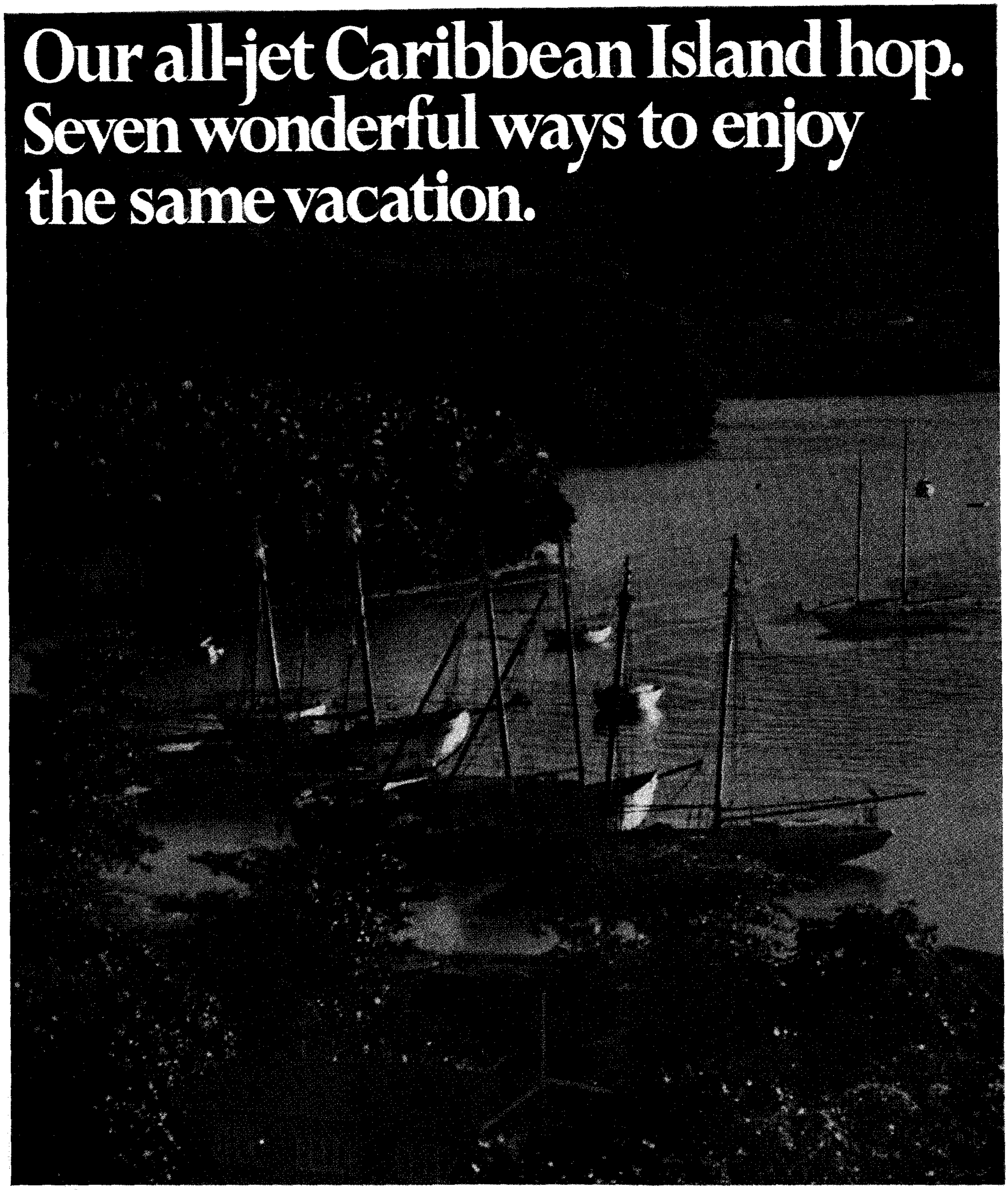
Still, it was Europe that really worried us—the Europe that most of us came from, the Europe that twice in a quarter century had drawn our armies across the Atlantic. We had no fear of Japan's rising again. Korea was a nasty experience, but neither before it nor for several years after it were we afraid that we might be drawn into a major war with China. We lobbied for the independence of India and for the liquidation of the Dutch and French empires in Asia not because the national interest seemed to be deeply involved in these matters but because to do otherwise would have been to dishonor our tradition and undermine our pretensions to be evangels of self-determination. Through it all, the main thrust of our policy was in Europe. Rightly or wrongly, the Soviet Union was to us the new Germany, and Stalin the new Kaiser, the new Hitler, the new threat to Europe's peace and to our own.

IN the late forties, I shared the anxieties of the leaders of this government about the future of Europe, and so did most of my friends and acquaintances, including the great majority of those who now oppose the war in Vietnam. Though today I have misgivings about some things the government did then, I continue to think that the anxieties were for the most part justified, and that, given the limitations imposed on us by our humanity, and given the weaknesses of our political institutions, we did not do badly. But it matters little to my present argument whether the dangers of those years were real or merely apparent. What matters is that they were seen as real, and that we attempted to deal with them by means of policies intended not to alter in any radical way the existing balance of power but to preserve it, in the hope that time would produce either a solution that was not then available or a new situation in the world. In the Eisenhower years, and particularly the early ones, the policies sometimes seemed more doctrinaire, more impatient, more militant, more intent upon change than they had seemed under Truman. But the difference was mainly one of rhetoric. Dulles spoke often of "liberation," of "massive retaliation," of "agonizing reappraisal," and he may have meant every word of it all. But he was Secretary of State, not President, and Eisenhower, though something of a dogmatist in his views on such matters as morality and economics, was essentially a pragmatist in international relations. Also, there is reason to think that Dulles was never as reckless as he sometimes sounded. The 1956 revolt in Hungary provided this country with an opportunity to engage the Devil in Hell itself. Eisenhower may have held Dulles in check, but if this is what happened, Dulles is not known to have ever complained about it.

REPORTING to *The New Yorker* from Washington on January 20, 1955, I wrote, "Wherever there is talk of foreign policy nowadays, the air is electric with a sense of change. There is an almost universal feeling that the world the United States confronts today—the whole complex of political, economic, military, and technological realities that constitute the environment in which the national interest must be pursued—is radically different from the world it confronted even as recently as last summer." My report went on, "Russian achievements in weapons research and development have brought into being a new power relationship between this country and the Soviet Union. Last year's hydrogen-bomb experiments at the Pacific proving ground have led to a new view of the meaning that any future resort to war would have for human life and civilization. The emergence of a new style, if not a new character, in Soviet diplomacy has created for [American diplomacy] difficulties as novel and as formidable as those that might be created by the sudden emergence of a new adversary." Perhaps the most momentous changes in the


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"*What's so new about all this? I've never trusted anyone over thirty, under thirty, or thirty.*"



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world for which our policy was originally planned came to pass—or at least came to light—in 1955. By then, both the United States and the Soviet Union were capable, and more than capable, of destroying one another and the world. Very soon, it was evident, there would be intercontinental ballistic missiles, against which there would be no defense. War between nuclear powers had become something that no government that wished anything other than death could consider as a means of fulfilling any of its aims. This, to be sure, had been true for some time. In 1953, Stalin's successor, Georgi Malenkov, had said that "with the existence of modern weapons of destruction . . . [war] would mean the destruction of world civilization." In 1954, President Eisenhower had told a meeting of State Department officers that "since the advent of nuclear weapons, it seems clear that there is no longer any alternative to peace." But 1955 was the year in which governments hostile to one another publicly acknowledged the existence of a wholly new situation and their determination to base policy upon it.

In July, 1955, the heads of government of the United States, the Soviet Union, the United Kingdom, and France forgathered in Geneva for what the Swiss called the Conférence à Quatre. The world had been led to expect much from their deliberations. It was the first "summit meeting" since the one at Potsdam, a decade earlier, and then the whole cast of characters had been different. The main item on the agenda was German reunification, and, to everyone's great relief, nothing was done about it. "The time is not ripe for unification," said Nikolai Bulganin, who then shared the Soviet leadership with Nikita Khrushchev, as Aleksei Kosygin now shares it with Leonid Brezhnev. No one else thought the time was ripe, either, and the world was glad that there could be even a negative agreement. It was glad, too, that the summiteers could sit down and discuss their differences without threats or ultimatums or any grave discourtesy. For a while after the meeting, there was much speechifying and editorializing about "the spirit of Geneva" and the *détente*—the easing of tensions—that accompanied it. But well before the year was out disillusionment set in everywhere in the West. It had developed that, even as the summiteers were talking in Geneva, Czech and Soviet agents had been at work in Egypt, offering arms to Colonel Nasser, and other agents had been casing the entire

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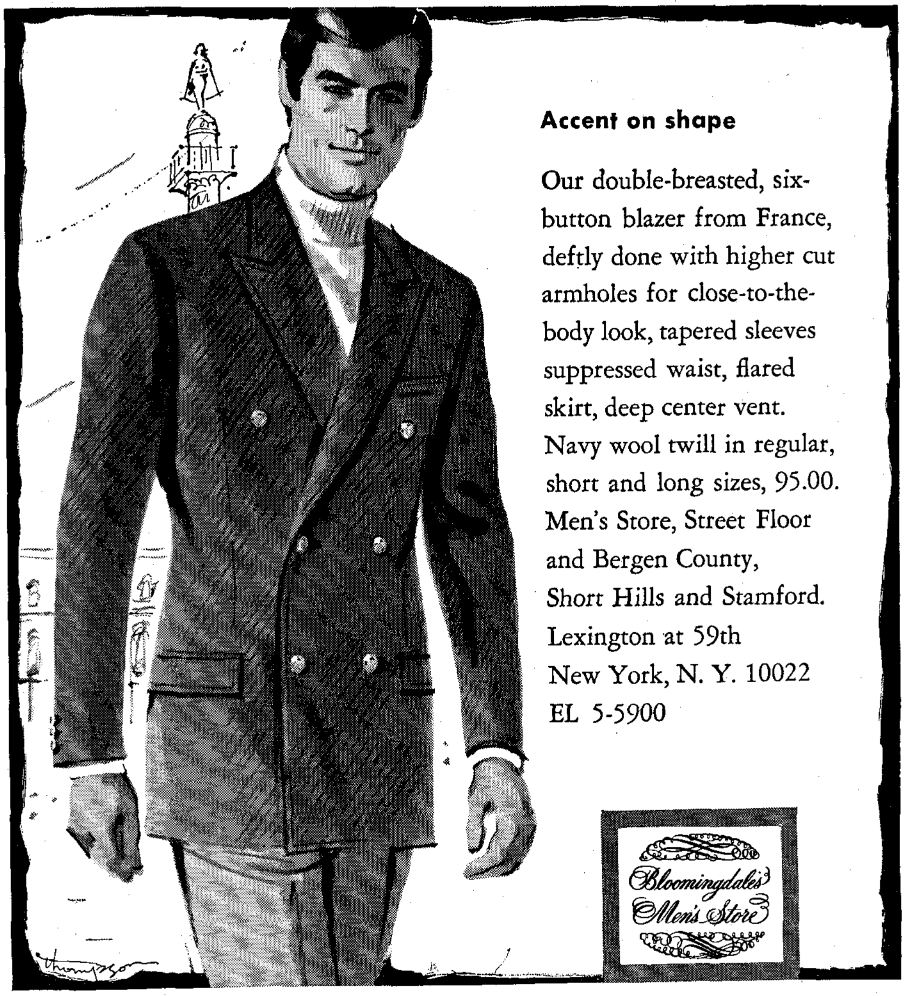
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Middle East in the hope of establishing Soviet influence throughout the region. When this was revealed, Geneva came to be regarded in most quarters as nothing more than a cover for Communist duplicity. The Russians kept pressing for more summit meetings, but it was five years before we would consent to another one. (This was the summit that never took place, in Paris in May, 1960. Just as the final preparations were being made, one of our U-2 spy planes was brought down by Soviet arms deep inside the Soviet Union. Eisenhower took responsibility for the mission but would not make apologies of the kind that Khrushchev demanded of him. Though the conferees all reached Paris, they never conferred.)

I have always felt that the Conférence à Quatre was an event of enormous significance. No agreement of any substance came out of it, and the Soviets probably did use it to draw the world's attention away from the first moves in their Middle East adventures. Nevertheless, it was the occasion on which we and our adversaries came to an understanding that under no circumstances should our rivalry be carried to the point at which one side or the other had no alternative but war. On his way back to Moscow from Geneva, Khrushchev stopped in East Berlin and announced that "neither side wants war." This was no mere statement of the obvious; it was an admonition to Walter Ulbricht's followers to cool it—an announcement that provocations must be kept within limits. It was also a notable break with established doctrine; it was not easy for a Communist leader to tell a Communist audience that the capitalist world meant it no harm. Somewhat later, addressing the Indian Parliament at New Delhi, Bulganin said that the Soviet Union "resolutely repudiates war as a means of settling international problems." In time, Khrushchev retired Bulganin and qualified the repudiation by saying that "wars of national liberation" would be regarded as an exception. For all that, there is little doubt that since Geneva neither the Soviet Union nor the United States has regarded war as an acceptable instrument of policy.

This, of course, did not eliminate the danger. (Seven years after Geneva, there was the Cuban missile crisis.) A continuing source of danger was the very existence of the weapons. The most exemplary of statesmen can miscalculate. Exemplary statesmen can be replaced by lunatics. Nations them-

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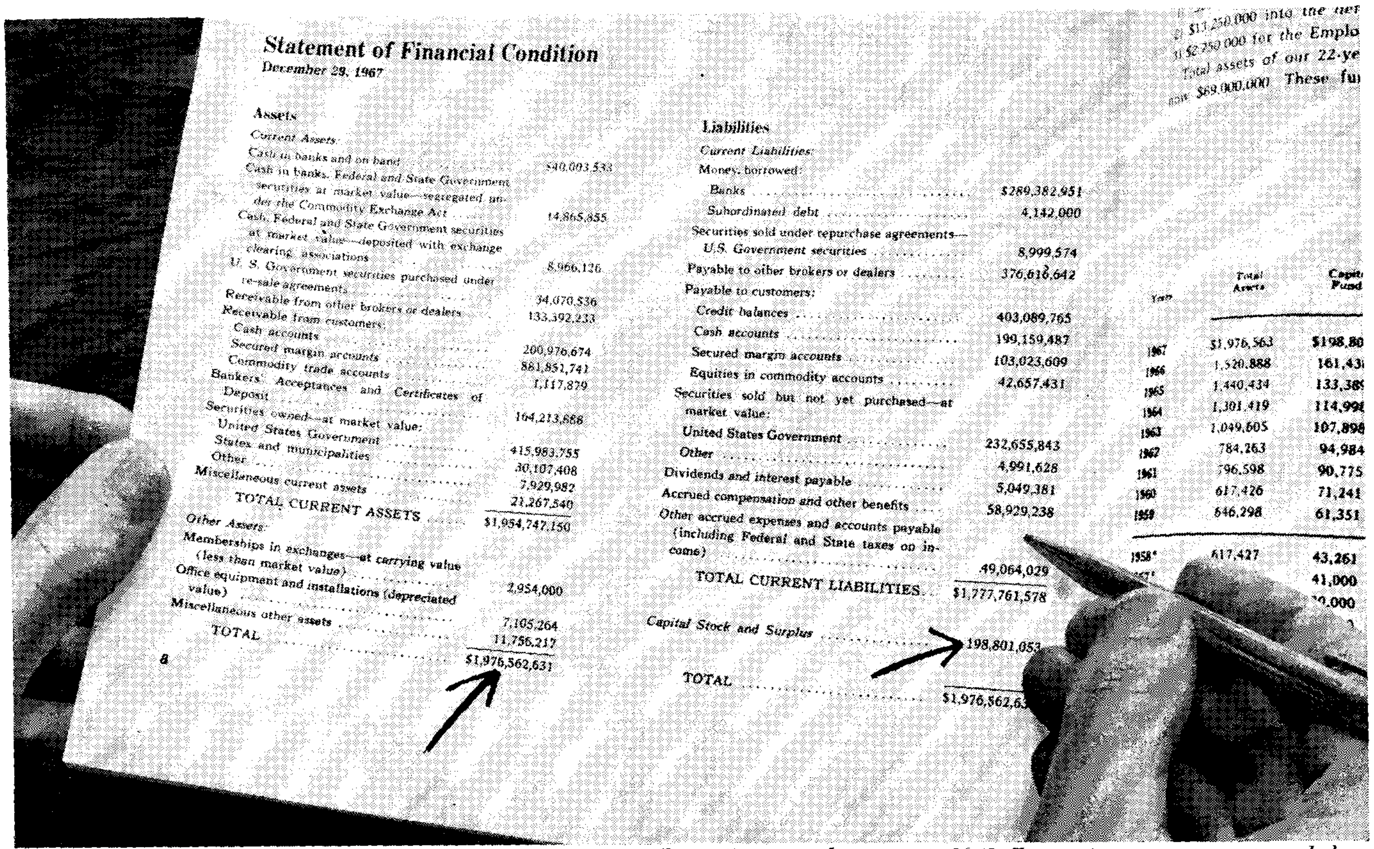

Statement of Financial Condition
December 29, 1967

Assets

Current Assets:	
Cash in banks and on hand	$40,003,533
Cash in banks, Federal and State Government securities at market value—segregated under the Commodity Exchange Act	14,865,855
Cash, Federal and State Government securities at market value—deposited with exchange clearing associations	8,966,126
U. S. Government securities purchased under re-sale agreements	34,070,536
Receivable from other brokers or dealers	133,392,233
Receivable from customers:	
Cash accounts	200,976,674
Secured margin accounts	881,851,741
Commodity trade accounts	1,117,879
Bankers' Acceptances and Certificates of Deposit	164,213,888
Securities owned—at market value:	
United States Government	415,983,755
States and municipalities	30,107,408
Other	7,929,982
Miscellaneous current assets	21,267,540
TOTAL CURRENT ASSETS	$1,954,747,150
Other Assets:	
Memberships in exchanges—at carrying value (less than market value)	2,954,000
Office equipment and installations (depreciated value)	7,105,264
Miscellaneous other assets	11,756,217
TOTAL	$1,976,562,631

8

Liabilities

Current Liabilities:	
Money borrowed:	
Banks	$289,382,951
Subordinated debt	4,142,000
Securities sold under repurchase agreements—U.S. Government securities	8,999,574
Payable to other brokers or dealers	376,616,642
Payable to customers:	
Credit balances	403,089,765
Cash accounts	199,159,487
Secured margin accounts	103,023,609
Equities in commodity accounts	42,657,431
Securities sold but not yet purchased—at market value:	
United States Government	232,655,843
Other	4,991,628
Dividends and interest payable	5,049,381
Accrued compensation and other benefits	58,929,238
Other accrued expenses and accounts payable (including Federal and State taxes on income)	49,064,029
TOTAL CURRENT LIABILITIES	$1,777,761,578
Capital Stock and Surplus	198,801,053
TOTAL	$1,976,562,63

$13,250,000 into the net
$2,250,000 for the Emplo
Total assets of our 22-ye
$69,000,000 These fu

Year	Total Assets	Capit Fund
1967	$1,976,563	$198,80
1966	1,520,888	161,43
1965	1,440,434	133,38
1964	1,301,419	114,99
1963	1,049,605	107,898
1962	784,263	94,984
1961	796,598	90,775
1960	617,426	71,241
1959	646,298	61,351
1958*	617,427	43,261
		41,000

Merrill Lynch's 27th balance sheet shows a net worth of $198.8 million—50 times what it was in 1941. For our income statement, see below.

Summary of Income and Expenses	For the Years Ended Dec. 29, 1967, Dec. 30, 1966, and Dec. 31, 1965		
	1967	**1966**	**1965**
Income from operations	$369,443,058	$287,441,050	$227,515,730
Operating expenses	209,772,155	165,487,883	141,197,801
Income before employee participation and taxes	159,670,903	121,953,167	86,317,929
Employee participation in profits through cash and deferred Profit Sharing and Pension Plans	39,433,648	30,461,309	22,403,565
Income before Taxes	120,237,255	91,491,858	63,914,364
Federal, State and Local Taxes	65,678,804	48,402,079	33,090,510
NET INCOME	$ 54,558,451	$ 43,089,779	$ 30,823,854

No New York Stock Exchange member firm is required to issue its annual report to the general public. In 1941, Merrill Lynch became the first to send its private balance sheet and income statement to all its customers and the press. Even today, we're one of the few brokers to do it. We believe in "doing business in a goldfish bowl," so our customers know where we stand. Scan these highlights of our report. Then write for a copy.

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- Our assets total $1,976,562,631—which puts Merrill Lynch somewhere beside the top 20 U.S. *banks*. Our capital stock and surplus is $198,801,053—comfortably over N.Y.S.E. requirements.
- Merrill Lynch holds on deposit over $16 billion worth of securities for our customers.
- As a further indication of confidence, the number of our active customers increased last year by 95,260—or some 1,800 new people *per week*.
- The present value of Merrill Lynch's 102 "seats" on all 46 major stock and commodity exchanges around the world is more than $8 *million*.

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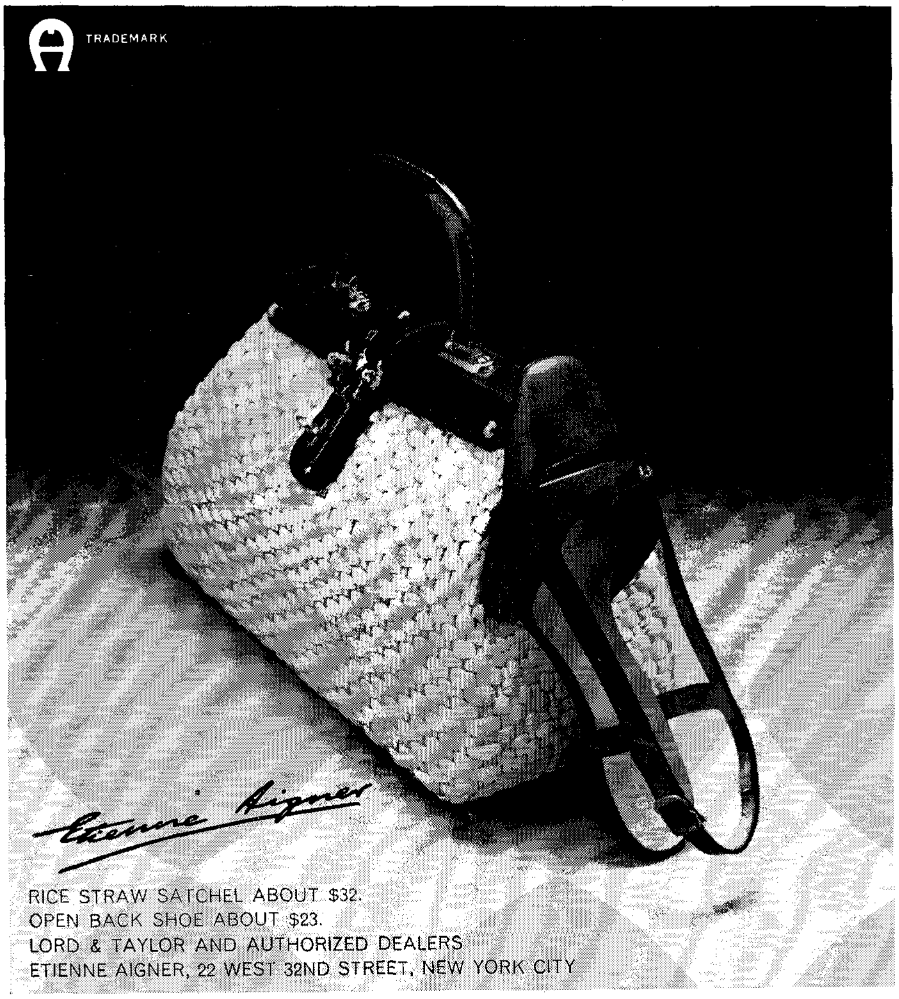

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selves can go mad. Still, as Thomas C. Hennings, Jr., then a senator from Missouri, who was as perceptive a man as could be found in public life at that time, had observed a few months before the Conférence à Quatre, "the whole context of history [had] been altered," and "none of yesterday's assumptions [could] go unchallenged today." The deterrent to war was no longer the American nuclear capacity. Nor was it the conventional power of NATO. The deterrent had become what Sir Winston Churchill called "the universality of potential destruction"—a superior deterrent, he said, and one to which "we may look with hope and even confidence." This meant, among other things, that the United States would be effectively deterred, as the Soviet Union had been a few years earlier. No sane person could any longer entertain the thought of preventive war, since war could "prevent" nothing except the continued existence of human life. "Better Red than dead" became a self-evident proposition, though not a particularly relevant posing of available alternatives.

Both we and the Russians made certain adaptations to the new realities. One of theirs was the move into the Middle East—more or less a non-nuclear zone. One of ours was the Central Treaty Organization, which ended the Middle East's status as a non-nuclear zone. But not all was tit for tat. There was a mutual understanding on the reunification of Germany: they would restrain their Germans and we would restrain ours. Disarmament plans came from both sides. In the 1956 Presidential campaign, Adlai Stevenson proposed a unilateral end to nuclear testing. The proposal was denounced and Stevenson lost, but the idea gained favor, and there were voluntary suspensions, and, in 1963, the test-ban treaty. Then we came to realize that, having put most of our effort into the production of weapons that were useful only in their uselessness, we had in effect disarmed ourselves, and had no practical means of defending American interests; that led to a call for the reconstitution of conventional forces, which was undertaken in the late Eisenhower and early Kennedy years. But this about exhausts the catalogue of responses on both sides. In less than a decade, the apparent danger that our policy had been designed to avert—a war with the Soviet Union over Western Europe—had all but disappeared, thanks partly to the early successes of our policy, partly to the later successes of Soviet science and

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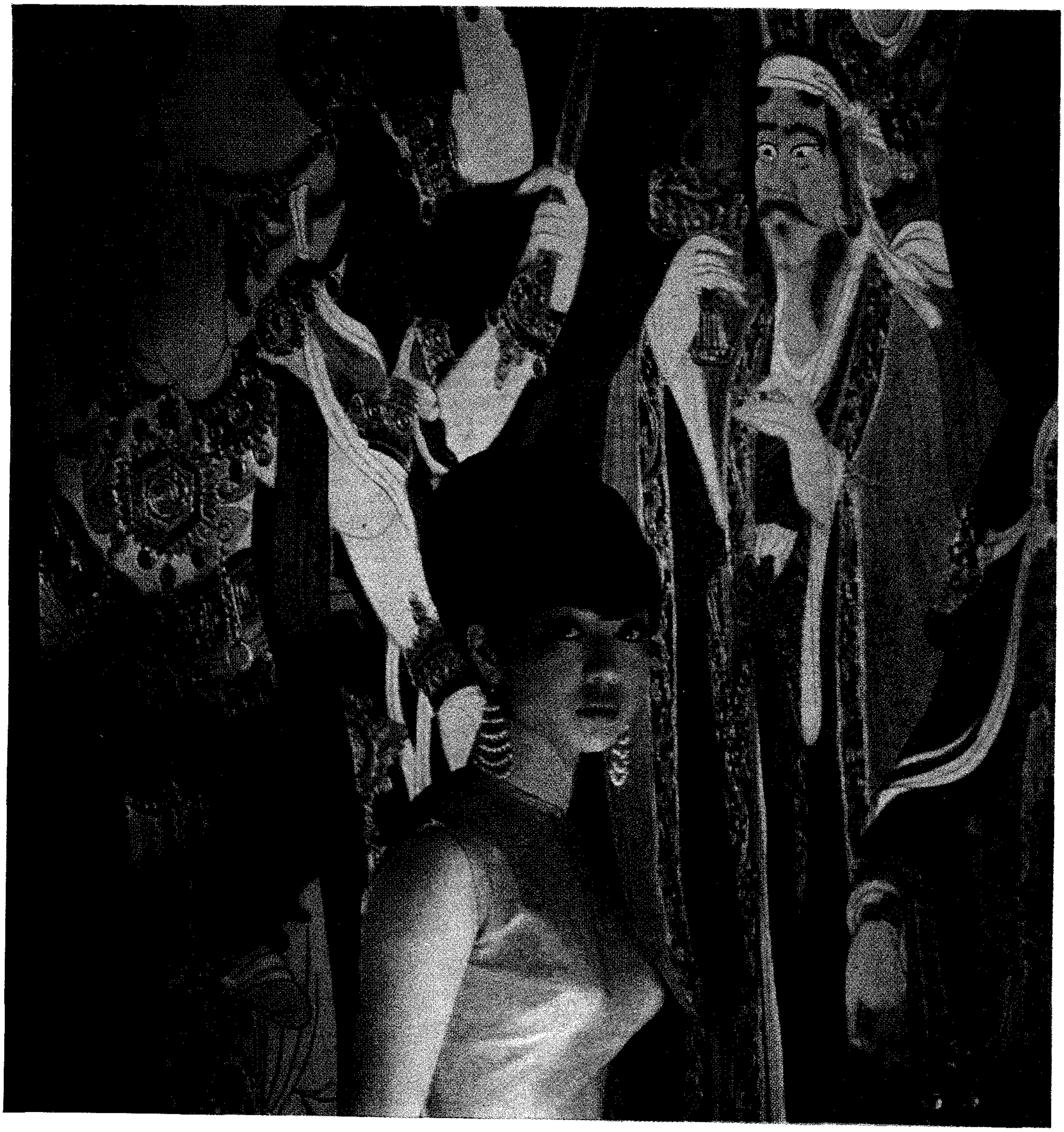

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where there are adventures to be had discovering quiet little villages in unspoilt valleys. Then there are the islands, 235 of them in British territorial waters, all a ferry ride away from the City. For a change, discover the nicest things in life. You'll find them in Hong Kong.

Guide to colour plates: Left—Portrait of a Chinese girl by an unknown artist from the collection of the City Hall Museum, Hong Kong. Right—Photographic portrait of a modern Chinese girl against a traditional Chinese mural.

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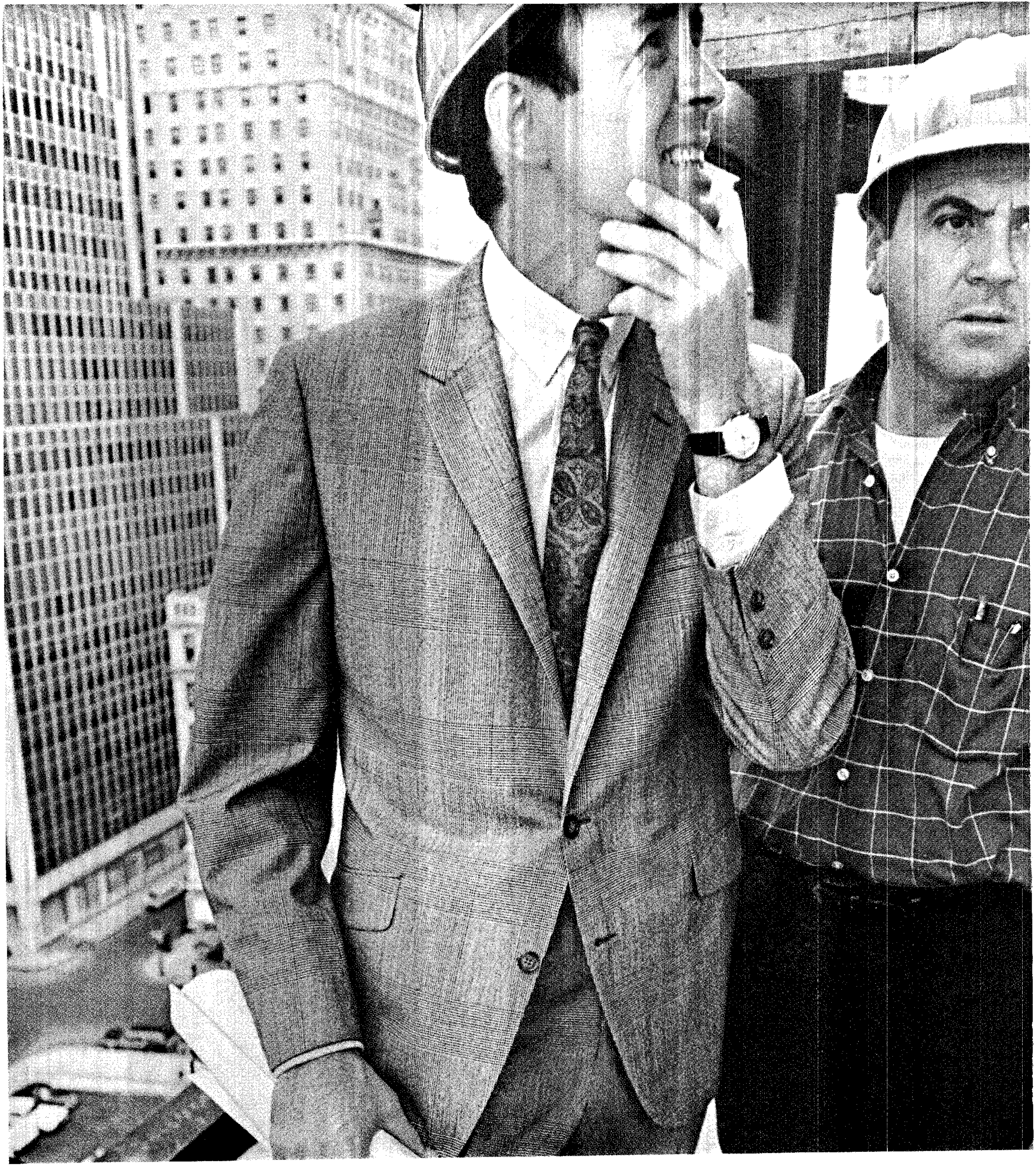

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technology. The world was already a different place, and there were men, like Senator Hennings, who understood this. But instead of challenging the assumptions of our policy, as Hennings had urged, we enlarged them. Just as it was becoming clear that Europe was out of danger, we began to conceive our mission to be a global one and our adversary to be an ideology.

In the first phase of the Cold War—roughly until 1950—there had been nothing like the emphasis on ideology that reached its peak in the early fifties. Although American opinion had always been "anti-Communist," the putative Communist threat in the late forties had come not from a dogma but from a particular state, its armies massed on one side of the Iron Curtain, its political agents dispersed on the other. The political character of that state's regime was well known and was held in general disapproval. Though the Truman Doctrine had a globalist ring, and American spokesmen now and then talked about the threat of "world Communism," we were not so doctrinaire as to be unable to perceive the advantages of good relations with Communist Yugoslavia when Marshal Tito broke with Marshal Stalin in 1948. The move from a pragmatic to a theological foundation did not come about until after the Communists won China, in 1949, and Senator Joseph McCarthy won celebrity, in 1950. It has often been said that the first of these events had a lot to do with the second, and that the second had a lot to do with the way this country looked at the world and dealt with it in the fifties. No doubt there are connections, and close ones, but one can at least imagine this change having come about with no assistance from either Mao Tse-tung or Senator McCarthy. What McCarthy knew in his brief career and what Mao Tse-tung has known throughout his long one is that there is in every people on earth a weakness for conspiracy theories of history. Americans are no exception. However, Americans may be unique in their yearning for high-sounding moral purposes and political abstractions. Part of our difficulty has always been, as it so manifestly is today, that we cannot be satisfied with limited goals or with a morality that is not universally applicable. Opposing an evil doctrine or fighting for a noble one has always appealed to us much more than expending our energies on so mean-sounding a goal as maintaining or altering the balance of power—a concept that our statesmen have always professed to abhor, even when it has been

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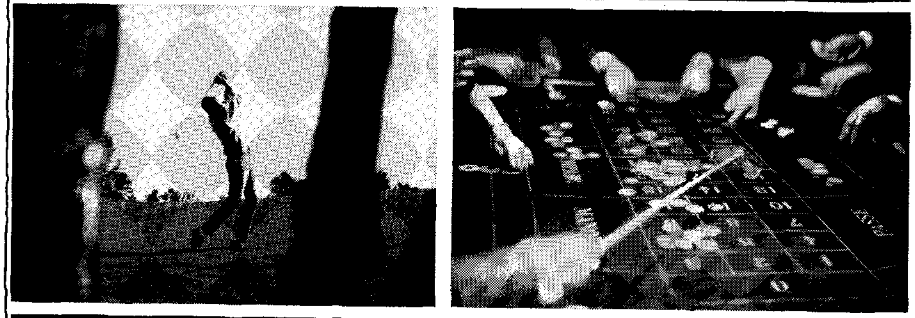

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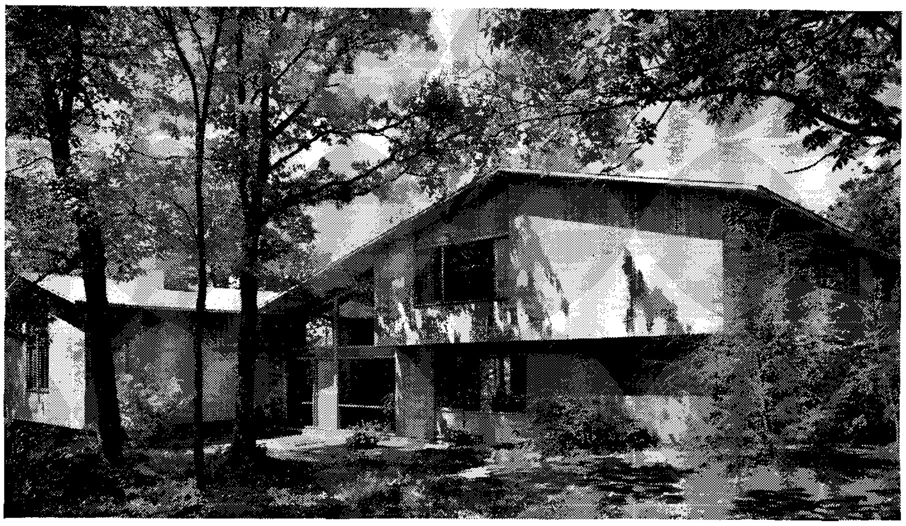

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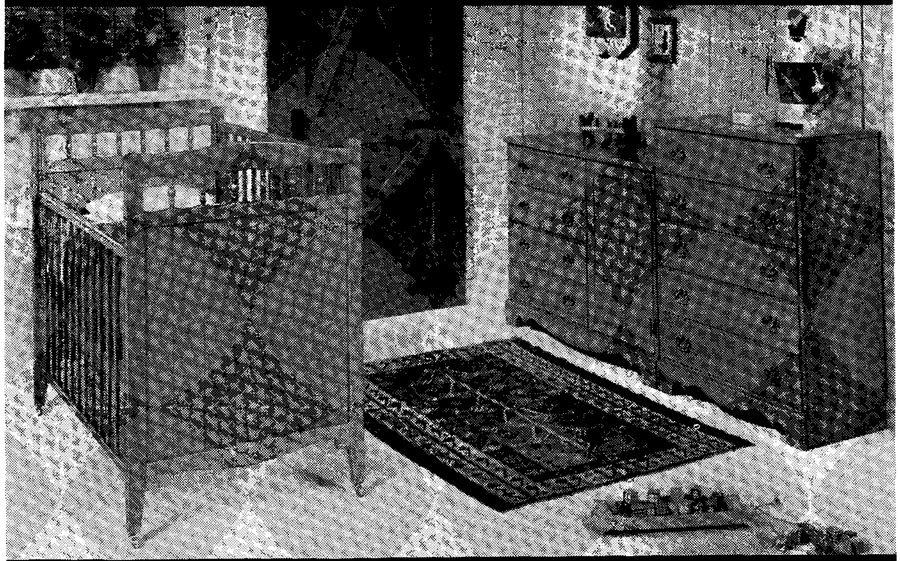

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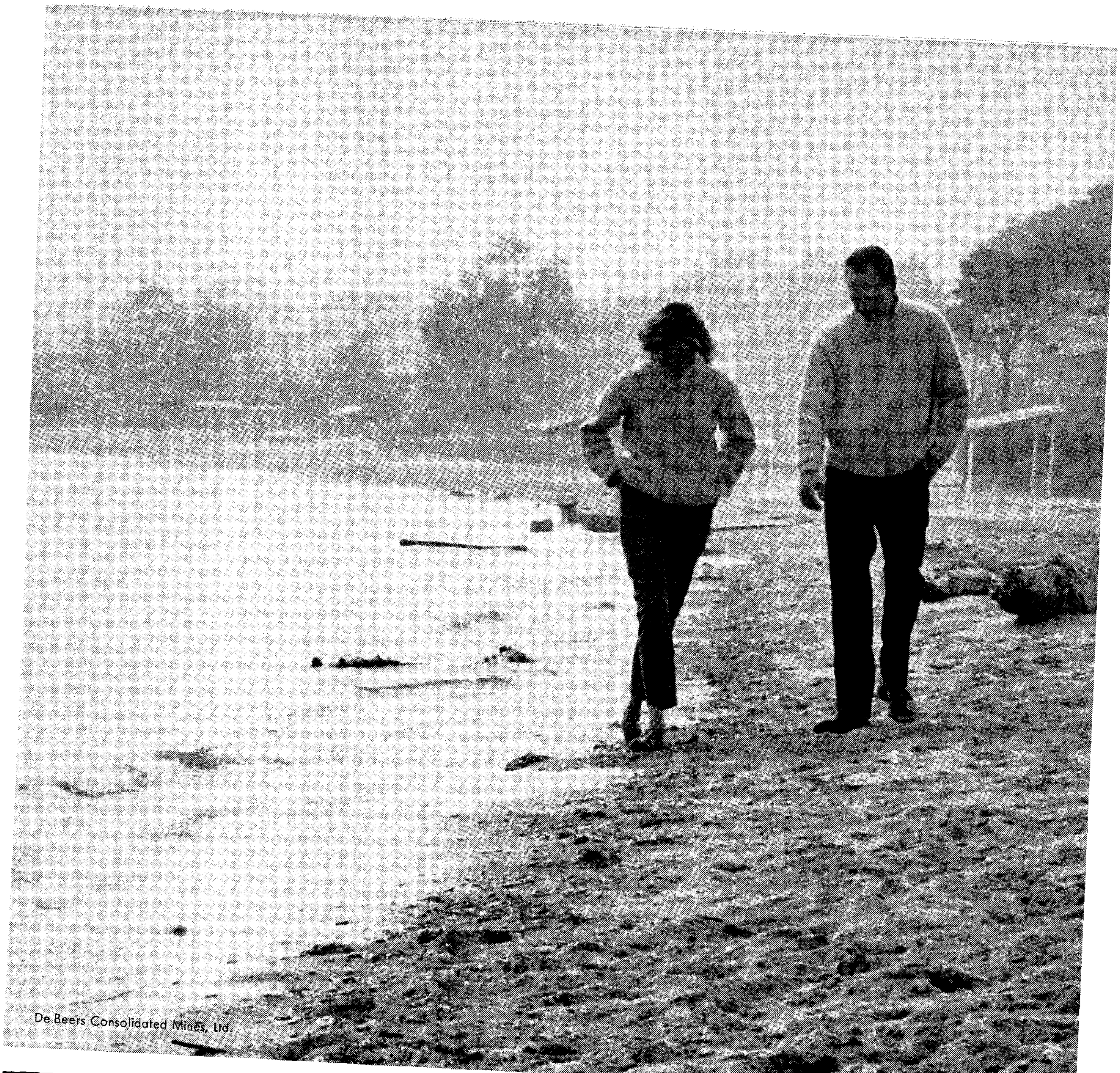
central to their thinking and their strategy.

For several years now, it has been clear to just about everyone that there is no such thing as world Communism, and in some quarters, where new conspiracy theories are being fabricated as replacements for the old, there is a tendency to think that the whole idea was part of a plot to involve us in wars of aggression and domination. The fact is, though, that the concept of Communism as an international movement, a revolutionary creed and conspiracy seeking mastery of the world, was first put forward not by bourgeois reactionaries but by the Communists themselves. "Workers of the world, unite!" The Communists believed in this unity at least as fervently as any anti-Communist ever did, and such events as the defection of Tito and the Sino-Soviet split were far more jarring to them than to the nations of the West, which received the news with some embarrassment, feeling that if they had been thinking straight they would have seen it all coming. However that may be, there was in the early fifties a certain plausibility in the view that Communist nations could act in concert under some kind of central leadership, and that therefore the conquest of China by Communists increased the formidability of our adversary. Since the Soviet Union and China were societies with little in common except a long boundary and a professed adherence to the social gospel known as Marxism-Leninism, their ability to coördinate such an assault on Western positions as the war in Korea made it seem not altogether unreasonable to believe that Communism could foster alliances between nations notably unalike in history and culture. (Though much experience has shown that nationalism transcends ideology when the two are in conflict, there is no reason to suppose that ideology plays *no* role in relations between states and peoples. Democracy and Fascism have been binding forces in this century, as religion was on occasion in earlier periods.)

Had it not been for the upheaval in China and the war in Korea—rather large events to attempt to abstract from history—we might have been able to undertake a reëxamination of our whole policy in the early fifties. A sensible conclusion might have been that the policy had been a success, and that success had made it obsolete. Such a conclusion might have led to efforts of the kind made late in that decade, after the death of John Foster Dulles, and early in this one, to institutionalize



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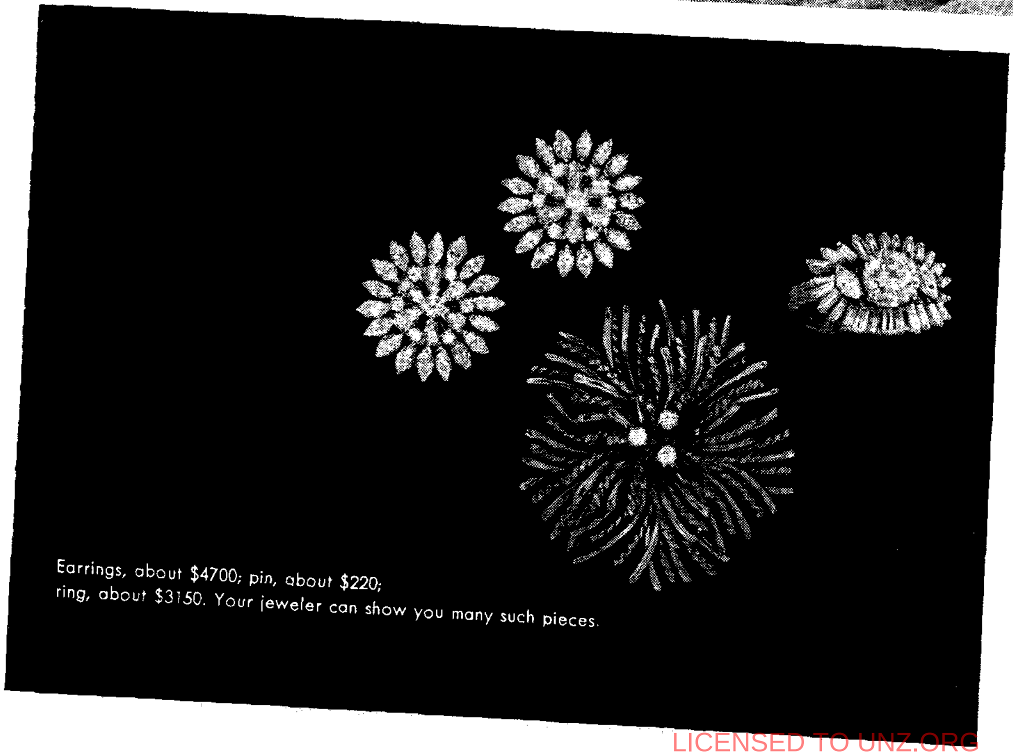

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"peaceful coexistence" and so remove some of the terror from the balance of terror. But what happened happened, and attention became fixed not on the achievements in Europe but on what we convinced ourselves was failure in Asia. The war in Korea, though it drew little criticism from liberals or intellectuals, was unpopular with the mass of people and was counted a symbol of failure. Eisenhower was made President and Dulles was made Secretary of State. Before long, Dulles was speaking of an "agonizing reappraisal," yet what he meant by that was not a painful review of the assumptions of our diplomacy but a reconsideration of our military strategy.

If there was a fatal weakness in George Marshall's concept of buying time for its own sake, it was the failure to take into account the forces of momentum and inertia in politics and diplomacy. Though it may be clear to everyone involved in the formulation of a particular policy that it is not intended to function in perpetuity, the policy, once it has been established without a date for termination and without any machinery for review, tends to perpetuate itself. A bureaucracy is established to administer it, and when any bureaucracy is compelled to acknowledge that its mission has been completed, in success or in failure, its tendency is to think of new missions, to justify its continued existence. (NATO in recent years has been a fine multinational example of this.) Marshall thought ahead to a time when reasonable men would take a fresh look at the world and, if they felt that circumstances justified it, devise a fresh approach to foreign affairs. But no procedure for review was built into the policy he established, and since its time-buying aspect was almost a secret of state, it is hard to see how this fresh look might have come about. (Theoretically, of course, all policies are always under review by the President, the State Department, the appropriate committees of the House and the Senate, and public opinion. On short-term policies, these checks often work quite effectively—or they may prove a hindrance, as in the case of foreign-aid programs whose effectiveness has been diminished by the congressional insistence on periodic reappraisal. But a policy that is an expression of an ideological commitment to "anti-Communism" is as unlikely to be reviewed as a commitment to "democracy" or "free enterprise.")

Now and then, to be sure, there were signs of uneasiness in high places

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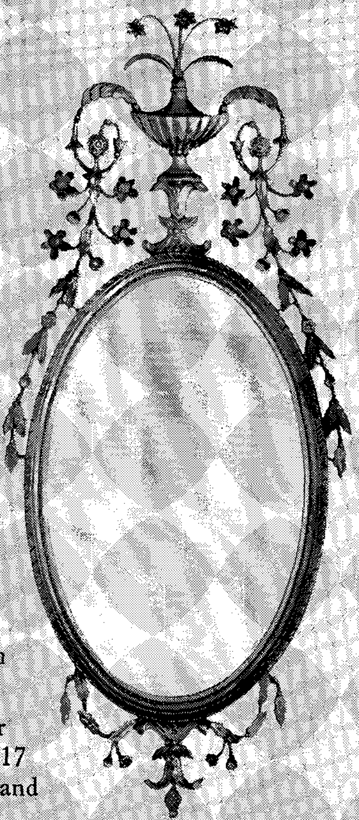

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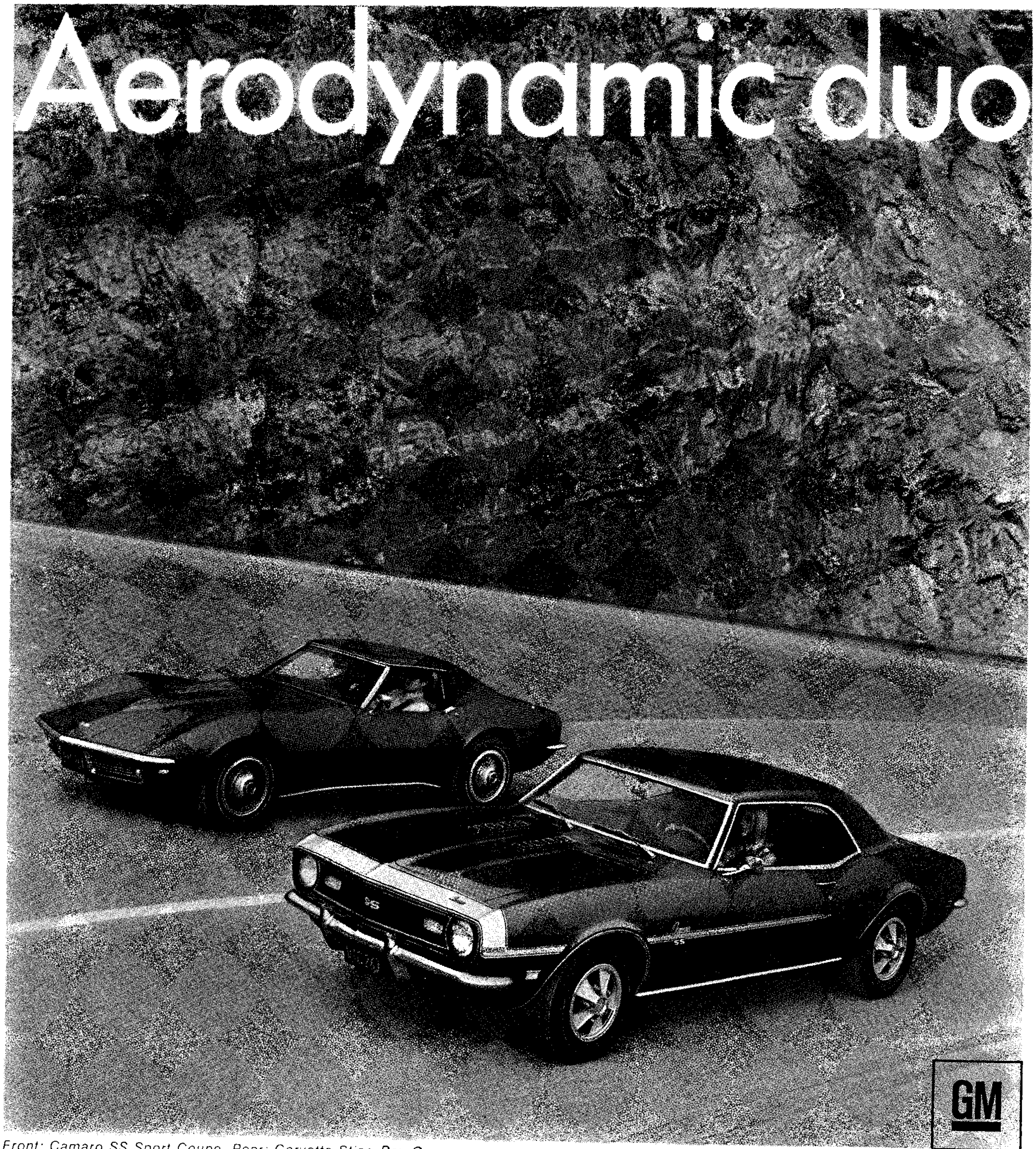

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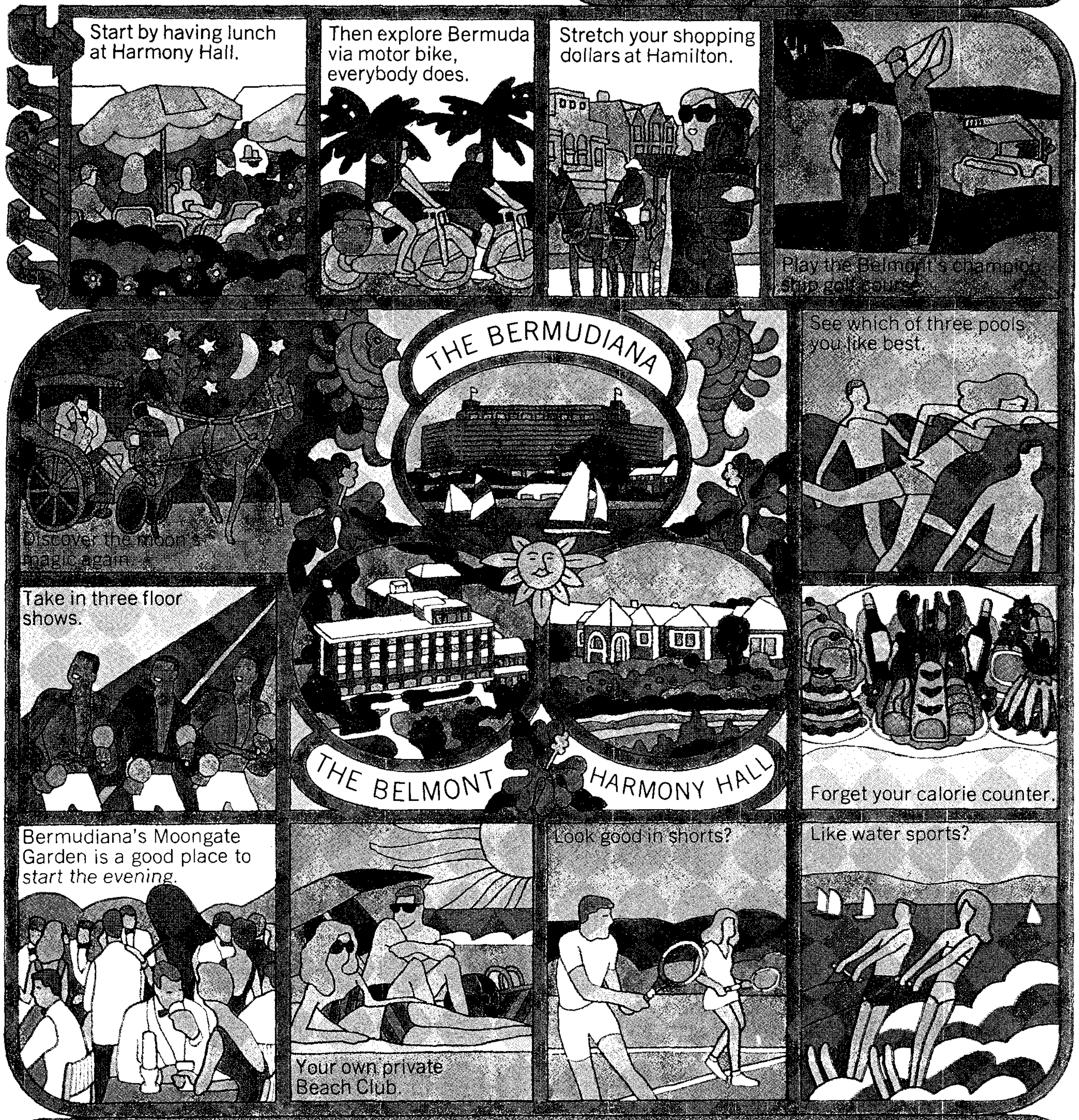
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over the drag that the past exerted on our policies. Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson all testified to this at one time or another, with Kennedy, in his American University speech of June 10, 1963, almost echoing Marshall as he said that "the tide of time and events will often bring surprising changes in the relations between nations" and urged us to "reëxamine our own attitudes—as individuals and as a nation." It was perhaps the most eloquent speech of his Presidency, and it contributed greatly to his immediate objective—the test-ban treaty, which was negotiated that summer and ratified by the Senate in the fall. (However, only two weeks later Kennedy, in Berlin, said in an address to a vast throng in the Rudolph-Wilde-Platz, "There are many people in the world who really don't understand . . . what is the great issue between the free world and the Communist world. Let them come to Berlin. . . . And there are some who say in Europe and elsewhere 'We can work with the Communists.' Let them come to Berlin." At that moment, his own diplomats were "working with the Communists" on the test-ban treaty. Even the rhetoric of an established policy is not easy to escape.) Lyndon Johnson has on occasion echoed Kennedy's echo of Marshall and has driven his subordinates to seek other agreements with the Soviet Union. The fact nevertheless remains that the policy of which the war in Vietnam is an expression perceives the main threat to our national interest in Communist ideology and in what the President, speaking in San Antonio in September, 1967, called "Communist expansionism."

THE New York *Times* for January 1, 1968, carried in adjoining columns on its editorial page two commentaries that tell much about how the world we now inhabit differs from that of 1948. One was a column by Robert Kleiman reporting on some quiet negotiations between the Soviet Union and the Federal Republic of Germany. According to Kleiman, there was a strong possibility that in the months ahead Moscow and Bonn would compose most of their differences and establish sound relations. This would come about because, Kleiman wrote, "Moscow's long-term objective is not simply *détente*, of course, but stabilization of the status quo" in Europe. The "of course" was well placed. Thirteen years, at least, had passed since Moscow made plain its desire for *détente*, but it was news—pro-

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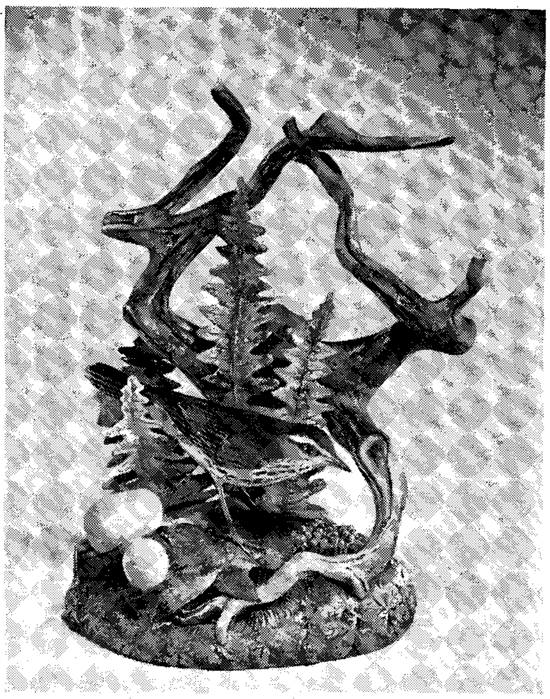
vided it was true—that the Soviet Union had as a "long-term objective" the maintenance of the present balance of power in Europe. Just to the left of the Kleiman column was an editorial entitled "Man vs. Nature." "The turn of the year," the editorialist observed, "is an ideal time to take stock of the damage man is doing to his natural environment." Actually, the turn of the year had nothing to do with it. What made the *Times* sit up and take notice was the previous week's meeting, in New York, of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at which there had been presented some alarming appraisals of the problems created for humanity by human ingenuity and human fecundity. The editorial went on, "Professor Barry Commoner of Washington University argued that the environment is being placed under stress 'to the point of collapse' and this planet is approaching 'a crisis which may destroy its suitability as a place for human society.' Professor L. C. Cole of Cornell University suggested that even the continued availability of the earth's oxygen supply can no longer be taken for granted, and that the world's population may 'be already beyond what the earth can support on a continuous basis.' "

A few days later, the *Times* reported that in the year's first issue of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, the time of the Doomsday Clock, a feature of each issue, had been reset. Having stood for five years at twelve minutes before midnight, it had now moved ahead five minutes. The explanation, surprisingly, was not that there were new tensions between the major nuclear powers, and a likelihood of new confrontations. What the scientists feared as the cause of ultimate destruction was the increase in "violence and nationalism" throughout the world, which could lead to the kind of war that the nuclear powers were currently determined to prevent.

Some scientists would set the clock still farther ahead—and for reasons directly concerned with developments in atomic weaponry. Last fall, when some anxieties were eased by the Soviet-American agreement on a nonproliferation treaty, a number of physicists here and abroad began pointing out that it would no longer do to be concerned about proliferation simply among nations. In a paper published in Vienna last November, Dr. Theodore Taylor, an American who for almost twenty years had been working on weapons development in and out of the government, wrote, "The world is en-



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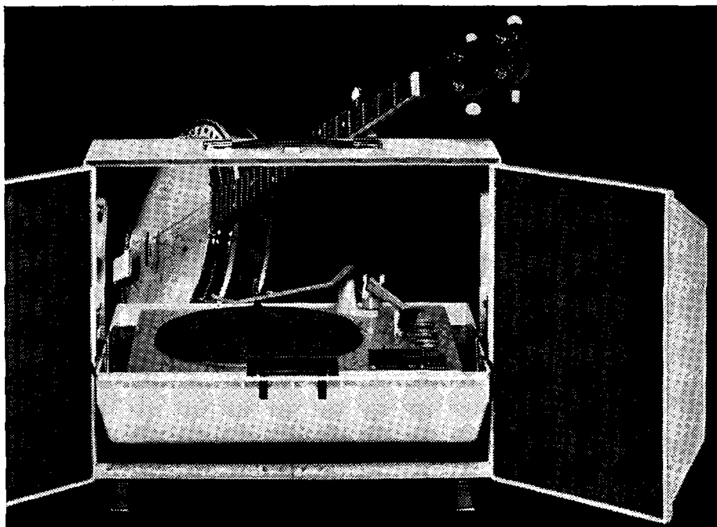

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tering on a period of extreme danger from violent uses of nuclear explosives against which nuclear deterrent forces and aircraft or ballistic missile defense systems will be ineffectual. Nuclear explosives are rapidly becoming easy for organizations smaller than the smallest nations to acquire; they can be delivered in many ways that are likely to avoid detection; many types of effective nuclear threats do not require that the organization responsible for the threat identify itself." He went on:

> The knowledge required for the construction of relatively crude fission explosives having yields equivalent to thousands of tons of high explosive, and light enough to be carried in an automobile, is easily available in unclassified books and documents and is known to thousands of people throughout the world. Given the required amounts of highly enriched uranium or plutonium, such explosives could be designed and built in six months or less by a dozen or fewer people without extraordinary technical experience, using materials and facilities that are commonplace, at costs that many private individuals could afford.
>
> Dozens of nations have sufficiently extensive resources and capable scientists and engineers, so that, if they chose to, they could design, build, and successfully test a variety of types of efficient and easily portable fission explosives within several years or less. . . . The knowledge required . . . is in the heads of many people in the United States, in Europe, and in Asia. The numbers of people who have this knowledge are increasing rapidly with time. It is inconceivable to me that this knowledge will remain secret longer than a few more years. . . .
>
> Criminal organizations or individual, dishonest employees will be tempted to steal special nuclear materials for sale to illegal markets that are likely to develop, perhaps on an international scale. Plutonium and highly enriched uranium are worth more than ten times as much per unit weight as gold. Illegal sales to national or other organizations that desperately want to make nuclear explosives might be at prices of $100,000 per pound or higher. It is not inconceivable that an international criminal market in complete nuclear explosives could develop soon.

Here, then, is the world we face in 1968. It is a world not only of the "surprising changes in the relations between nations" that Kennedy spoke of but of fears and hopes for the future of mankind that have little or nothing to do with conflicts over power or ideology. If the scientists are to be believed, we can do ourselves in as thoroughly by failing to control the atmosphere as by failing to control nuclear weapons. In such a world, a rational diplomacy might regard the balance of nature as being—for the present, at least—as important as the balance of power. However that may be, and whatever moral and political

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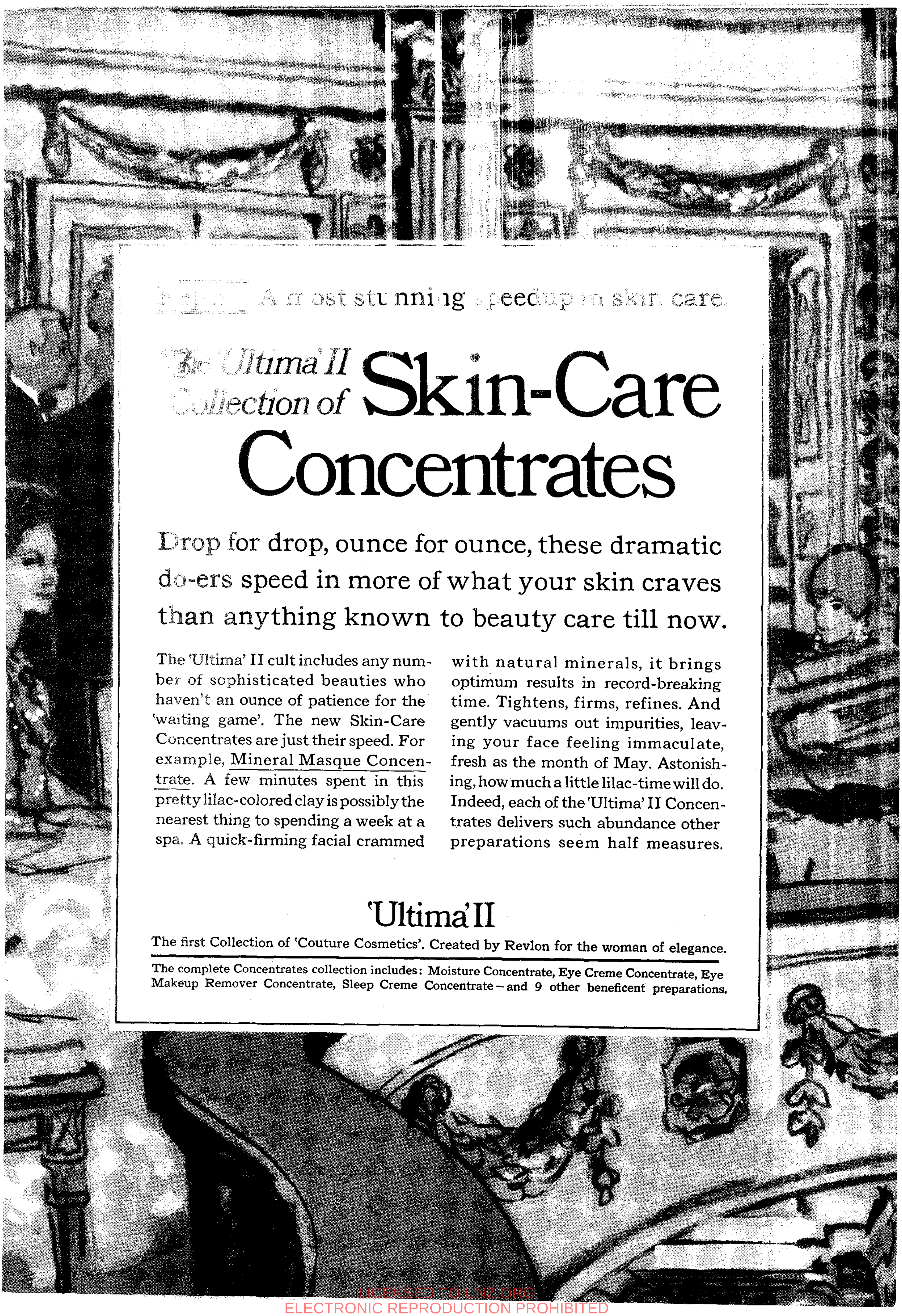

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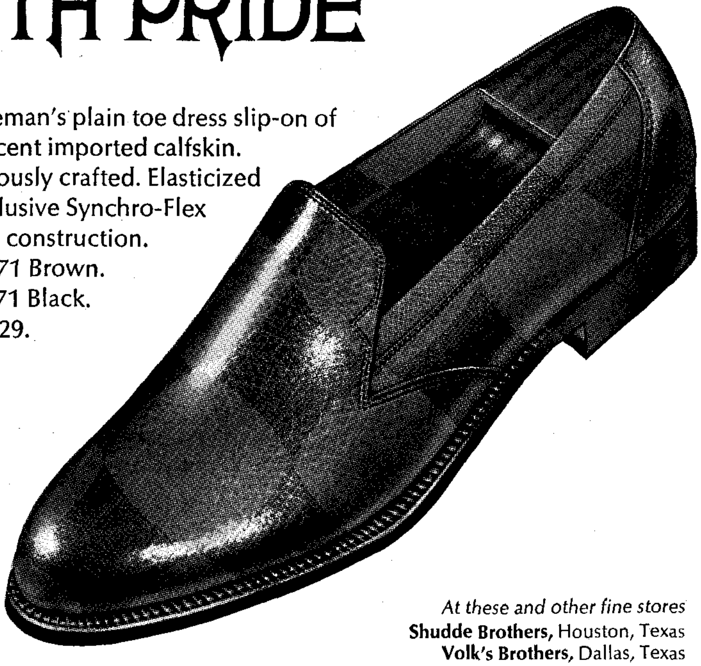
judgments may be made on American policy in Vietnam, one is compelled to recognize that the war there is, except as it hinders the practice of a rational diplomacy, monumentally irrelevant to what should be the priorities of policy in 1968. This is not to say that new circumstances require us to be indifferent to the political future of Vietnam and the rest of Southeast Asia; the nations of a world that is exposed to new dangers are not less interdependent than formerly. But the problems posed by power do not begin to compare in significance or urgency to the problems of survival—a fact that was long since acknowledged in practice, if not in rhetoric, by the original Cold War antagonists. If we can say with any assurance that nationalism transcends ideology, we can say with complete assurance that breathing transcends both, and that neither a Communist victory nor a Communist defeat will purify the atmosphere or avert famine or ease the pressures of population on the total human environment.

To such problems the war in Vietnam is *irrelevant except in one crucial* sense: that its early conclusion would be the largest single contribution that any nation or group of nations could at present make to the well-being of mankind. For although what is at issue between the contenders in Vietnam can be described as, at most, tangential to the great issues in today's world, the war itself—the fact of its existence—delays and makes infinitely more difficult the kinds of efforts needed to combat the manifold threats to all of us that flow from modern technology and from the political changes that have taken place (largely unaffected by the course of the Cold War) in the past two decades. The costs of the war require this country, richer by far than any other and, as a consequence of its technology, bearing a heavy responsibility for the new threats to life, to contribute far less than it should to the efforts to manage the new crises. Being unable, primarily because of the war, to deal with new sources of tension within our own boundaries, we can devote only the most modest and miserably inadequate share of our resources to the international effort that must be made to deal with the problems that affect the entire globe and all people everywhere. For a while, the Atomic Energy Commission had a number of scientists exploring the problem described by Dr. Taylor, but in the squeeze caused by *the war their research has had to be* curtailed. And the cost factor is by no



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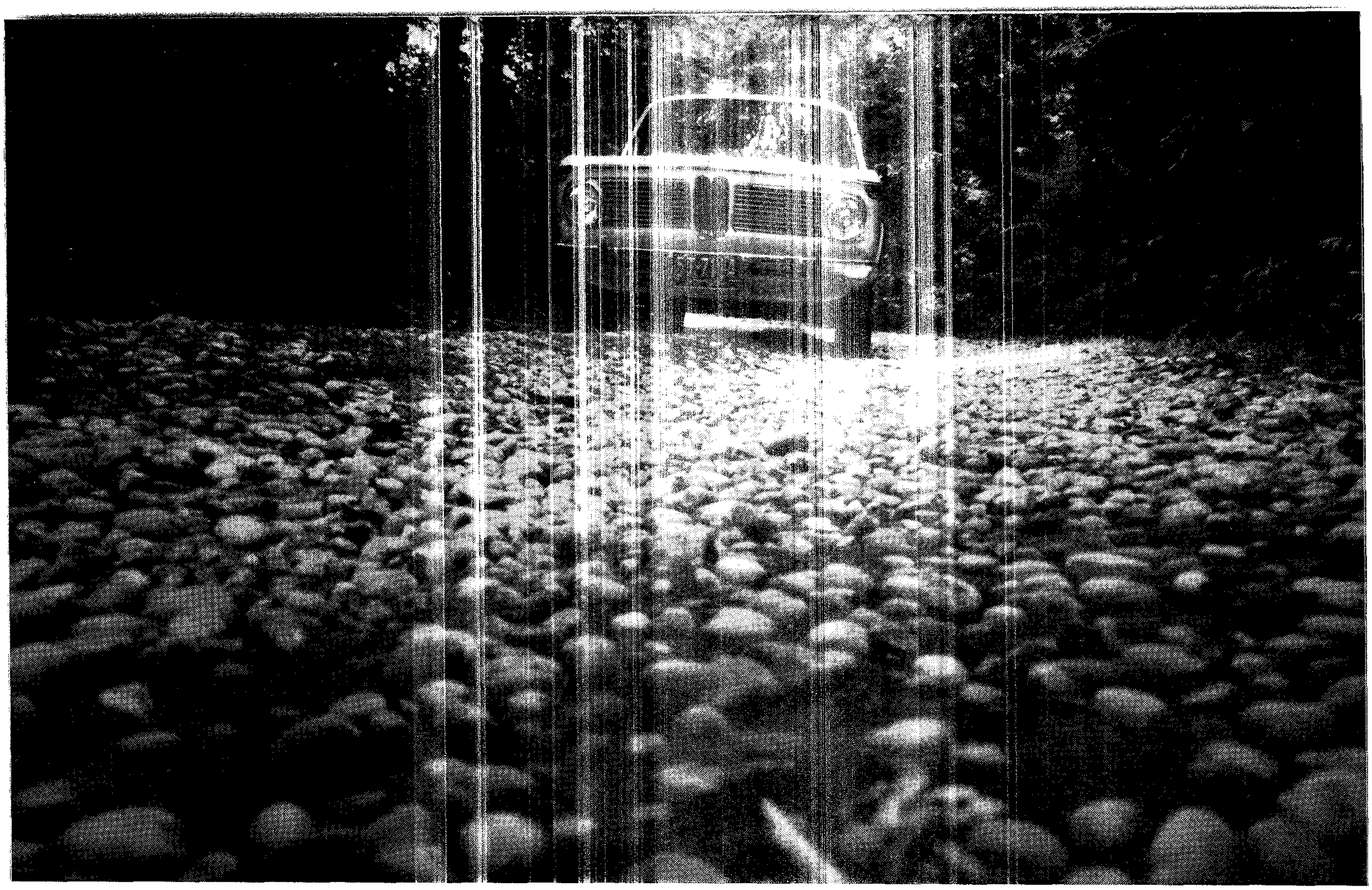

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means the only one. Vietnam, itself so irrelevant, deflects our attention from the relevant, and is so divisive a force in the world that appropriate international action can be undertaken only rarely even when the costs are light. It is plain that no very useful approach can be made to such great problems as hunger, disease, overpopulation, and the pollution of the earth's atmosphere unless this country, the European powers, including the Soviet Union, and Japan and certain other large and industrialized nations can act in some kind of concert. It may well be that in the absence of a Western *rapprochement* with the fourth of humanity living in China nothing is possible. But it is surely true that the non-coöperation of the Soviet Union dooms almost every effort toward peace and toward concerted action to any other end. Although we have plenty of evidence that both its government and our government know this and see precisely how damaging non-coöperation is, even to the narrowest national interest of each, Vietnam stands in the way. Neither power has any really vital interest there. Peace would benefit each far more than war does. But a resolution eludes them both. And on this account humanity is more and more imminently in danger of extinction.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

In conjunction with a study of the history of transportation in Irvington, the third grade class of Miss Judith Zommick at Dows Lane School recently took advantage of invitations from two local residents. For their field trip, the pupils first visited the home of Mrs. Edward Denyer on Dows Lane, where they toured the house, a converted carriage house, and then were able to examine her two Rolls Royce automobiles. The children later proceeded along Dows Lane to the residence of Mrs. Nathaniel Amols for an inspection of her Bentley car.
—*Tarrytown Evening News.*

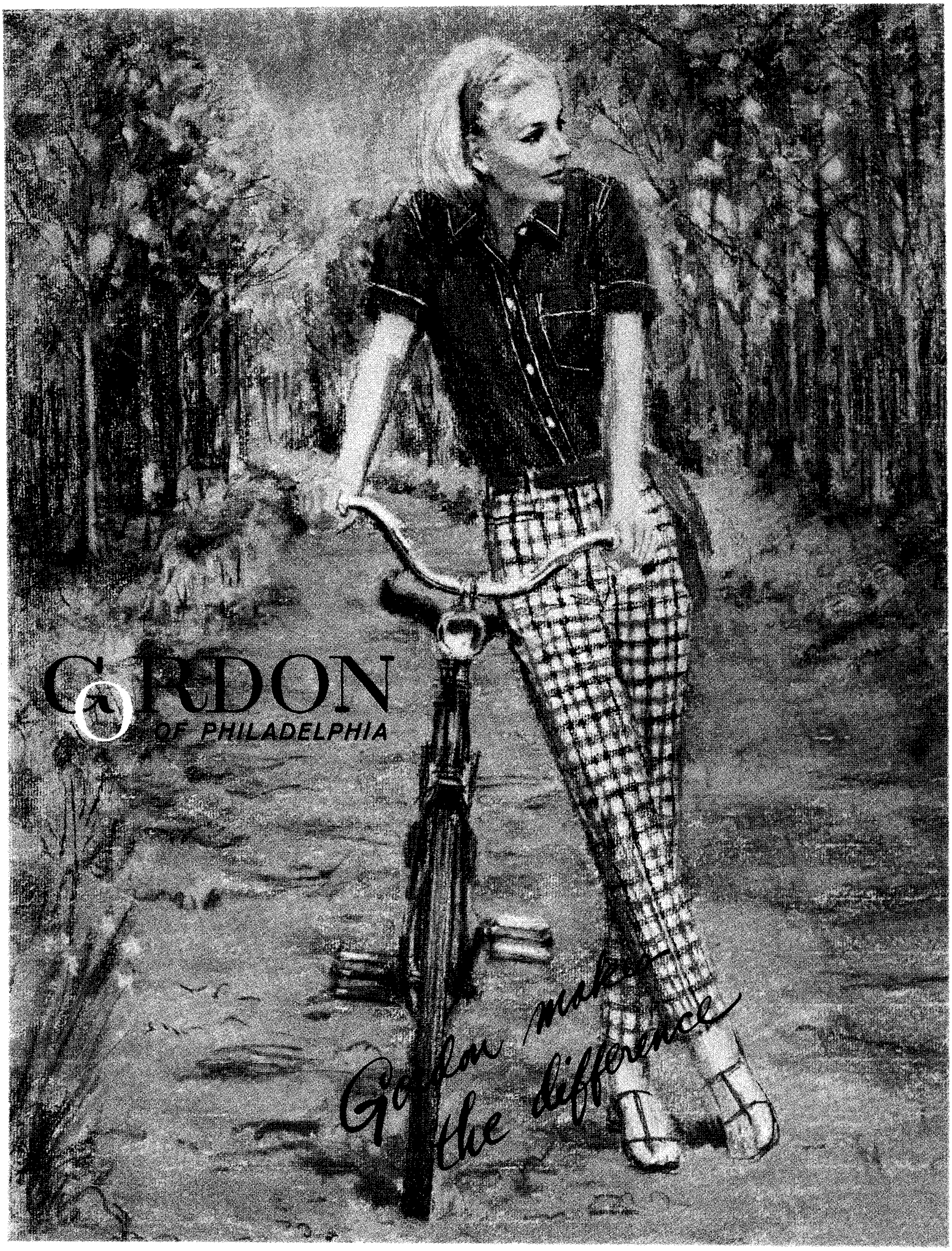
Nobody had an oxcart?

•

REMARKS WE DOUBT SPECTATORS WERE HEARD REMARKING

[*From the Dunkirk* (*N.Y.*) *Observer*]

Spectators were heard to remark as they left the area that "it certainly seems peculiar that this section of track has been the area for numerous wrecks on the Central. We'll be mighty leary of travelling Third street when train traffic is in progress or parking alongside the embankment. I shudder to think of what might have been the result of this terrible thing had it occurred Tuesday or on a Friday night or day, or in fact any normal business day, for that matter."



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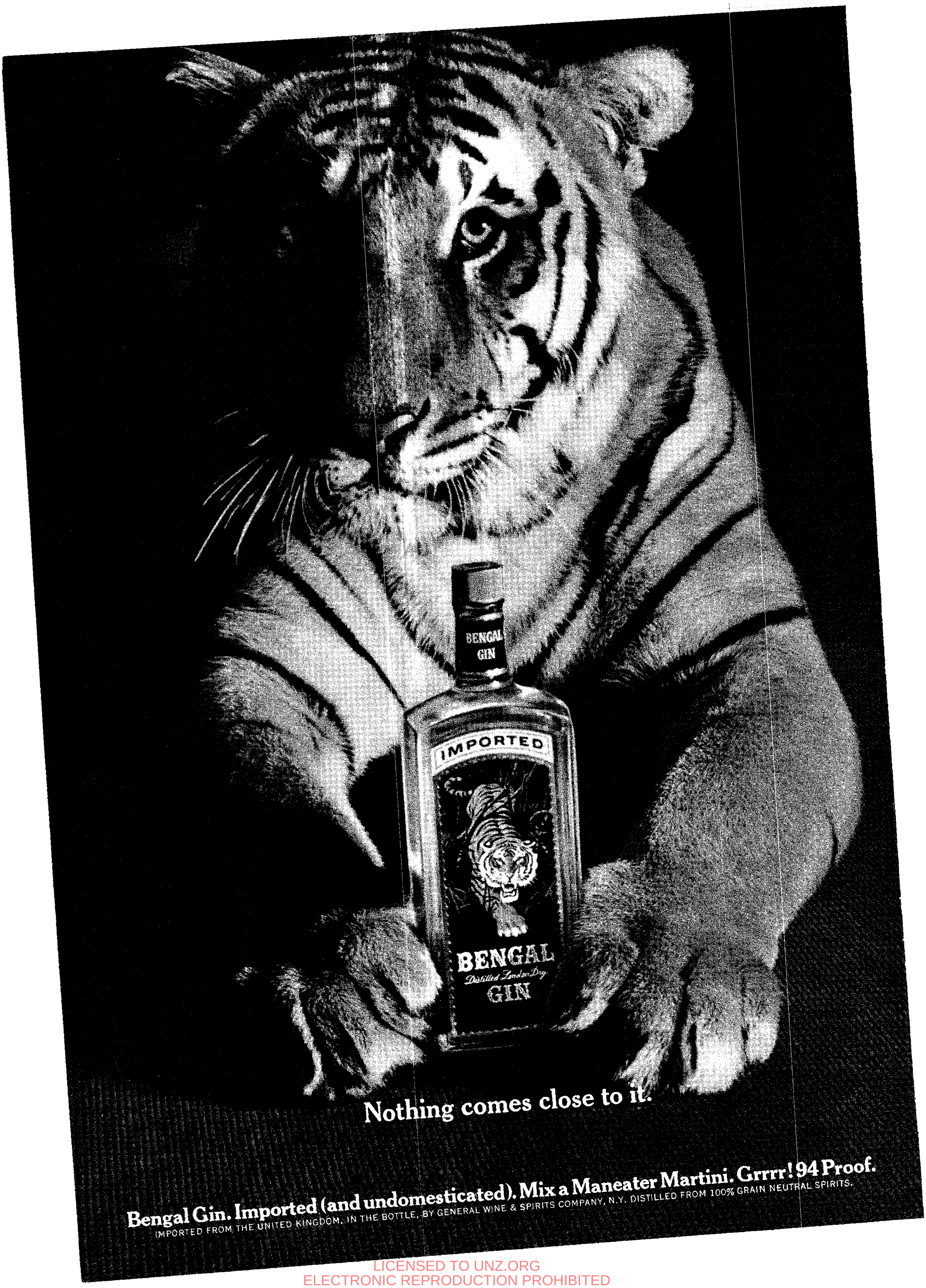
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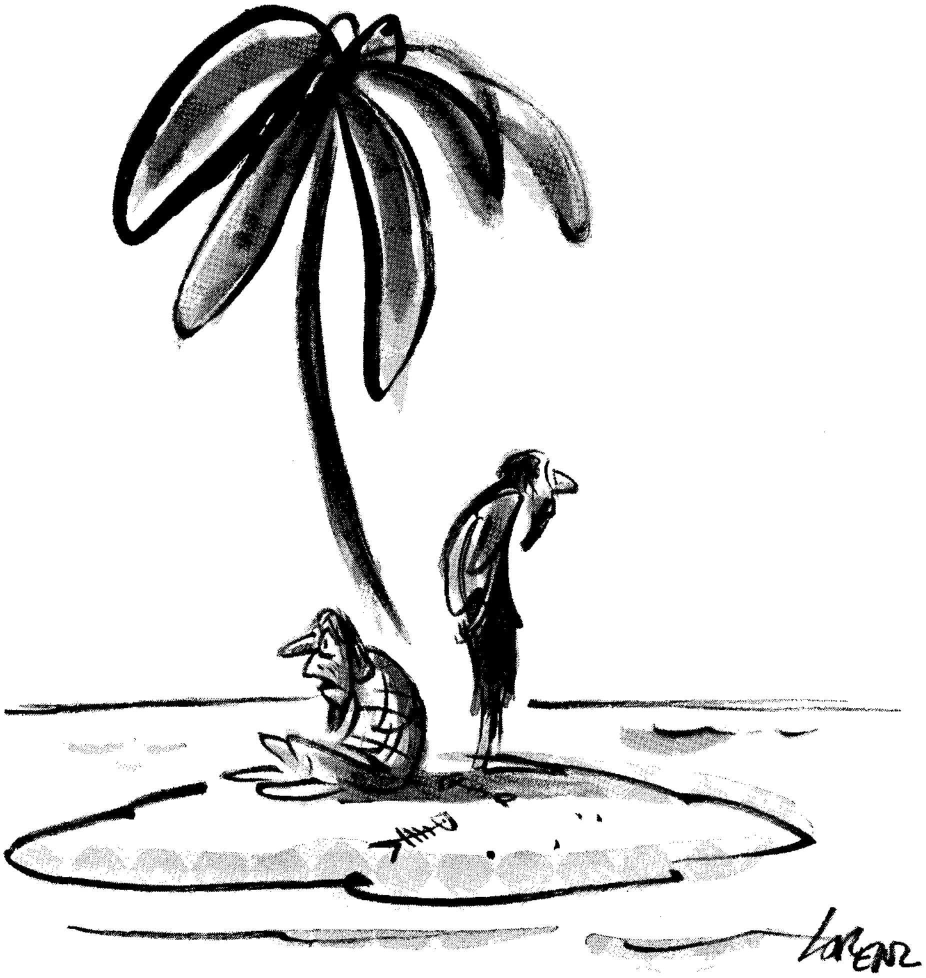
THE THEATRE

LAFF RIOT

TO give the cheerful business news first and the less cheerful aesthetic news second—yes, it is true that Neil Simon, the Tom Swift of Times Square, has turned out another clever and durable invention, capable of running for years with little or no adjustment, and so attractively packaged that hundreds of thousands of his fellow-males will roar with pleasure at seeing themselves depicted onstage as craven vipers, stinging their mates to death with cheap wisecracks. This valuable comic product, which is at the Plymouth, is called "Plaza Suite," and it consists of three one-act plays having nothing in common except that in all of them a foolish, loving woman is at the mercy of an unscrupulous man; that we laugh continuously throughout the playing of them despite—or thanks to—their quite astonishing cruelty; and that they all take place in Suite 719 of our good, gray Plaza, on the asphalt brink of Central Park. (Oliver Smith's set is a triumph of up-to-the-minute realism; through a window we catch a glimpse of the new General Motors building, about which Mr. Simon has characteristically taken care to work up a couple of surefire jokes concerning the speed with which this city destroys and rebuilds itself. Though the General Motors building is not yet finished, the author of a hit must consider what his audiences will be willing to laugh at in 1969 and 1970.)

The three plays have been directed in Late Mock-Keystone-Cops style by Mike Nichols, who has become so bold at milking the last drop of good from a sight gag that from time to time we gather, none too pleasantly, a hint of the contempt he seems to feel for us poor yokels in the audience, gasping with admiration over bladders and slapsticks as old as Aristophanes. The two stars of the small cast, George C. Scott and Maureen Stapleton, have been encouraged to act in the broadest possible fashion, mugging and loping about the stage at a rate that would soon prove exhausting to them and to us except for the fact that they are so evidently enjoying themselves to the hilt; each has three radically varied roles to play in the course of the evening, and nothing pleases an actor more than a display of virtuosity, even on the primitive level of merely looking different. "See!" Mr. Scott as good as commands us, staring straight out over the apron of the stage. "Now I am a grumpy businessman of fifty-one, now I am a youngish Hollywood producer on the make, now I am the aging father of the bride." Miss Stapleton also changes age, shape, and temperament during the intermissions, but an ineradicable modesty of manner causes her transformations to announce themselves less imperiously than Mr. Scott's.

The first of the plays has to do with a dowdy matron from Mamaroneck, who comes to town to spend her twenty-third wedding anniversary with her husband in the suite where they spent the first night of their honeymoon. She is not very good at numbers, and it develops that she has booked them into the wrong suite; more important, it turns out that he has other plans for the evening and that they include a rendezvous with his secretary-mistress. The play has at least one serious moment, as well as many comic ones; when the wife asks her successful husband what it is that troubles him so much about his life, he replies at first that he doesn't know and then that he simply wants to live the whole thing over again—a bleak truth, worth pausing over, and it is just like Mr. Simon to use it, instead, as the springboard for a gag ("Well, frankly, Sam, I don't think the Navy will take you again"). The second play is a rather nasty little blackout sketch, in which a Hollywood type with sandy bangs crudely seduces his adoring old girl friend from Tenafly, but the third play is an excellent old-fashioned farce, in which a father and mother attempt to persuade their daughter to quit the bathroom in which she has locked herself and proceed downstairs to her wedding. By the time the bathroom door finally opens (at the abrupt behest



"It must be Friday. I always feel at the end of my rope on Friday."

of her little twirp of a bridegroom), the parents are in an advanced state of shock; we perceive that the mother may someday recover, but the father has become a ringer for Lear on the heath—mad, rain-soaked, and reduced to a crooning incoherence. Miss Stapleton and Mr. Scott give their all to their strenuous, extravagant roles, and the effect is hilarious.

Since "Plaza Suite" is a hit, I feel all the more free to express my disappointment in the direction that Mr. Simon's work appears to be taking. A few years back, with "Barefoot in the Park," one got the impression that he was experimenting with a new form of comedy—an agreeably disordered form, in which jokes arrived and departed so quietly that they were scarcely to be noticed as jokes and there was room between them for evocations of real life, observed with wit and charm. The carefully carpentered plots and the innumerable mechanical gags that disfigure "Plaza Suite" strike me as a long step backward. I hope it is not idle to regret that the greater Mr. Simon's success in the world, the fewer the chances he seems willing to take with his considerable talent. —BRENDAN GILL

•

DEAR AMY:
I have a question that could not get answered the other evening. We were serving guests dinner and asked them to please pass the food to their left. They said it was improper to pass to the left, it should go to the right. I was always under the impression that food should be passed to your left. Who was right?
JUST WONDERING

DEAR WONDERING:
When food is brought to the table, it is set down at the guest's left and removed from the guest's right. When passing food around the table, the host or hostess proceeds to pass the food to the guest on the immediate right. Therefore, passing food around the table is from right to left.—*Amy Adams' column in the Spring Valley (Calif.) Heartland News.*

Why not just have a buffet?

•

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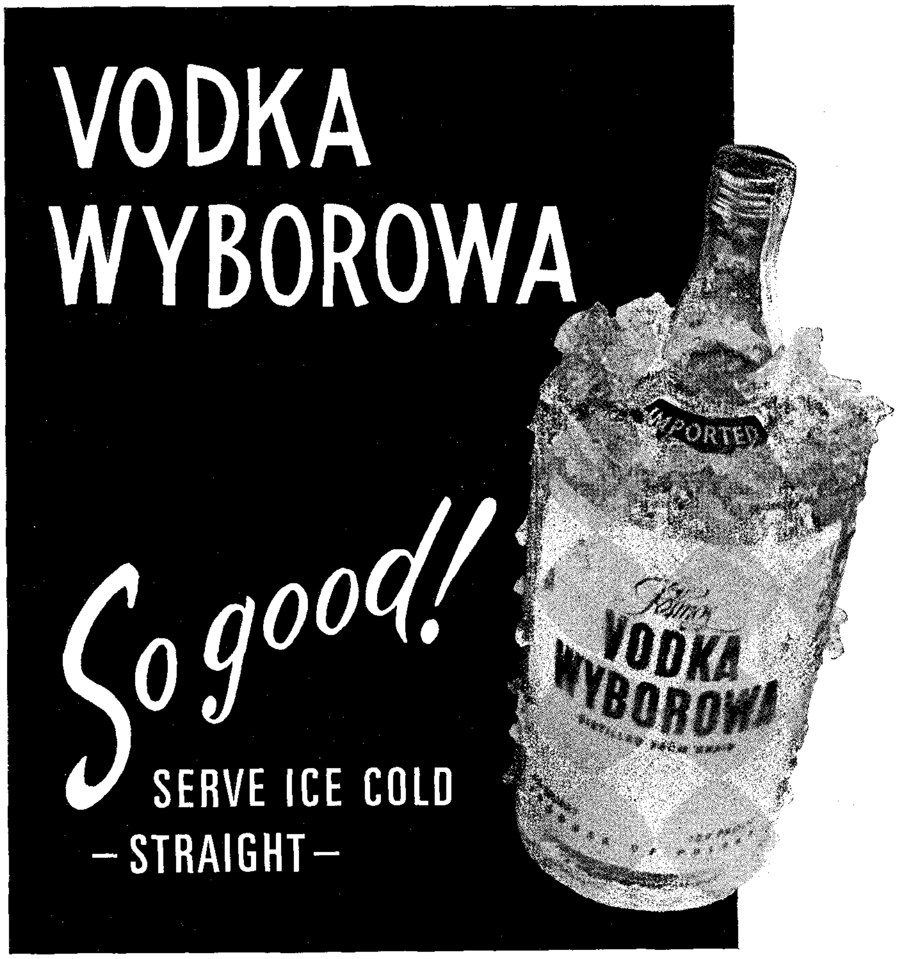

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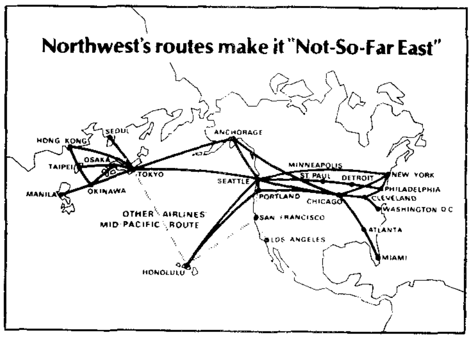
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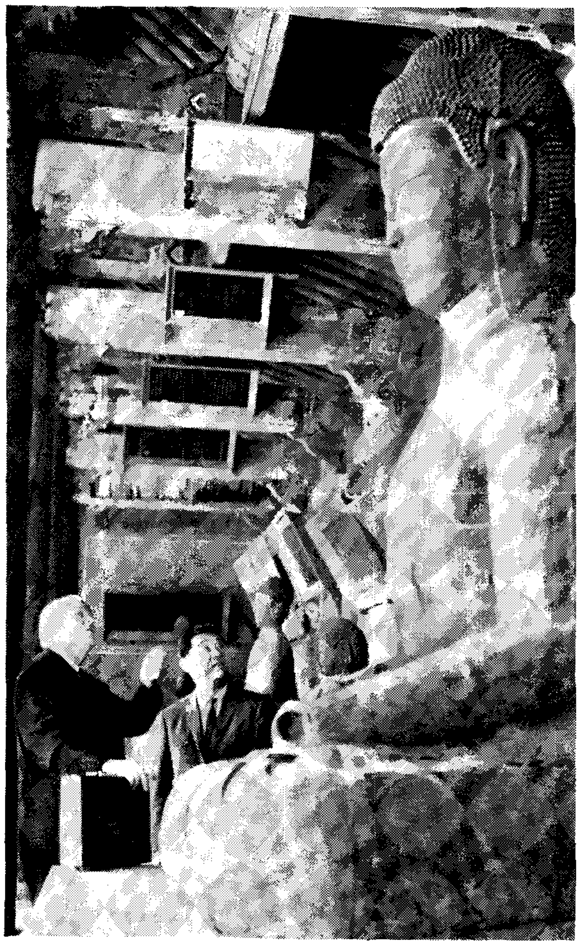
OTHER AIRLINES' MID-PACIFIC ROUTE

Tokyo: a friendly meeting at Kannon Temple.

Taiwan: riding a pedicab in downtown Taipei.

Hong Kong: a sampan heading for the floating restaurants.


Korea: sightseeing at Seoul's Kyong-Bok Palace.

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NORTHWEST ORIENT
THE FAN-JET AIRLINE

LETTER FROM LONDON

FEBRUARY 13

ON the whole, it seems to be felt that the Prime Minister did as well as expected, or even rather better, on his visit to Washington, which was not given an auspicious sendoff. It had been criticized by ordinary citizens and by the press, which called it pointless and an inopportune attempt at such a time to keep alive the old "special relationship" of other days. Many observers thought, too, that it would doubtless be interpreted as such across the Channel at this historic, painful moment, acutely felt by large numbers of Britons, when Great Britain has abdicated in public as a world power but is still an uncharted distance away from being accepted as a wholehearted European one. Though the Opposition leader, Mr. Heath, said sharply that it was an "impertinence" for such an uncommitted visitor at the White House to offer any advice at all on Vietnam, many people seemed to approve what Mr. Wilson said in his speech there—excluding, that is, his ninety or so backbenchers, representing a pretty wide swath of Party views, who had urged him before he left to dissociate the Government completely from United States policy in Vietnam.

Public opinion generally received a violent, horrifying shock from the press and, above all, from the television reporting of the Vietcong offensive. The impact of the scenes from Saigon and Hué, unfolding before people's eyes like an album of savage, up-to-date Goya illustrations showing the sufferings of war, was shattering. In the prevailing pessimism and anxiety, U Thant's Moscow journey and his presence in London caused very little hope. Mr. Wilson's own call on the Soviet government had also been viewed here without much public enthusiasm, it seemed. It produced, however, a few acid, funny cartoons, such as the one in the *Times* (a particularly outspoken critic of the Prime Minister in some recent editorials), which showed him as a stocky little Napoleon, with tired bags under his eyes, retreating on horseback not from but to Moscow, as a nice, peaceful change, leaving behind him a London vibrating with the fisticuffs of his own warring party in Parliament. This referred to the much publicized revolt, and subsequent disciplining, of the rebellious element of Labour M.P.s who would indeed like to consign him to some ineffectual Elba, and who abstained from voting loyally with the Government on January's spending cuts, which pruned some cherished welfare-state benefits.

Certainly Mr. Wilson's standing in the country and the tone of the press comment about him have continued to drop still further of late. The Party rumpus in Parliament and the demands of one or two long-established critics among Labour M.P.s for his resignation are of less serious importance, probably, than the significantly cool results of the national polls. The latest one showed that the country's final chewing over of devaluation and the January package of cuts has given the Conservatives the biggest lead ever recorded for an out-of-office party. Still more surprising was the poll conducted by the popular, sensational *News of the World*, eighty-nine per cent of whose readers (hardly an exclusively Tory bunch) gave their opinion that Mr. Wilson ought to resign forthwith. Since Mr. Wilson is not one of nature's resigners, or even resigned, nobody, as far as can be judged, expects this to happen. It is more in the cards, even though he has so obviously lost the confidence of much of the electorate, that he will have the stamina to sit out this discredited turn until a moment of his own choosing (a brighter one, he must hope) that is nearer to the constitutional year appointed, which is three years off. What depresses Conservatives is the fact that the ill wind now buffeting Mr. Wilson has blown no corresponding benefit toward Mr. Heath, whose rating with those polled remains only so-so, although most of them have been restlessly recording their desire for a change.

IT may be that the dissatisfaction with politics of all colors which can be felt in the national life helped to float the "I'm Backing Britain" movement, which is nonpolitical and patriotic, and appeals to the uncomplicated loyalties that the Government has so far failed to tap. As you may have read, it was started by five little girls in a Surbiton heating firm's factory who thought that they would like to work half an hour a day extra for Britain without pay, and got the boss and their fellow-workers to coöperate enthusiastically with the idea. It was greeted with glowing newspaper editorials as perhaps being at last the

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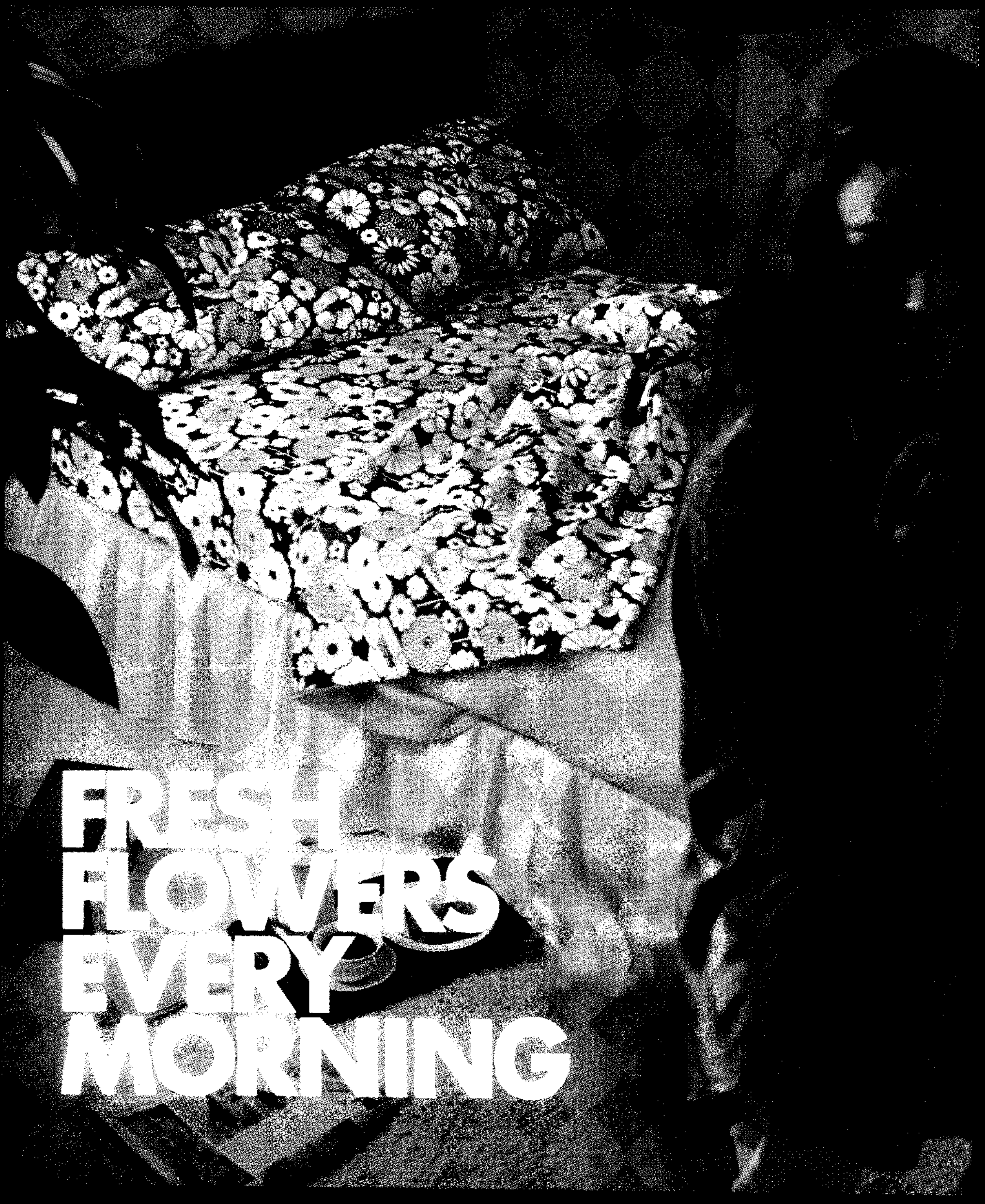

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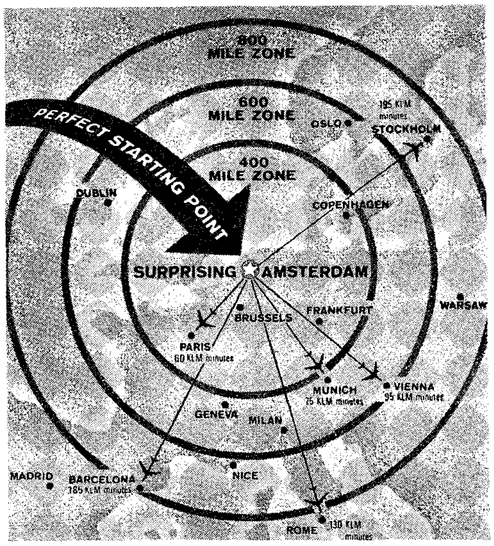
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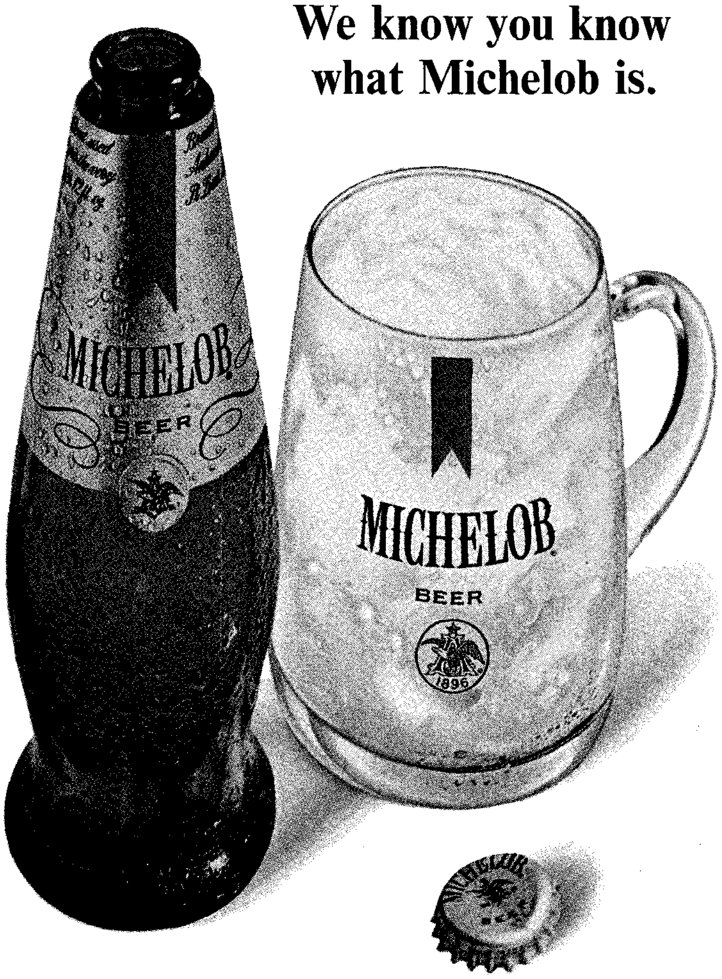
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breakthrough seemingly not achieved by any amount of Ministerial haranguing of the public, which does not understand dark talk about balance of payments. Skeptical voices truthfully pointed out that this modest token show of eagerness to help Britain out of the red might be admirable psychology but that the inescapable answer to the problem would be for everyone to work really efficiently during ordinary hours merely. The Amalgamated Engineering Union has just clamped down sharply on its members in the Surbiton factory's branch at Havant, in Hampshire, and refused to let them work thirty minutes extra without getting paid for it, Britain or no Britain. Elsewhere, however, the campaign and its now familiar symbol of a bright Pop Art Union Jack is reported to be spreading. It was given, if not exactly a boost, at least a new talking point last week by a full-page advertisement that appeared in the national press, sponsored by a group calling itself breathlessly the "Sell British—Help Britain—Help Yourself Campaign." Its gist was a listing of a hundred "uncranky" ways by which the ordinary citizen, his wife, and his family could help the country. The chief compiler of this very odd document was the ebullient Labour M.P. and publisher Mr. Robert Maxwell, though a strange assortment of backers who had helped ante up its considerable cost was listed, including Lord Thomson, of the *Times*; the Beaverbrook press; the Marks & Spencer department stores; and Sir Billy Butlin, of Butlin's holiday camps. Mr. Maxwell explained in a television interview the same evening that his co-sponsors had not read the advertisement before it went to press. Those citizens who did were, to judge by subsequent letters to the newspapers, torn between fury and laughter, since its style and contents were archly folksy and naïve. The list appealed to fathers to drink British ("Who knows—you may develop a taste for mead!"), to Mums (*sic*) to think hard before buying imported carrots, and to children ("Backing Britain can be fun!") to give up drinking their school milk if they did not really need it. The ideal patriot would not take his family to the overrated Continent for holidays but would stay right here at home—fine chauvinistic advice for a nation with its sights fixed on Europe. The advertisement was mostly attacked in the press and derided by ordinary people as a stunt interpolated in the original "I'm Backing Britain" campaign, which could be something big or nothing much but seems to many

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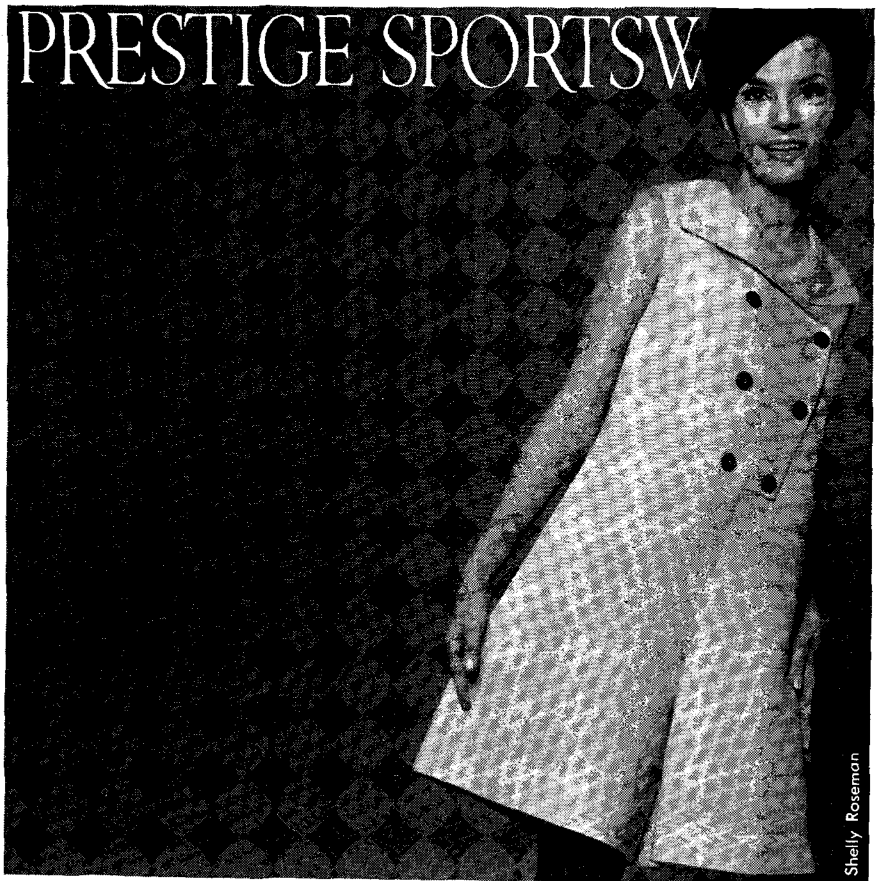

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citizens novel and remarkably cheering anyway.

THE Royal Academy's prodigious winter exhibition, entitled "France in the Eighteenth Century" and on view until March 3rd, is a splendid, exhausting assembly of over a thousand paintings, drawings, sculptures, tapestries, pieces of furniture, and precious objects lent by museums and private collectors in fifteen countries. The cost of the insurance and the transport to London of this latest of the Academy's customary international shows was reported to have set a new record, owing to the hectic recent rises in world art prices and the diminished power of the pound. Security guards hover on the outskirts of the crowds of visitors clustering around such exhibits as the case containing Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Wrightsman's collection of exquisite gold-and-enamel boxes—a dazzling sight, with, as its apex, the doll-sized sparkling diadem (lent by Earl Spencer) reported to have belonged to Queen Marie Antoinette. The Queen's blooming visage, with its pale-lashed prominent eyes, appears several times in the exhibition. In one of the versions painted by the adoring Mme. Vigée-Lebrun, she gazes across the central hall, hung with the gorgeous Savonnerie tapestries of the seasons (from the Cleveland and Toledo Museums), toward the famous Houdon bust of the aged Voltaire, the two of them seeming neatly to represent summer and winter, or the spirits of luxurious pleasure and passionate speculation that ran in tandem through the age. The pleasures are predominant here, certainly. There are the dreamy landscapes with gallant figures by Watteau and Lancret, the Fragonards of rustic merrymaking, in the style of Boucher, which startle with their burst of Fauve-like color, and a rich diversity of Boucher's own styles, including the magical blue studies of the water mill at Charenton and his charming nude portrait of the seductive Louisa O'Murphy, who was briefly Louis XV's mistress, lying on a velvet sofa on her front in her lovely, fair Irish skin. As a change from the innumerable pretty women, there are a number of superb, luminous Chardins of homely, humble faces and of kitchen objects, and a marvellous rumpled heron and other birds and beasts by Oudry, the King's animal painter. The most mysteriously haunting picture in the exhibition is Oudry's all-white larder masterpiece of a snowy dead duck hanging by a leg from a white

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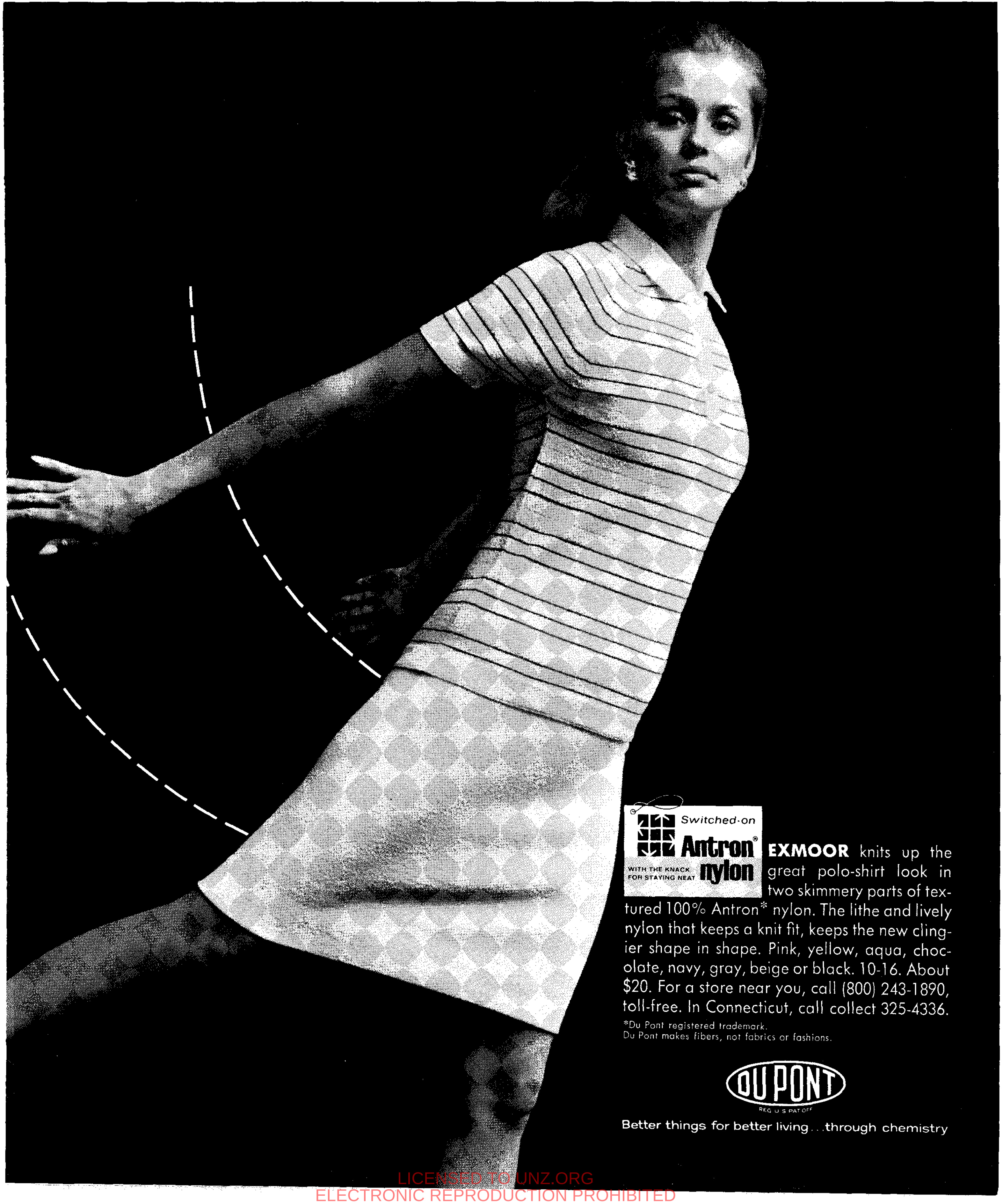
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wall; a candle in a silver sconce; a porcelain bowl of luscious *crème Chantilly* stuck with blanched almonds; and a crumpled sheet of paper on which, with a flourish, as though delighted with the composition, he signed his name and the date—1753. The display of furniture is choice but tiny, unfortunately, since the intimate scale of many of the pictures, often designed to fit over panelled doorways or gilded mirrors in great houses, seems to need tables and chairs, and even a pretense of grand domesticity, to set them off. In the final room, all the fêtes and the elegance dissolve like phantoms before the icy apparition of David's celebrated painting of Marat lying assassinated in his bath. Beside it is the gruesome life-size wax bust made by the redoubtable Mme. Tussaud when she accompanied David, at his invitation, to Marat's house shortly after the murder and professionally took the cast—though with dreadful emotions, she admitted later in her memoirs. The vast exhibition was organized by Denys Sutton, editor of the art journal *Apollo*, who also compiled the scholarly and magnificent catalogue, which weighs as heavily on the wrist (or seems to before one has got very far) as a junior telephone directory. —Mollie Panter-Downes

•

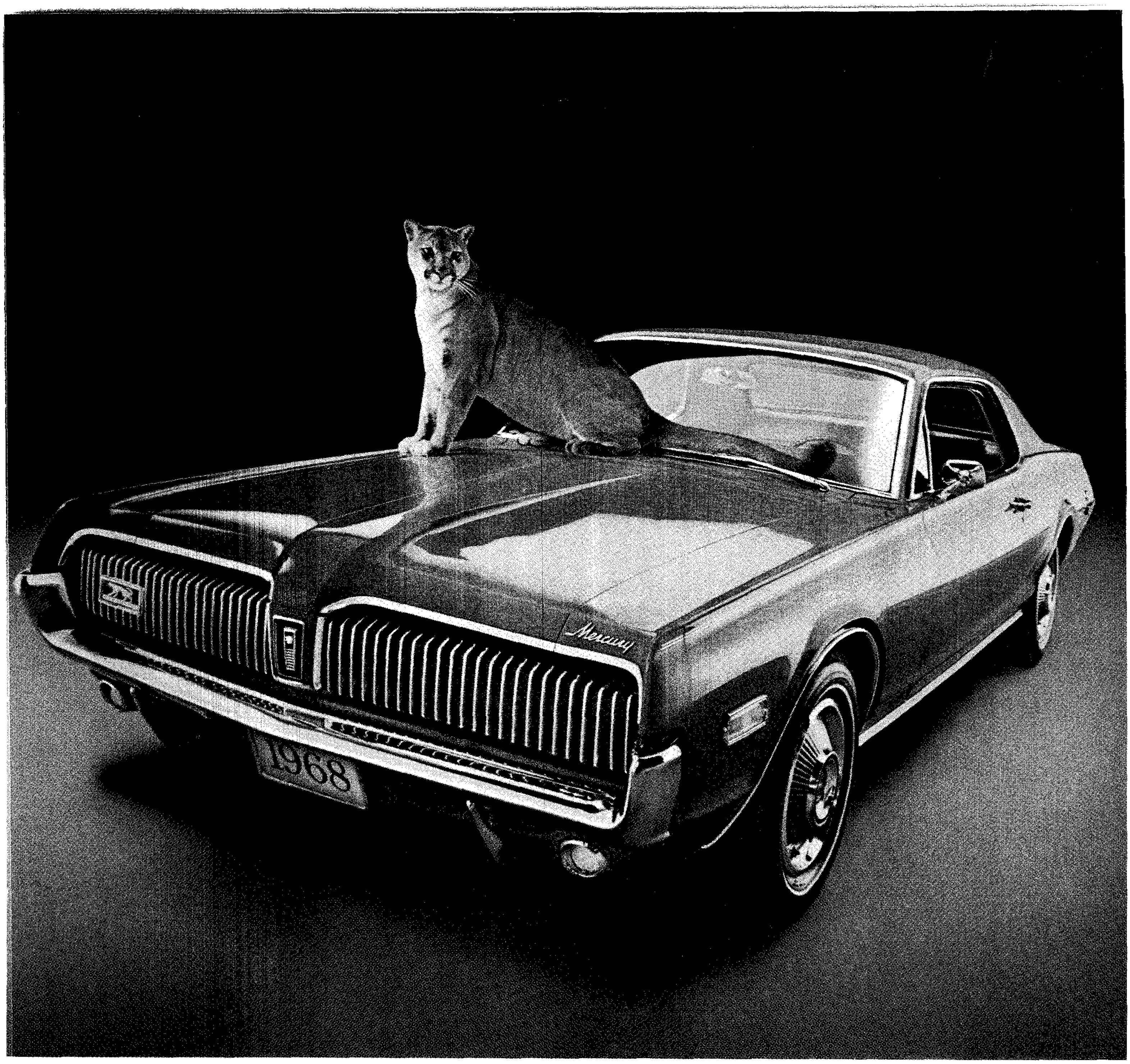
UNALTERABLES

Mistakes are dredged up again,
not mine but before mine began,
of figures I never knew,
and those I did know gone,
except that, since what had
been done to them is carried on
through me, they lurk about,
unwelcome presences unseen
but evident like something

moving beneath dead leaves.
I thought I was done with them.
What need had I of faceless creatures,
agitation in their hair,
uttering unalterables
in languages I refused to hear?
Other sayings filled my ears,
other directions shook me—signs
that led to gates and guards who kept

the doom promoters out. I realized,
when I returned, that doom or past
were unthinkable behind those gates,
but learned that they come back,
figures of my old mistakes,
who, in spite of where I have been,
what I have found and seen,
want me to dance with them
their old, disordered dance.

—Arthur Gregor



Mercury's got it.

European elegance with an American Cougar wrapped around it.

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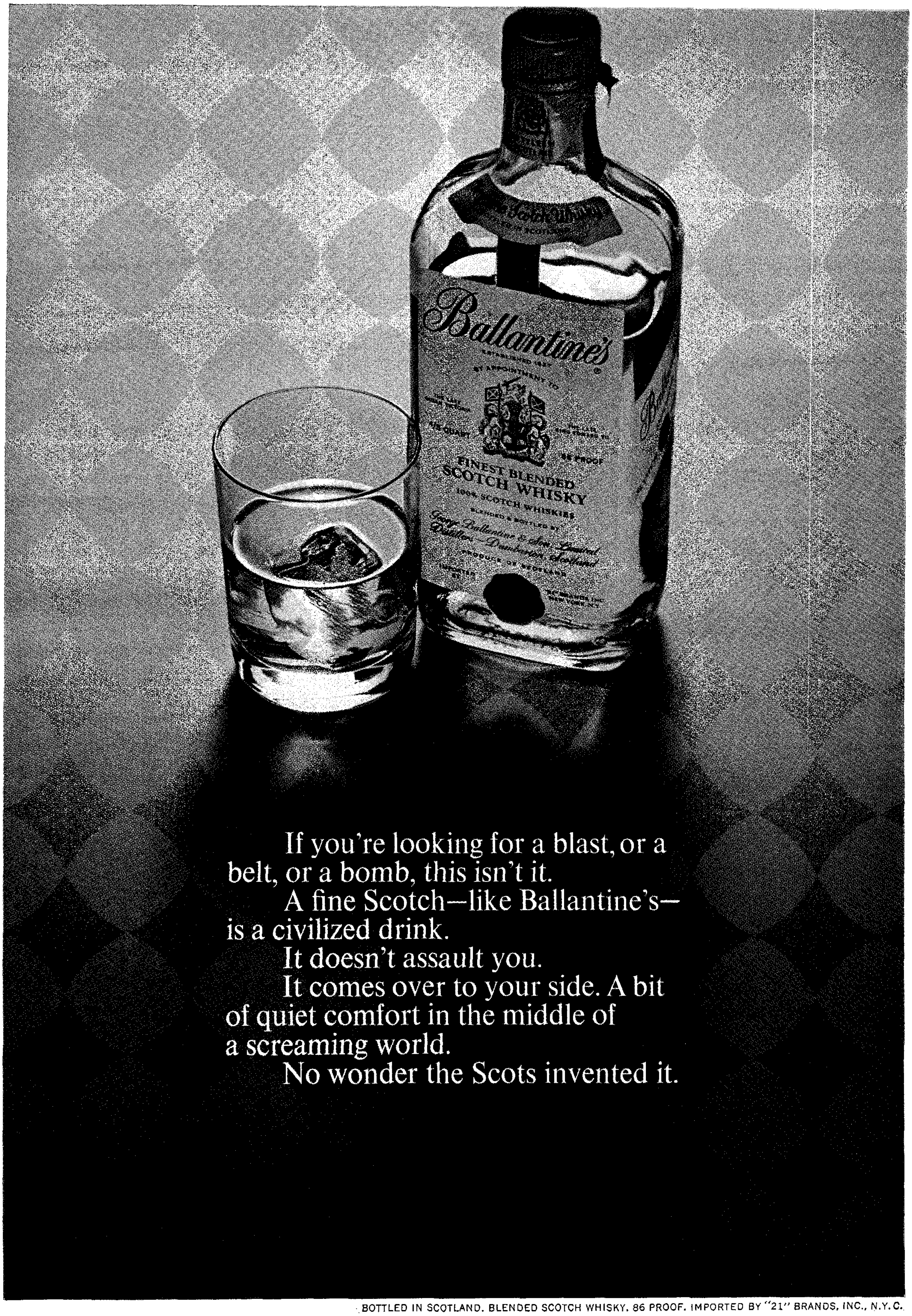
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THE COLLECTION

The document really isn't that exciting. It orders three pounds of molded candles, three pounds of ordinary candles, and one pound of soap from one Johann Mayer. Nonetheless, somebody undoubtedly will pay a healthy price for it . . . when it goes on sale at Sotheby's auction house in London. It was Ludwig van Beethoven's shopping list.—*Paris Herald Tribune.*

FAKES? Impossible! Still, having read lately of one art fraud after another, I had for days been stalking nervously about the halls of my stately twelve-room Tudor mansion in East Orange, New Jersey, gnawed by sudden doubts that certain of the works in my magnificent rare-document collection might not be genuine. At last, resolutely, I had got on the phone to Jeremy Hopkins, one of the world's two or three most respected authorities on the esoteric sort of manuscript I collect and a director of Blumberg's, the prominent Fourteenth Street auction house. I minced no words. If he would come immediately to East Orange to examine my collection and to execute a sworn affidavit of his findings, I would pay him the cash sum of twenty-five thousand dollars.

"I'm, like, on my way," said Hopkins succinctly, and, indeed, scarcely had I hung up the phone before my Nationalist Chinese houseboy announced that Hopkins, who had apparently come out from New York by Mercury messenger, was waiting in the vestibule.

"Show him in!" I cried heartily, relieved that any nagging uncertainties about my collection were now forever to be put to rest. Fakes, ha! It was one thing for the semi-literate *nouveaux riches* to be duped by crooked art and manuscript dealers, but it was another for me, Lamont Pidgeon III, a multimillionaire professional aesthete, to have the wool pulled over my eyes. After all, I had spent years, along with seven million dollars, carefully amassing my collection, travelling all about Europe in ceaseless search of new acquisitions, being handed on from one dealer to another in most of the major cities of the Western world. Mine was, I humbly felt, perhaps not a large collection, but it was nevertheless a varied, tasteful, and *important* collection.

Hopkins proved to be a chipper, partly bald gentleman of about forty-five in a smartly cut Robert Hall suit, and over a drink and cigars—a chilled bottle of Diet-Rite Cola and Tiparillos—I told him how I had got into collecting soon after washing out of the Parsons School of Design, in the same year that my father, Lamont Pidgeon, Jr., a self-made pig-iron tycoon, had died and left me nineteen million dollars.

"O.K., Pidgeon, let's have a looksee at the collection," said Hopkins with heartening professional directness.

"Righto," I replied, and, getting down on my hands and knees, I pulled the collection out from under my Barcalounger, where I kept it in a hermetically sealed Buster Brown shoebox. I placed the shoebox on an occasional table in front of the expert, unsealed it, and confidently handed him the prize work in my collection—a document for which I had paid $327,000 to a Zurich dealer in the summer of 1962. It was Johann Sebastian Bach's laundry list.

"Aha," said Hopkins knowingly, and, popping a jeweller's loupe into his right eye, he began minutely examining the work.

"Well?" I asked anxiously after he had studied it for ten minutes.

"I'm afraid, Pidgeon, that I have some rather disturbing news for you," he said, shaking his head. "This list is a fake."

"What! It *can't* be!" I shouted, thunderstruck. "Are you certain?"

"Absolutely," he said.

"But how do you know?" I demanded.

"There are certain things that the expert can see in such a document that the average layman would miss," Hopkins explained, helping himself to a second Tiparillo. "Notice, for instance, that this particular document, purporting to be Johann Sebastian Bach's laundry list, was written on a typewriter—evidently an Olivetti electric portable. Now, that single, seemingly insignificant fact immediately tells the expert that the document must have been written *after* Bach's death, for Bach, I regret to inform you, died in 1750, several years prior to the invention of the Olivetti electric portable."

"Oh, I see," I mumbled, crestfallen.

"Moreover," Hopkins went on, "recent findings make it certain that Bach never wore striped T-shirts, seersucker

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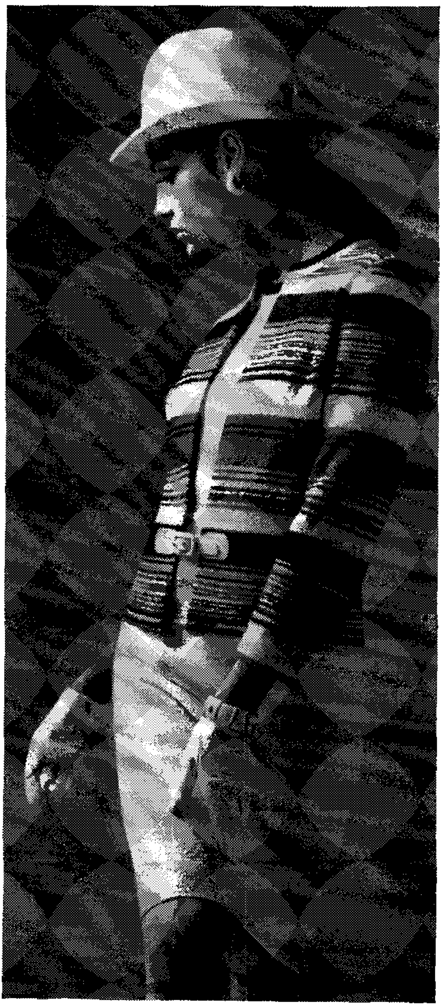

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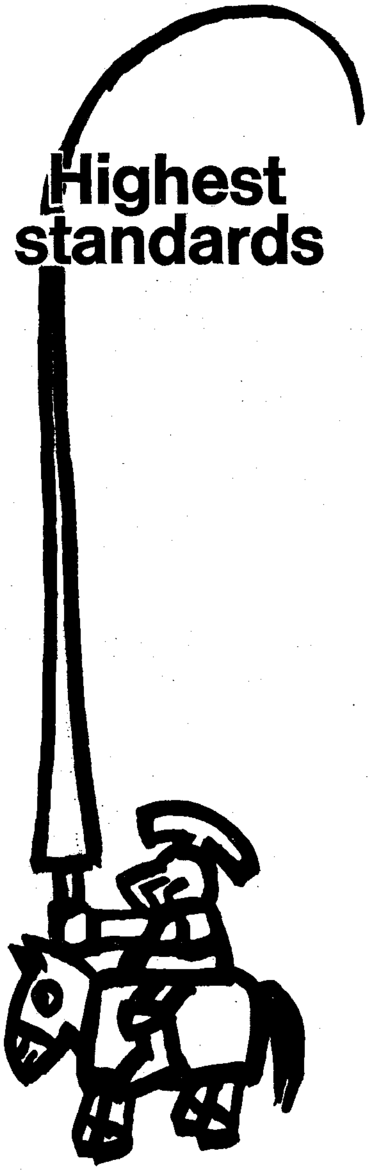

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jackets, or madras Bermuda shorts—all of which, one notes, are entered on this laundry list."

"You're *sure* Bach never wore Bermuda shorts?" I asked.

"Entirely," Hopkins replied. "Bach was not one of your sportier composers, dresswise, and his wardrobe was known to include nothing that we would today term 'casual ready-to-wear.' "

"Oh," I said.

"In short, Pidgeon," Hopkins said, "it is my unhappy duty to inform you that this alleged eighteenth-century laundry list isn't worth the piece of Hammermill bond that it's typed on."

"But that doesn't mean that everything in my collection is fake, does it?" I asked edgily.

"Certainly not," he said reassuringly. "Shall we get on with our examination?"

"Yes, of course," I said, handing him another of my most treasured *objets*, Hector Berlioz' driver's license—a work that had set me back $187,000 in Aix-la-Chapelle three winters ago.

"Uh-*huh*," grunted Hopkins, holding the license up to the light and eying it from every angle.

"Fake?" I asked glumly, as he tossed the license with a sigh back into the shoebox.

"Fake," he said flatly.

"But how *can* it be fake?" I asked, beginning now to get a bit angry. "After all, there it is down in black and white—'Motor Vehicle Operator's License. Name: Hector Berlioz'!"

"Admittedly, the license is made out to *one* Hector Berlioz," said Hopkins, blowing Tiparillo smoke through his nostrils, "but I'd venture to state rather emphatically that it is not made out to *the* Hector Berlioz. Essentially, Pidgeon, what we have here is a lapsed 1937 South Dakota driver's license."

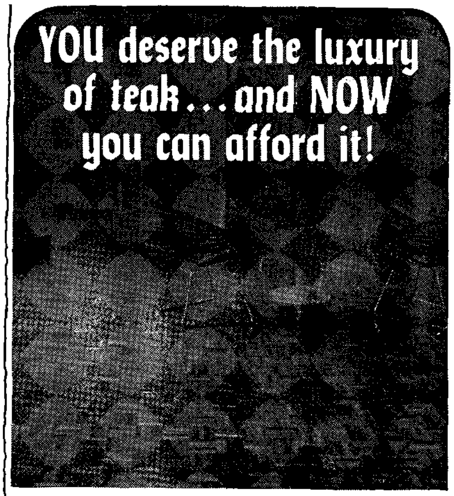
"Granted," I said. "*But* made out in the name of Hector Berlioz."

"Yes," he replied, "but here again you run smack into what we in the business of authenticating such documents refer to as 'the anachronism snag.' "

"Huh?" I asked.

"Well, it is a bit hard for the nonprofessional to follow," he said kindly. "I'll try to keep it simple. Hector Berlioz, you see, passed away in 1869, and thus the expert can calculate with some confidence that it would scarcely have been possible for him to have possessed a valid 1937 South Dakota driver's license."

"Gosh, it does make sense when you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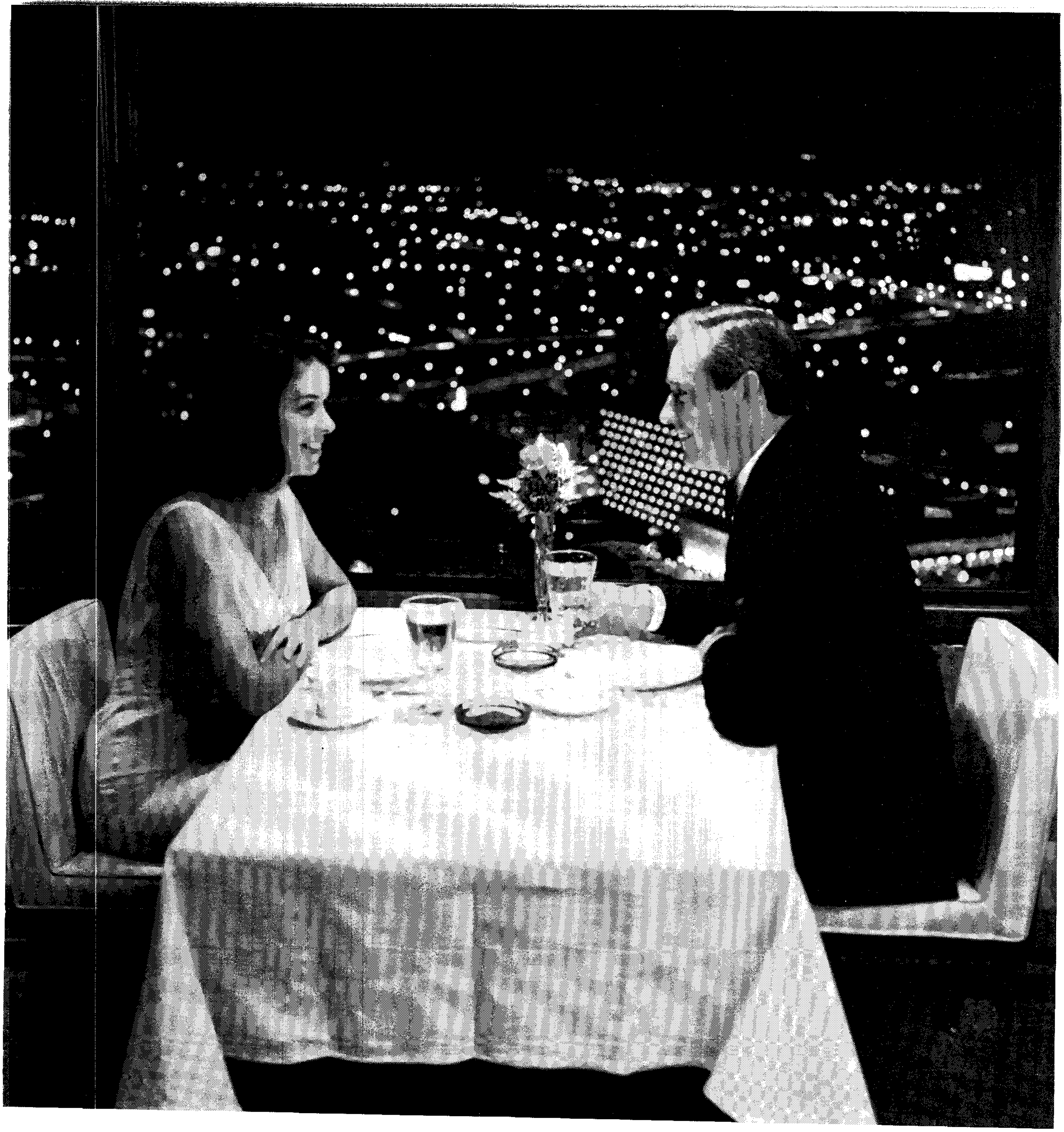

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explain it," I said, reluctantly impressed by Hopkins' keen sense of logic.

"Furthermore," he went on, "there is no evidence that Berlioz spent any time to speak of in South Dakota. In fact, Pidgeon, in Berlioz' day there *was* no South Dakota as we now know it."

"Really?" I said.

"Really," Hopkins replied. "Finally—and I suspect that this is the most damning piece of evidence of all—notice that the license specifies that the driver must wear glasses while behind the wheel. *Hector Berlioz did not wear glasses!* Except for reading."

"I guess that puts the lid on it," I said miserably.

"I'm afraid so," he said. "Next?"

"Antonio Vivaldi's grocery bill?" I said, pretty much knowing what was coming as I unhappily handed over the $238,000 acquisition.

"At least this is in Italian," murmured Hopkins after having examined the work for some fifteen minutes. "I mean, when you showed me Bach's laundry list I immediately smelled a rat when I noticed that it was written in English rather than in German. And this grocery bill is handwritten, too—another factor in its favor."

"You mean, it could be genuine?" I asked excitedly.

"Yes, it *could* be," he conceded. "If it is, though, Vivaldi was certainly overcharged on grated Parmesan. Outrageous. However, to authenticate this bill one hundred per cent, I'd have to do some library research to determine whether or not eighteenth-century Italian grocery stores carried egg noodles, canned minestrone, and Kix. In any event, genuine or not, this document isn't worth the brown-paper bag it's written on. Valueless."

"Valueless!" I cried despairingly. "But *why?*"

"Because, Pidgeon," said Hopkins softly, "what we have here is Antonio Vivaldi's grocery bill—ergo, a document written in the hand of Antonio Vivaldi's *grocer*. Not by Antonio Vivaldi himself. Without value, unless, of course, you can prove that, along with peddling overpriced groceries, *il signore* also turned out some passable *concerti grossi*."

"Oh," I said.

"Next?" Hopkins asked.

"Karl Maria von Weber's Diners' Club card?" I said sulkily, thrusting the document into his hand.

"Ah, me," sighed Hopkins.

BUT why go on with this unhappy chronicle? Two hours later, Jeremy Hopkins was aboard a Public Serv-

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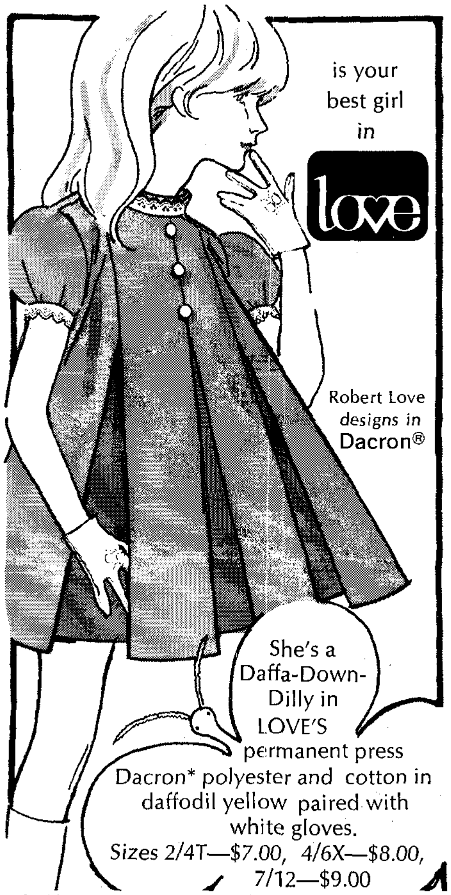
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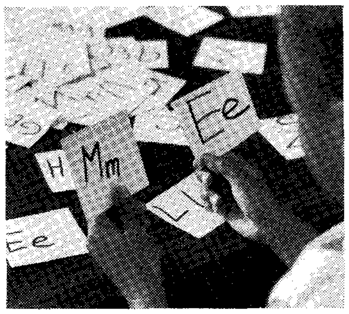
In hope of doing each other some good

The efforts of a citizen

We know an alert young citizen from the center of Rochester who can scarcely read the simplest words, though she is almost 9. The school does what it can for Helen.



Some 80 kids from Helen's part of town are bussed 20 miles west each morning to join the other pupils in the Demonstration School of State University College at Brockport. The Demonstration School serves its usual functions in a teacher-training institution and is furthermore examining approaches to prepare suburban educators for integrated education. Troubles with reading as bad as Helen's can turn up in college faculty offspring, even if differently caused.

An office in the Demonstration School is occupied this academic year by a man who is on the payroll not of the State University of New York but of the Kodak Research Laboratories, which have been concentrating for the past 55 years almost exclusively on the application of chemistry and physics to photography. The man has been instructed to find projects where Kodak's resources might be further utilized in solving the present-day problems of education. We hope he finds some.

* * * *

Two other men from the Kodak Research Laboratories have successfully completed a more familiar and easier project that has brought forth a new screen material. Changes in the microstructure of aluminum make projected images at least six times brighter than on screens currently available.

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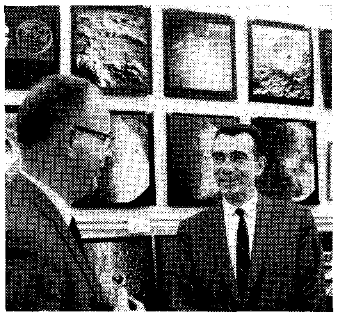
* * * *

The question still remains: will Helen learn to care about the difference between "MEAT" and "BEAT"?

The triumph of an employee

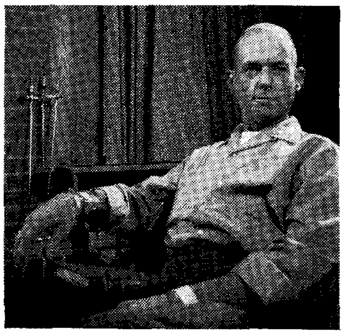
Dr. William Feldman won a NASA Public Service Award with his performance on an assignment. It was Bill who ran the photographic end of Lunar Orbiter, a space project. You may not remember it, since it was in the headlines for only a day or two, quite a few months ago. There were some spectacular closeup shots published of the mountain scenery on the moon. Quite a triumph.

Feldman works for Kodak, a company often regarded as a toy manufacturer because we have long been known by a product that looks toylike in its simplicity and is brought into play on fun-filled occasions. His men made another toy that came in two parts. One part rode in orbit around the moon, taking pictures, processing the film up there, and creating the video signals that were sent to the second part back on earth, from which emerged the finished photographs. In five out of five Lunar Orbiters, this Kodak photographic system proved able to picture at the will of the operator anything anywhere on the lunar surface bigger than a card table. This includes the moon's back side, which turned out to be mysteriously different from the front side.



As a thoughtful man, Bill Feldman can wonder why he should be honored. Is it for raising the level of complexity of the work with which he, his colleagues, and the populace in general occupy themselves? (Tough on those who can't even read!) The thousands of moon pictures that resulted will be studied by scientists for years for evidence about the origin of the earth and the moon, a subject deemed worthy of attention by the founders of civilization millennia ago. (Those blessed with strong intellects have compelling needs of their own.) Or is Bill being honored here in the shareowners' interests because, in a hundred ways that benefit people who care nothing about the origin of the moon, the project demonstrated that an organization tuned to photography (as structural radiography, as instruction, as a fabrication technique, as documentation, as microfilming) has an advantage available to any management for smoothly marshalling men and materials in a significant undertaking?

The enterprise of a customer



Seth C. Hilton, Jr. of Nashville, Tenn. wears a shield he has fashioned to cover the two indwelling shunts in his right forearm. The shunts serve to attach him at least twice a week to a hemodialysis machine, for he has no functioning kidneys of his own. The shield protects from hazards unknown to those who go about their work with flesh unpunctured by hardware. It resists crazing that would cut down the transparency Hilton needs in watching for blood clots.

We know about Mr. Hilton because, in quantities to meet his needs as a manufacturer of these shields, he buys plastic sheet extruded from our tough, transparent TENITE Butyrate. Fortunately from his viewpoint as a businessman, unfortunately from his viewpoint as a sympathetic human being, and comfortingly from his viewpoint as a patient, there are many other forearms fitted with indwelling arterial-venous shunts. Marketing problems do not trouble Mr. Hilton. His output is marketed by a firm that specializes in mechanical aids against grave physical impairment.

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APACHE

ice bus headed for the Lincoln Tunnel. In the luggage rack above him was a Safeway shopping bag obscenely abulge with money; i.e., twenty-five thousand dollars in fifty-dollar bills, each of which he had examined under a magnifying glass and attested as genuine. On the other hand, he had certified every last work in my collection—Verdi's seventh-grade report card, Mozart's membership certificate in the Odd Fellows, *everything!*—as fake, phony, fraudulent, and forged.

"Never again!" I roared wrathfully, feeding the collection with a vengeance into my lavish back-yard incinerator. Into the flames they went—Gustav Mahler's parking ticket, Puccini's "Legalize Pot" button, *all.* "Never again shall I be made an utter chump of!" I swore.

Ugh. What was this bulky lump at the bottom of the shoebox? Ah, yes, an item I had neglected to show Hopkins—a work I'd found years ago under a rock in Tübingen, Germany, and bought for a mere $3.98. It consisted of endless pages of scratchy musical notes, headed on the first page by a spidery handwritten sentence in German: "The true only copy of my last, longest, and greatest work—my Tenth Symphony. L. van B."

"Ha, as worthless as all the rest!" I cried bitterly, and slowly, page by page, I fed the so-called Tenth Symphony into the roaring fire. You can fool Lamont Pidgeon III only so many times.

—THOMAS MEEHAN

•

In this paper we prove that the number of states of a finite automaton can be reduced to three without increasing the number of states (or even to two by increasing it) by building a reduced homomorphic automaton which is able to imitate the given automaton in a sense described in the text. Moreover a finite automaton is specified which is universal for a class of finite automata with a bounded number of states. The third part of the paper proves that the number of states of a finite automaton cannot, in general, be reduced at all.—*Bulletin of the Research Council of Israel.*

We don't know whether we're glad or sorry.

•

He said Burton would play Macbeth and perhaps direct, while Miss Taylor would play Lady Macbeth, the ambitious wife who goads her husband into murdering the king of Scotland so he can claim the throne.

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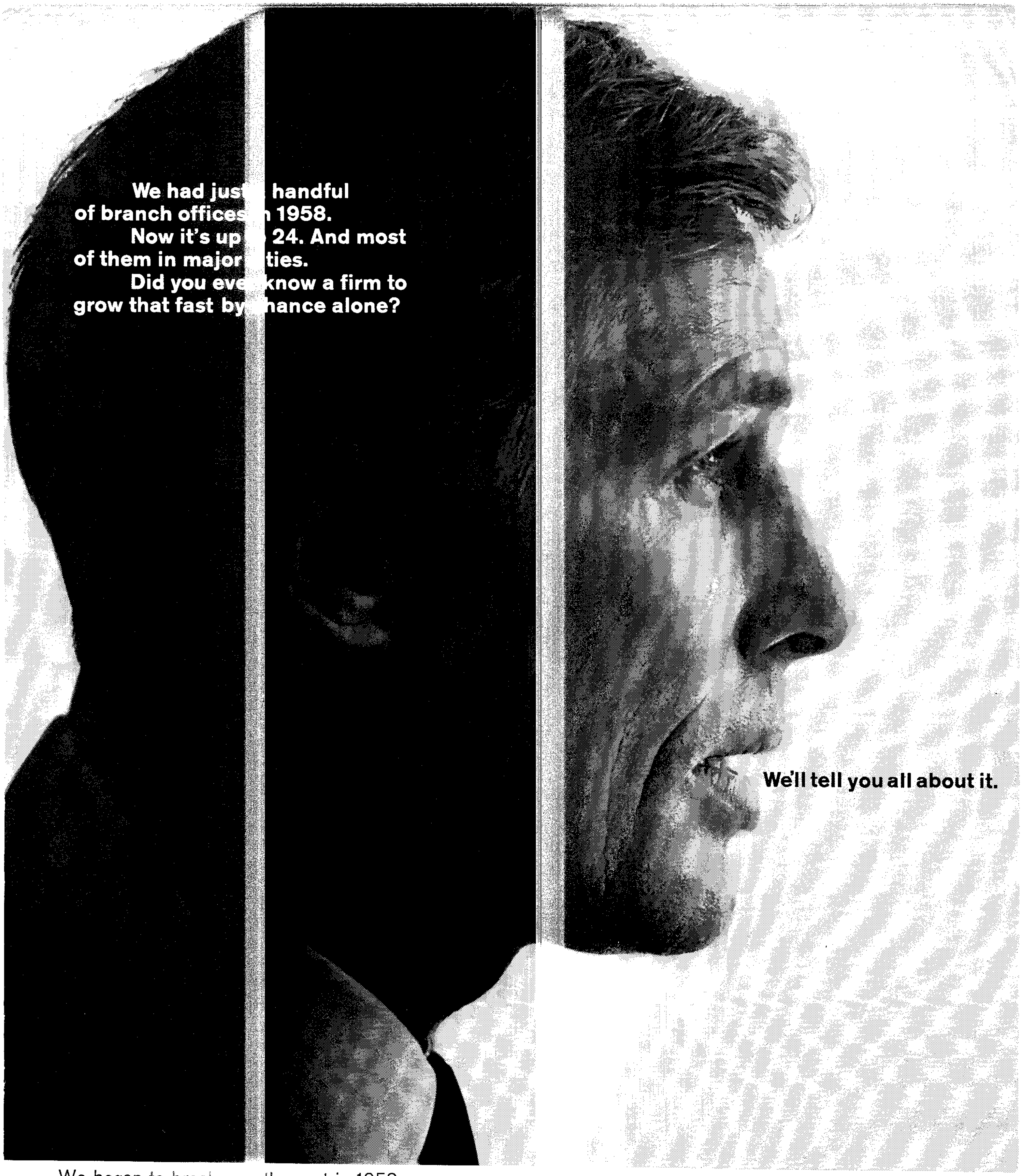

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IRISH SKETCHES

RING IN THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW ~WITH A BIT OF A JANGLE

MY arrival in Dublin recently, after an absence of almost a decade, was made most pleasant by the fact that the weather was blithe and that Michael Scott, the architect, who is an old friend of mine, was on hand to welcome me. Scott, who has the chiselled good looks and confident articulation of an old-time matinée idol (he once did a turn as an actor at the Abbey), was anxious that as soon as I had stowed my gear at the Royal Hibernian Hotel I accompany him to the Main Hall of the Royal Dublin Society (in the Republic of Ireland the adjective "royal" hasn't the pejorative connotation you might expect it to have) to take a look at an art show called Rosc '67, which he had had a good deal to do with putting together.

"As you know, the Royal Dublin Society has its headquarters in Ballsbridge, a section not far from the center of Dublin, and one of its principal occupations is putting on the annual horse show," Scott said as we had a cup of tea in the dining room of the Royal Hibernian. "The area we are going to is usually populated with horses, cows, sheep, and merchants eager to display their wares. But temporarily, because of Rosc '67—which, by the way, should now be called Rosc '68—it has earned the status of a museum, and is now housing six hundred thousand pounds' worth of paintings from all over the world, along with a sampling of ancient Irish monuments, of which there are about eight hundred dotted about the countryside. The word '*rosc*,' as it's used here, means 'the poetry of vision,' but it also means 'eye' or 'eyeball,' and—Gaelic is a hell of a flexible tongue—it may have served as a war cry. After performing my duties as the chairman of this exhibition, I'm inclined to think that the war-cry interpretation might be nearer the truth than the other definitions." Scott heaved a sigh, and then smiled ruefully. "Ah, well!" he said. "A show like this one is bound to kick up a few rows along the line. One of the rules set up by the jurors of Rosc—Jean Leymarie, of France; Willem Sandberg, of Holland; and James Johnson Sweeney, of the United States—was that only paintings that had been executed within the past four years would be hung. You're aware, of course, that in that period representational painting hasn't preoccupied many of the leading artists, and the abstractions selected for Rosc came as something of a shock to people unaccustomed to avant-garde developments. But the thing that excited the most furious uproar was the decision of the jurors to combine with these creations a few ancient Irish artifacts that are, in their own way, just as abstract as anything the moderns have dreamt up. The news that Rosc was going to bring to Dublin such treasures in stone as the Donagh Cross of County Donegal, a fragment of a cross shaft and a carved capital from the Nun's Church in County Offaly, the Turoe Stone from County Galway, and the Tau Cross of Killinaboy from County Clare resulted in general pandemonium. Some archeologists, led by Dr. Michael J. O'Kelly, of the University College at Cork, who is the chairman of the National Monuments Advisory Council, set up a cry that the stones would be irretrievably damaged if they were moved from their countryside sites, although they'd all been moved before at one time or another. The Minister for Finance, C. J. Haughey, was belabored for countenancing such a pagan business as Rosc, and pickets were posted around the monuments to prevent the Board of Public Works from laying a blasphemous hand upon them. In papers throughout the land, there were scores of letters to the editor making the point—as Dr. O'Kelly did in one of his statements—that the ancient monuments would be profaned by contact with barbarous daubs imported from outside the Irish pale, and there were reports that legal action would be taken if anybody disturbed them. Even an occasional poet smote a dissenting lyre about Rosc's plans for combining the new and the old." Scott reached in his pocket and pulled out a newspaper clipping. "This is something by one C. J. F. MacCarthy that I garnered from the *Irish Times*, and it deals with Rosc and the Tau Cross. Do you mind if I declaim?"

"Go right ahead," I said, whereupon Scott, giving it the old rhetorical flourish, launched into:

"Carved by the Celts for rites
unknown?
Or is it just a boundary stone?
Known to the folk of Magh
Adhair?
Or did the nuns put it there?
Eight hundred or two thousand
years?
Christian zeal or pagan fears?"

Scott said, "I'll skip a bit. Those

"If I'd known I was going to wind up here anyway, I'd really have had myself a ball."

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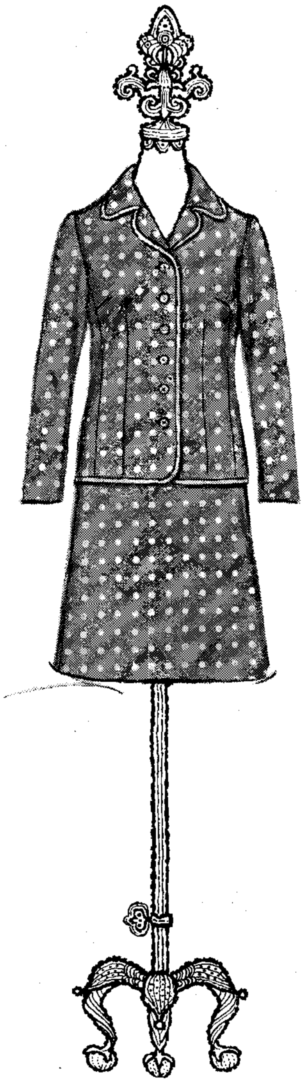

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questions are making me dizzy. It winds up:

> "MacNamara, Rafferty, Henry
> Rynne—all scholars
> Ne'er thought the Cross would be
> hawked for dollars.
> Celtic goddess or convent boundary
> mark,
> Now goes to Dublin for a lark!"

Scott stroked his chin reflectively for a while and then observed, "You don't get prosody like that every day—which is just as well, I guess. Funnily enough, when the verse was published the Tau Cross had disappeared, and Rosc had to open without it. But eventually it was restored to its site, in a field on a farm near Killinaboy, and shipped off by the Board of Public Works to the exhibition. As I piece things together, the reason it vanished was that the curate of Killinaboy was against its transfer to Dublin, and a trio of accommodating youths hid it away until it seemed probable that Rosc had given up on it. Well, the Mounties always get their man, and Rosc gets its monuments, and the Tau Cross duly arrived in Dublin. There was one monument, though, that didn't arrive, and that was the Donagh Cross, which the Board of Public Works deemed a trifle too shaky, because of fissures in its base, to warrant the risk of transportation to Dublin. I'll conclude this threnody by mentioning that there were also complaints about Rosc because the show included no specimens of the work of contemporary Irish artists. But, as James Sweeney pointed out, this was due to Rosc's plan to concentrate on paintings from countries outside Ireland, which, in turn, was due to the executive committee's conviction that the three national exhibitions held each year gave the indigenous artists ample opportunity to expose their work to the public. And now let us proceed to Ballsbridge."

As we drove to the exhibition in Scott's car, he entertained me with tales of his paternal grandfather (also Michael), a Kerryman, who fought for the Pope against Garibaldi and survived to collaborate with Douglas Hyde—a leader in the Gaelic-language revival, who became the first President of the Irish Republic—in translating old Irish songs into English. He told me, too, about his father, William, an athlete, fisherman, and great blackboard man, who was responsible for starting a network of vocational schools that concentrated on commercial subjects. Young Michael's father, I learned, had advised him, when he was dreaming long dreams of becoming an

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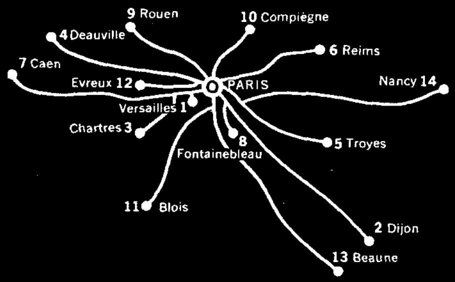

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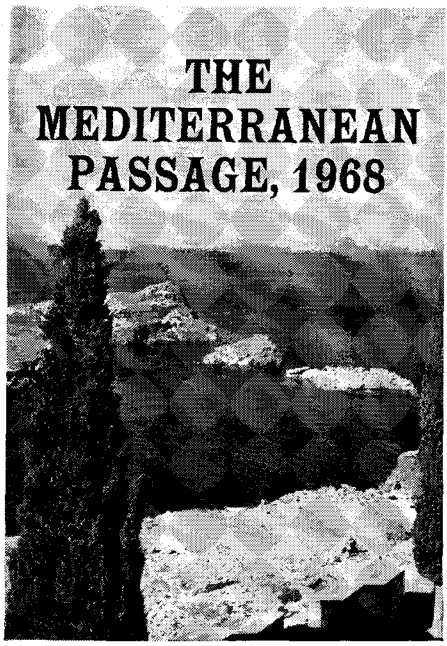

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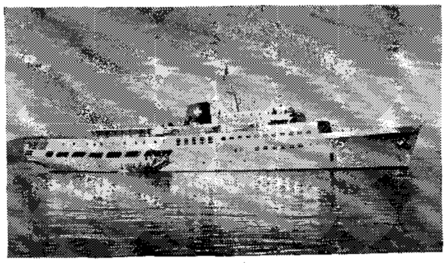

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artist, that he would never make a living as a painter and would be much better off in the field of architecture. "You know," said Scott, "I think he was right, because I've always been interested in shaping materials since the day when, to my delight, I, aged six, caught a glimpse beneath my teacher's skirts of a well-formed wooden leg. My glimpse of that lumbery limb shaped my destiny."

When we reached the exhibition area of the Royal Dublin Society, Scott led me into the Main Hall through an anteroom in which there was a movable feast of ancient monuments. "We'll see these after we finish with the paintings," Scott said. There were about a hundred and fifty paintings on view in the huge Main Hall, reduced in size and otherwise modified by draperies, and they ranged from Op and Pop to Picasso. The pictures, which had been hung by Mr. Sweeney in this setting, designed by Patrick Scott, a partner but no relative of Michael's, made the place glow with color, and if the intentions of the artists—fifty of them, from all points of the compass—were sometimes obscure, there could be no doubt that the artists' works fascinated the crowd assembled to gaze upon them. Reverently pondering a particularly arcane creation by Manolo Millares, a Canary Islander now resident in Madrid, were three elderly women. When I called them to Scott's attention, he said that this kind of response was a common phenomenon. "It is fantastic how these people, who are rather insular as far as art goes, show these abstractions a reverence such as they might render to the Pietà in Rome," he said.

After we had surveyed the Main Hall, Scott guided me back to the anteroom, where I, being no archeologist, did my poor best to establish some sort of rapport with the carven rocks. I was studying an item called the Tanderagee Figure, a grotesque little object that was found in a bog near Newry, in County Down, and that may represent some mythical Celtic character, when a small girl came along. After staring for a while at the Tanderagee Figure, she bent over and kissed it tenderly. Scott, who was standing at my elbow, said, "The child of the Atomic Age sends her love to the Early Iron Age. What a very lovely gesture."

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

He now lives in Elk Grove Village and works as a public vehicle. There were no injuries.
—*Chicago Daily News.*

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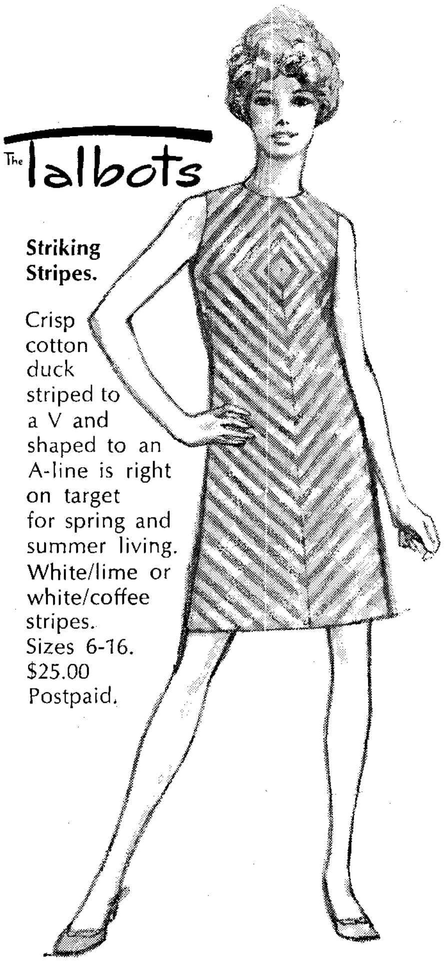

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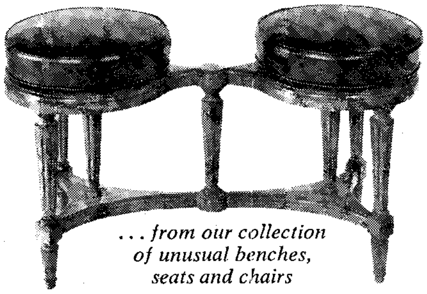

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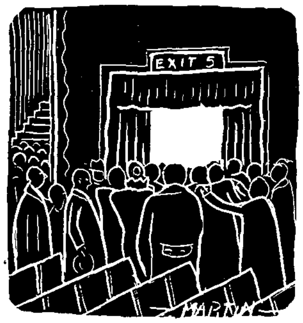
THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Great Folly, and a Small One

"SHE is madonna in an art as wild and young as her sweet eyes," Vachel Lindsay wrote of Mae Marsh, who died on Tuesday of last week. She is the heroine of D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance," which came out in 1916 and which will have its annual showing at the Museum of Modern Art on February 24th. "Intolerance" is one of the two or three most influential movies ever made, and I think it is also the greatest. Yet many of those who are interested in movies have never seen it. "The Birth of a Nation," which Griffith brought out in 1915 (with Mae Marsh as the little sister who throws herself off a cliff through "the opal gates of death"), still draws audiences, because of its scandalous success. But those who see it projected at the wrong speed, so that it becomes a "flick," and in mutilated form—cut and in black-and-white or faded color—are not likely to develop enough interest in Griffith's art to go to see his other films. "Intolerance" was a commercial failure in 1916, and it has never had much popular reputation. After the reactions to "The Birth of a Nation," Griffith was so shocked that people could think he was anti-Negro that he decided to expand some material he had been working on and make it an attack on bigotry throughout the ages. "Intolerance" was intended to be virtuous and uplifting. It turned out to be a great, desperate, innovative, ruinous film—perhaps the classic example of what later came to be known as *cinéma maudit*. Griffith had already, in the over four hundred movies he had made—from the one-reelers on up to "The Birth of a Nation"—founded the art of screen narrative; now he wanted to try something more than simply telling the story of bigotry in historical sequence. He had developed crosscutting in his earlier films, using discontinuity as Dickens did in his novels. In "Intolerance," he attempted to tell four stories taking place in different historical periods, crosscutting back and forth to ancient Babylon, sixteenth-century France, the modern American slums, and Calvary. He was living in an era of experiments with time in the other arts, and although he worked in a popular medium, the old dramatic concepts of time and unity seemed too limiting; in his own way he attempted what Pound and Eliot, Proust and Virginia Woolf and Joyce were also attempting, and what he did in movies may have influenced literary form as much as they did. He certainly influenced them. The events of "Intolerance" were, he said, set forth "as they might flash across a mind seeking to parallel the life of the different ages." It doesn't work. "Intolerance" almost becomes a film symphony, but four stories intercut and rushing toward simultaneous climaxes is, at a basic level, too naïve a conception to be anything more than four melodramas told at once. The subtitles of "Intolerance" state the theme more than the action shows it, and the four parallel stories were probably just too much and too bewildering for audiences. Also, the idealistic attack on hypocrisy, cruelty, and persecution may have seemed uncomfortably pacifistic in 1916.



No simple framework could contain the richness of what Griffith tried to do in this movie. He tried to force his stories together, and pushed them into ridiculous patterns to illustrate his theme. But his excitement—his madness—binds together what his arbitrarily imposed theme does not. "Intolerance" is like an enormous, extravagantly printed collection of fairy tales. The book is too thick to handle, too richly imaginative to take in, yet a child who loves stories will know that this is the treasure of treasures. The movie is the greatest extravaganza and the greatest folly in movie history, an epic celebration of the potentialities of the new medium—lyrical, passionate, and grandiose. No one will ever again be able to make last-minute rescues so suspenseful, so beautiful, or so absurd. In movies, a masterpiece is of course a folly. "Intolerance" is charged with visionary excitement about the power of movies to combine music, dance, narrative, drama, painting, and photography—to do alone what all the other arts together had done. And to do what they had failed to. Griffith's dream was not only to reach the vast audience but to express it, to make of the young movie art a true democratic art.

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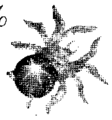

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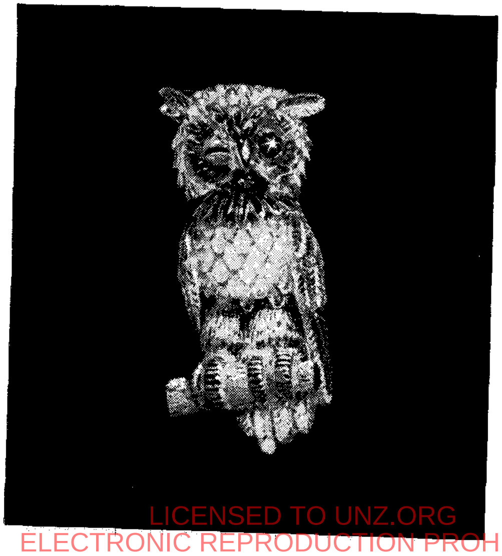

cause he developed the whole range of film techniques—the editing, the moving camera, the closeup, the flexible use of the frame so that it becomes a pinpoint of light or a Cinema-Scope shape at will—but because he invented or pioneered those techniques out of an expressive need for them. When Griffith is at his best, you are hardly aware of how short the shots are, how brilliantly they are edited, how varied the camera angles are. Reaching for color, he not only had the prints of his movies dyed in different hues selected to convey the mood of the sequences but had crews of girls adding extra color by hand, frame by frame. Still dissatisfied, he had the projectionists throw beams of red or blue light to intensify the effects. Reaching for sound, he had scores specially prepared and orchestras playing in the pit. In "Intolerance," he overstretched. There is hardly anything that has been attempted in movies since (except for sound effects, of course) that was not tried in "Intolerance." "The Birth of a Nation," the longest American film up to that date, was rehearsed for six weeks, shot in nine weeks, and edited in three months; it cost a hundred thousand dollars—a record-breaking budget in those days. "Intolerance" cost more than twenty times as much. The huge statue-cluttered Babylonian set, which is the most famous of all movie sets, is big in the way deMille's sets were to be big later on—a picture-postcard set—and neither the camera nor any of the players seems to know what to do with it. The steps on this set undoubtedly inspired Eisenstein's Odessa Steps sequence, but the action that Griffith staged on them looks mechanical and confused. The movie had got too big, and even Griffith was crushed by the weight of it. Yet the enormous project released his imagination, and there are incomparable images—for example, the death of the young mountain girl, with the toy chariot drawn by doves at her feet—and miraculously successful sequences: the prison scenes, later imitated in the Warner Brothers social-protest films of the thirties, and almost reproduced in "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang;" the strike scenes, which influenced the Russians; the great night-fighting scenes, originally in red, which are imitated in practically every spectacle.

One can trace almost every major tradition and most of the genres, and even many of the metaphors, in movies to their sources in Griffith. The Ku Klux Klan riders of "The Birth of a Nation" became the knights of Eisen-

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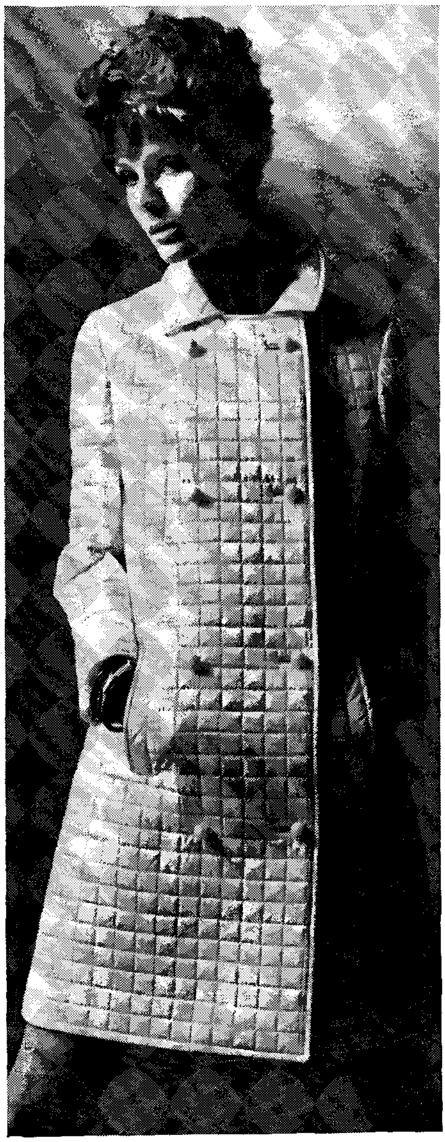

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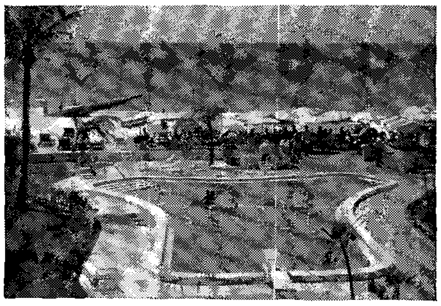

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stein's "Alexander Nevsky;" the battle scenes, derived from Mathew Brady, influenced almost all subsequent war films, and especially "Gone with the Wind." A history of Russian movies could be based on the ice breaking up in Griffith's "Way Down East," taking that ice through Pudovkin's epic "Mother" up to Chukhrai's "Clear Skies," where the thaw after Stalin's death is represented literally by the breaking up of ice. One can also trace the acting styles. Mae Marsh returned to us via the young Garbo and other Scandinavian actresses, and Lillian Gish returned to us via Brigitte Helm of "Metropolis," Dorothea Wieck of "Mädchen in Uniform," and *most* of the European actresses of the twenties. Griffith's stylized lyric tragedy "Broken Blossoms" (which will be shown at the Museum of Modern Art on March 30th), though smaller in scope than "The Birth" or "Intolerance," is, I think, the third of a trio of great works. It is the source of much of the poignancy of Fellini's "La Strada." Donald Crisp's brutal prizefighter became Anthony Quinn's Zampano, and Lillian Gish's childish waif must have strongly influenced the conception of Giulietta Masina's role as well as her performance.

Griffith used Lillian Gish and Mae Marsh contrastingly. In his films, Lillian Gish is a frail, floating heroine from romantic novels and poems—a maiden. She is the least coarse of American screen actresses; her grace is so pure and fluid that it is almost as if she had no bones, as if there were nothing to prevent her from lilylike movements. She is idealized femininity, and her purity can seem rather neurotic and frightening. Mae Marsh is less ethereal, somehow less actressy, more solid and "normal," and yet, in her own way, as exquisite and intuitive. She is our dream not of heavenly beauty, like Gish, but of earthly beauty, and sunlight makes her youth more entrancing. She looks as if she could be a happy, sensual, ordinary woman. The tragedies that befall her are accidents that could happen to any of us,

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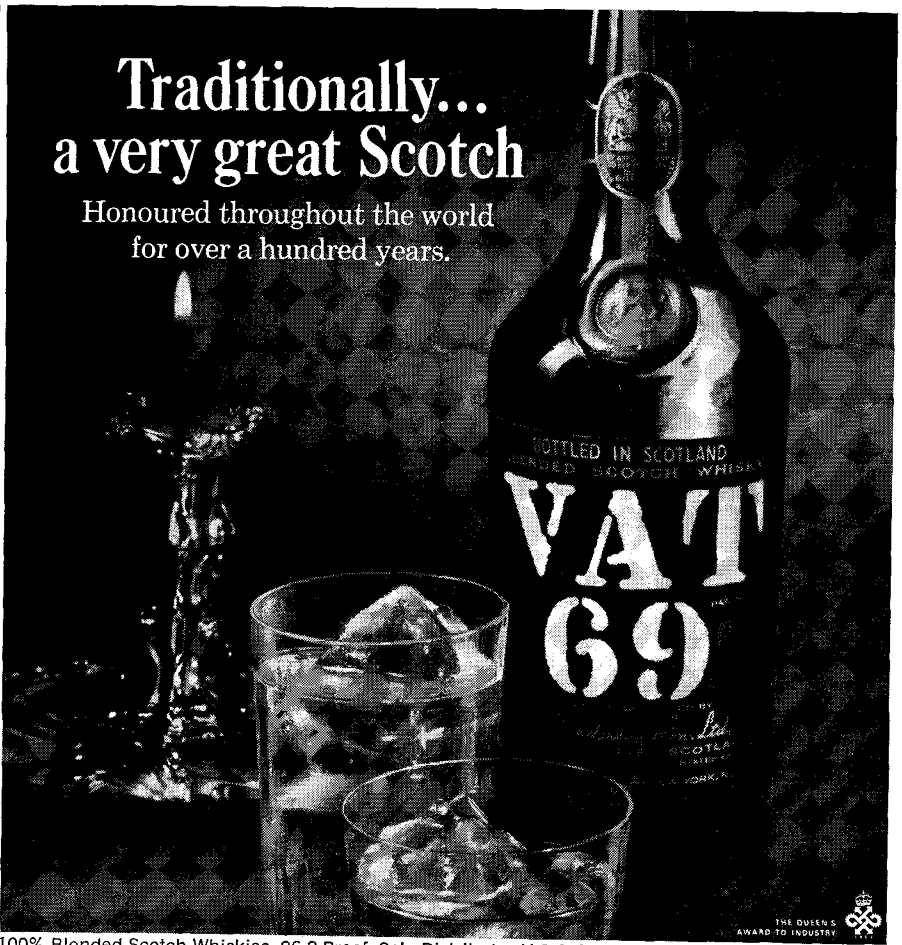
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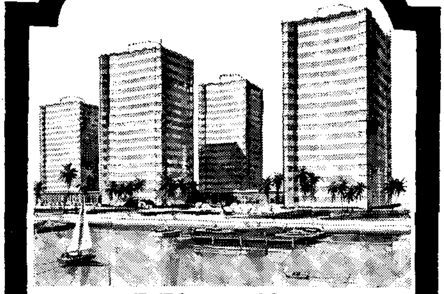

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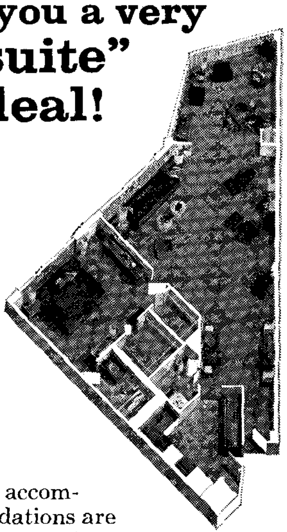
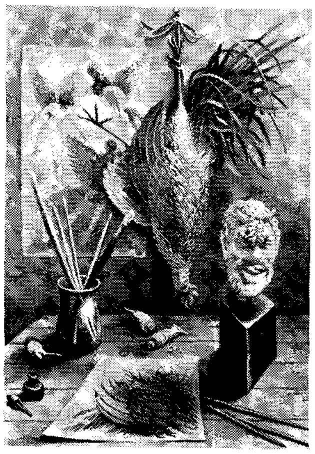


for she has never wanted more than common pleasures. There is a passage in "Intolerance" in which Mae Marsh, as a young mother who has had her baby taken away from her, grows so distraught that she becomes a voyeur, peeping in at windows to simper and smile at other people's babies. It's horrible to watch, because she has always seemed such a sane sort of girl. When Lillian Gish, trapped in the closet in "Broken Blossoms," spins around in terror, we feel terror for all helpless, delicate beauty, but when Mae Marsh is buffeted by fate every ordinary person is in danger. Mae Marsh died at seventy-two, but the girl who twists her hands in the courtroom scenes of "Intolerance" is the image of youth-in-trouble forever.

It took Griffith years to pay off the disaster of "Intolerance," and though he later made box-office successes, like "Way Down East," he wasn't financially strong enough to keep his independence. By 1925, he was forced to go to work for Paramount as a contract director, which meant doing the scripts they handed him, and doing them *their* way. By the thirties, he had sunk even further; he was called in to fix films that other directors had messed up, and he didn't receive screen credits anymore. There was so much emphasis in Hollywood on the newest product that it was feared his name would make people think a picture old-fashioned. Eventually, alcoholic and embittered, he could get no work at all. Until his death, in 1948, Griffith lived in a hotel room in near obscurity in the Hollywood he had created—then filled with famous directors he had trained and famous stars he had discovered. They could not really help him. Motion pictures had become too big a business for sentiment, or for art.

ALBERT FINNEY directed "Charlie Bubbles," in which he appears in the persona of a rich, famous writer. Though Charlie is a success, life has no romance or passion or excitement for him. He feels cut off from everything, and he'd just as soon drift away from it all. The details are well written (by Shelagh Delaney), and the movie is photographed by Peter Suschitsky in an extremely complicated style that attempts to produce for us the artificiality and flat unreality of how things look to Charlie—the world with some vital dimension omitted. The movie is glum Charlie's life seen through his eyes, and since he sees people joylessly, with apathy and distaste, much of it consists of closeups of semi-repulsive faces that



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look cold and dead. The entire painfully monotonous movie is based on this single small, unoriginal idea—the kind of idea that could be one element, or good for a short sequence. This unfertile ground was already plowed to dust in "La Notte" (and Antonioni managed to do a few other things besides); Finney takes a little handful of leftover ashes and holds it on his tongue. A pretty girl, or even the sound of a beautiful voice, would disrupt the whole movie, because then we would have to ask, "Why doesn't Charlie care enough to reach out for anyone or anything? Did he ever feel any different? Has success changed him? Is he a *good* writer? And if so, why is he alienated?" We glumly watch glum Charlie's life, finding no development or variation from the static mood set at the beginning, and these questions are never dealt with. There are some felicitous lines, and there is a good dramatic scene when Charlie comes back to his ex-wife's house after looking for his son, whom he had borrowed for the day and lost: he and his ex-wife quarrel, and we can see that both are right, both are wrong. But most of the movie is filled with unconvincing details—hostile servants who could easily be fired, an adoring fan-secretary whom no sensible writer would keep on. Surely these trivia—the servant problems that go with success—can't be what makes Charlie feel empty? Does Finney provide these false grounds for Charlie's desolation because he, too, doesn't know what Charlie's problem is?

—PAULINE KAEL

•

In my travels it is bound to happen that subjects often come up for discussion that are not directly connected with the breeding of guppies.—*The Aquarium Magazine.*

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•

"On Moscow streets," he said, "you can see many young girls and old men, but there are few young men around. As soon as the young men are of age they are whiskyed away into the services."
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Grant Opera?

THERE are, no doubt, cases in which a foundation grant has enabled an important composer to conceive and complete a work of some interest. But the foundation grant, as an institution, is at the moment creating a special type of individual, who spends an entire career getting grant after grant and produces nothing of value, either to himself or to the musical public. As I think I have noted before, music differs greatly from the other arts. A painter produces a salable commodity that some people obviously like. A writer produces something that a public can grasp and either accept or reject, according to taste. But the composition of music remains a mystery to most people, including the people who run foundations, and nearly any youngster who has a salesman's approach can get a grant. The result is the most monstrous proliferation of useless and forgettable trash that has ever been found in history under the name of music. Courses in composition tend to deal not so much with music as with the problem of how to get a grant, and grantees pass on their techniques to others. Sometimes I think the whole system should be abolished. I had a conversation with a composer the other day—a good composer, who has written one successful opera—and he remarked, "I am ashamed to be called a composer, because of the company it puts me in." Once, during the Romantic era, the term "composer" was among the loftiest designations that could be applied to a man. Today it commonly designates a self-indulgent social parasite who talks well. The talk is important; that is how you get the grants.

Moreover, the grants are awarded after consultation with a jury. And whom, as a rule, does this jury consist of? Fellow-composers. Nobody ever entertains the idea that this involves a conflict of interest on a Tammany Hall scale. No composer should ever be allowed on the jury that advises on foundation grants to composers. The process of you-give-me-a-grant-and-I'll-give-you-one-next-time, or you-give-my-pupil-a-grant-and-I'll-give-your-pupil-one-next-time, has become so ingrained that much of today's most

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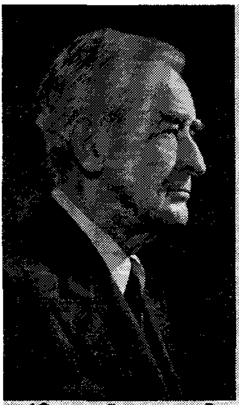

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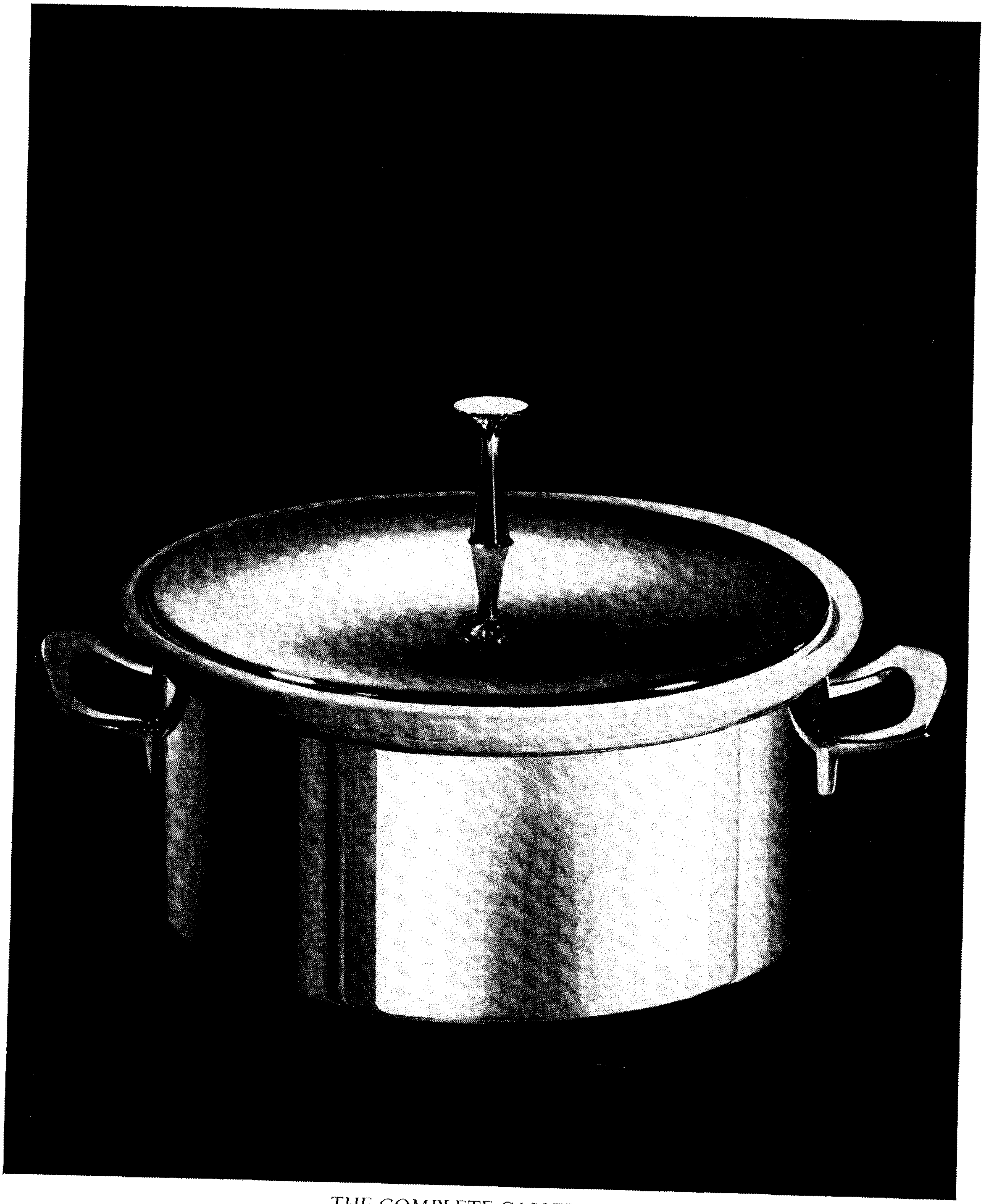

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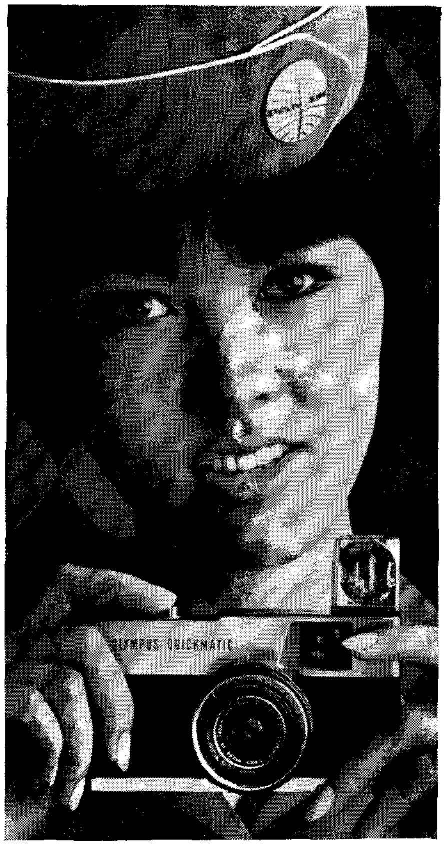

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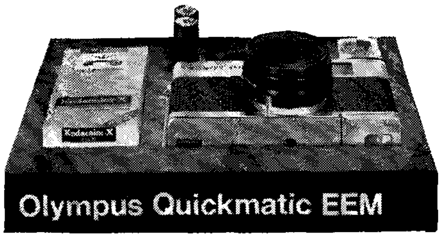

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fashionable composing is in the hands of a private composers' club. And young would-be composers are quite aware that if you want to get a grant, you study with the man who serves on a jury. Moreover, because of acquaintance, this private club has great influence on what is or is not performed in our concert halls and opera houses. Generally, the elder members of the club belong to the *élèves-de-Nadia Boulanger* group or to the disciples of Schönberg or Stravinsky, and this gives the contemporary music we hear a peculiarly uniform cast. I am not referring particularly to the electronic composers, who, I think, have a definite future if they ever come to realize that just exhibiting funny noises is not enough, and that electronic music must be music as well as electronics. But they are in it, too, and the general trend is landing the American school of composition in the "Who cares about the audience?" state of mind recently voiced by Professor Milton Babbitt, of Princeton. To be sure, as long as the grants are available, there is no need for anybody to care about the audience. And so we have this curious quasi-musical activity going on. To the uninitiated, its products seem like music; they are more or less written down on paper, or recorded on tape, and they result in sounds. But they really have nothing to do with music. As a junior colleague of mine, Robert Jones, who writes for the *American Record Guide*, recently reminded me, a composer is—or should be—basically an entertainer. He may become more than that, but it is a good assumption to start with. Mozart would agree.

In a roundabout way, this harangue is called forth by my attendance, on Tuesday evening, in somewhat obscure surroundings, at a concert where a string quartet by a composer of real distinction was played. The composer, Karl Weigl, died in 1949. I had never before heard any of his music publicly performed, though the violinist Sidney Harth did play his Violin Concerto in one of the lesser concert halls last season. The point is that one *has* to go to a lesser concert hall to hear Weigl, if one is to hear him at all. Where I went was to the Liederkranz Club, on East Eighty-seventh Street. The quartet was a delight, written by a supreme craftsman, and was far worthier of performance than practically all the contemporary stuff we hear in our larger concert halls. I had previously heard a few of Weigl's smaller works on phonograph records, and I am acquainted

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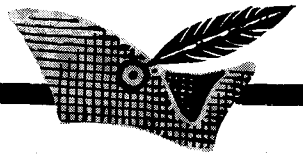

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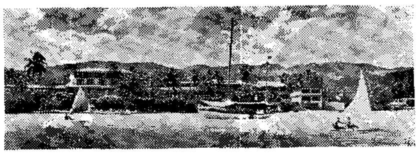

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About a mile outside the Korean village of Ku Am there are a few dozen young, still-tender mulberry trees growing on a small hill. Someday these trees and their succulent leaves will be the heart of a new village industry—a silk raising farm. That day is still many months off, but it doesn't stop the village men from making daily inspection treks up the steep hill, just in case. Just in case something miraculous has happened since yesterday. After all, it wouldn't be the first miracle to happen in Ku Am. Everyone in the village knows the story of Chang Sook, the daughter of the widow.

Ten years ago Chang Sook's chances of survival were as slim as she was. Her father had disappeared during the family's flight from North Korea. Her mother, a seamstress, worked a backbreaking day and most of the evening to earn $10 a month. Barely enough to keep them from starving.

But today that's all changed because an American couple named Seletti are sharing a little of their good fortune with a girl to whom a little means everything. Nancy, John and five-year-old Alexandra Seletti are New Yorkers. They're not fabulously wealthy as the villagers of Ku Am believe. But, they're not poor either. *Comfortable* probably describes them best. They have everything they really need, but give them ten minutes and they'll come up with ten things they want that $15 a month would buy. Luckily, they thought of Chang Sook first.

Through Save the Children Federation, the Seletti's $15 a month is doing a remarkable number of things. First, Chang Sook's immediate needs and future schooling are being taken care of. The family is getting help, too: Enough to enable Chang Sook's mother to start a small knit shop.

And with all this, there is still some money left over. This money, together with money from other sponsors, was borrowed by the village to start its precious mulberry farm. Someday silk raising will mean a permanent increase in the village's income—and permanently end the need for charity. That's what Save the Children Federation is all about. Although contributions are tax-deductible, it is not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a warm coat, a new pair of shoes and a six month supply of vitamin pills. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

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with the scores of some others. My conclusion is that he was a figure of major importance. Among other things, he wrote six symphonies. But he did not belong to the Boulanger-*cum*-Schönberg Associated Disciples, so his name is practically unknown to the American musical public. Weigl was an Austrian composer—that is to say, an inheritor of the grand symphonic tradition. He became a refugee in this country in 1938, after a distinguished career in which he served as a rehearsal conductor under Gustav Mahler and had his symphonies performed by Wilhelm Furtwängler and others. I would be amazed by the fact that his works have not been performed here if I did not know how the fashionable composers' club operates. Leonard Bernstein recently devoted a couple of seasons at the Philharmonic to what was purportedly an examination of "the symphony in the twentieth century." Nearly everything I heard during those seasons gave me the impression that we were sweeping the bottom of the coffin in which the symphony was placed quite a while ago. Mr. Bernstein did not perform any symphonies by Weigl. I wonder how many more composers there are who are in Weigl's position—"awaiting discovery," as the common saying is, "by future generations."

SEVERAL small changes had been made in the staging of "Elektra" at the Metropolitan Opera House on Monday night of last week—all of them to the good. William Dooley, the Orestes, no longer stood still and looked embarrassed during his confrontation scene with the heroine; he gave some evidence of brotherly emotion. Birgit Nilsson was at her finest in the title role—the greatest Elektra in memory—and even she introduced a new note of shyness into this confrontation scene, conveying by her acting the embarrassment Elektra feels at having Orestes see her in her ragged and crazed condition. Regina Resnik, the Klytaemnestra, removed the golden mask she is supposed to wear in this production, and let the audience see her face—a revelation that occurred just after her first entrance, and that added a great deal to the dramatic communication of her big scene. Leonie Rysanek looked pretty and sang supremely well as Chrysothemis. In fact, the quality of the singing was everywhere superlative; even the brief scene allotted to Aegisthus, who was sung by Robert Nagy, was nobly set forth. Thomas Schippers presided in the or-

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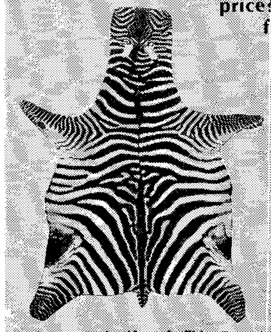

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chestra pit. I thought he missed the great surges of sound that are so important a part of this score, but at least he did not drown out the singers, and for that I was thankful. I have never liked the scenery of this production, which was first used here two seasons ago. Rudolf Heinrich, the designer, has produced a palace for Agamemnon that looks like a burned-out cattle car bogged down in a snowstorm. The brighter side, the other evening, was entirely vocal and histrionic, and it was memorable.

THE most impressive figure on the symphonic podium in this country is—and has for a long time been—George Szell. He is the Old Master, the guardian of tradition, and the vehicle for its communication to the present generation of conductors, which, by and large, is only barely adult. He is fastidious, he is never sensational, and he conducts for the benefit of the orchestra rather than of the audience. His performances resemble those of the late Arturo Toscanini more closely than those of any other living conductor. He is also, as his matchless Cleveland Orchestra shows, a skilled builder of orchestras. I went to hear the orchestra under his baton on Wednesday evening of last week in Carnegie Hall. The program was quite conventional—Brahms' First Symphony, followed by the same composer's First Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, with Rudolf Firkusny as soloist. With a program of this sort, performed better, probably, than you would hear it performed anywhere else in the world today, a critic is left without much to say. There were little points to admire—the occasional rubato pushed to exactly the right degree, the trombone ensemble just preceding the chorale of the last movement, which was done more smoothly than I have ever heard it done before, and so on. But the conception and execution of both works were beyond criticism, and this includes the playing of Mr. Firkusny, who again showed himself to be one of the great pianists of our time.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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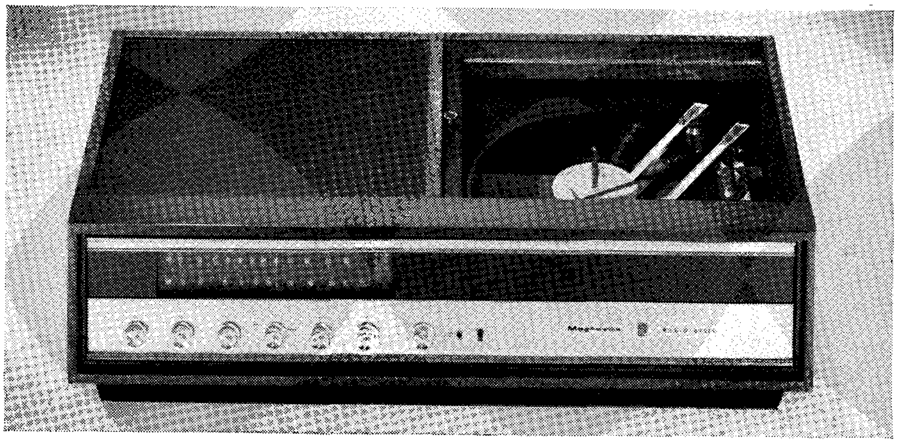

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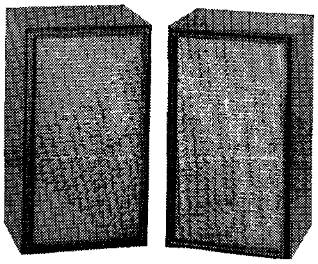

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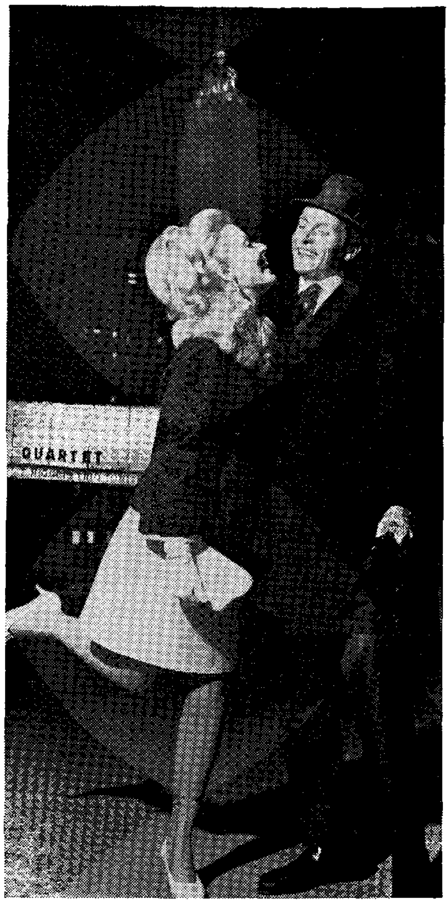

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THE RACE TRACK

Rustlings of Spring

AS you probably know, it's less than three weeks until Aqueduct is scheduled to open the season on Long Island, on March 11th. I say "scheduled" advisedly, because several hundred members of the New York division of the Horsemen's Benevolent and Protective Association declared at a meeting in Miami Springs last week that they wouldn't race at the Big A if the purses were smaller than they were last year. Earlier on, the members had asked Governor Rockefeller to reconsider the recommendation in his budget message to the legislature that the pari-mutuel tax be increased from fifteen per cent to sixteen; they cited statistics showing that a substantial decrease in the volume of betting always follows an increase in the tax. And if betting falls off, there will be less money for purses, which come from the track's share of the take. To balance their own budget, the horsemen want a better break than they got last year. From what I hear, it's the surest of bets that the tax will go up to sixteen per cent, and that the gentry in Albany won't vote until after the racing season opens. They did that last April (remember?), killing a bill in the Assembly that would have increased purses. This precipitated the boycott that closed Aqueduct for five days. The way horsemen are feeling right now, they're not likely to ship their horses North, and there will be empty stables at Belmont Park as well as an empty entry box at Aqueduct come March 11th. But I wonder whether the H.B.P.A. will have the solidarity it had a year ago; Jack Dreyfus, Jr., who handled everything so well for the organization, is now on the board of trustees of the New York Racing Association.

SPEAKING of Belmont Park, I hippity-hopped out there on the coldest afternoon last week to have a look around. The interior of the grandstand is being completed according to plan and, barring the unforeseen, should be ready long before the grand opening, on May 20th—a date to keep in mind. The escalators were all in place and some of the elevators were running, so it was easy to get around

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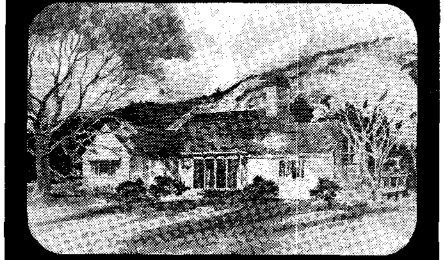

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the premises, but I spent most of my time on the second floor of the clubhouse section, where the panelling was being put up in the three big dining rooms and the trustees' room; the last, needless to say, will be sumptuous. I also had a quick walk through the paddock. The saddling stalls are the best I've ever seen anywhere. There was also so much new landscaping that I hardly knew the place.

THE most noteworthy item at Hialeah early last week (this is written before the Widener Handicap) was the return of Vitriolic, last season's top two-year-old, to the races. The way he swept his opposition off their feet in the West Indies Purse was quite impressive. Even Eddie Neloy, who trains him for Ogden Phipps, was pleased. Incidentally, Vitriolic paid off a score; Iron Ruler, who beat him in the Cowdin, finished third, just behind Master Bold, who set the pace to the stretch. Another candidate for the classics—Francie's Hat—made his first start of 1968 a day or two later. He wasn't in the first three.

SOME of us are old enough to remember, with nostalgia, betting on how many white horses we'd see from the windows of the race train on the way to Belmont Park, Aqueduct, or Jamaica. Twenty-five were par for the trip to Aqueduct, because there were a good many farms along the way in those days. Long George Sampter, who used to bet thousands of dollars to show on short-priced horses, was the bellwether of the group of players and bookmakers I knew best. As the train came out of the tunnel, he'd announce, "I'll take six to five I'll see nineteen white horses. Even money I'll see seventeen." He didn't always win, but his average was high. What brought white horses to mind was that when I was in town the other evening I thought it might be amusing to play the old game Beaver, a variant. (Whenever you'd see a man with a beard, you'd say "Beaver!") In the time I speak of, if you saw two beards you were lucky, and if you saw three you'd as good as won the game. Beaver nowadays is no fun; it would take a computer to keep score.

—AUDAX MINOR

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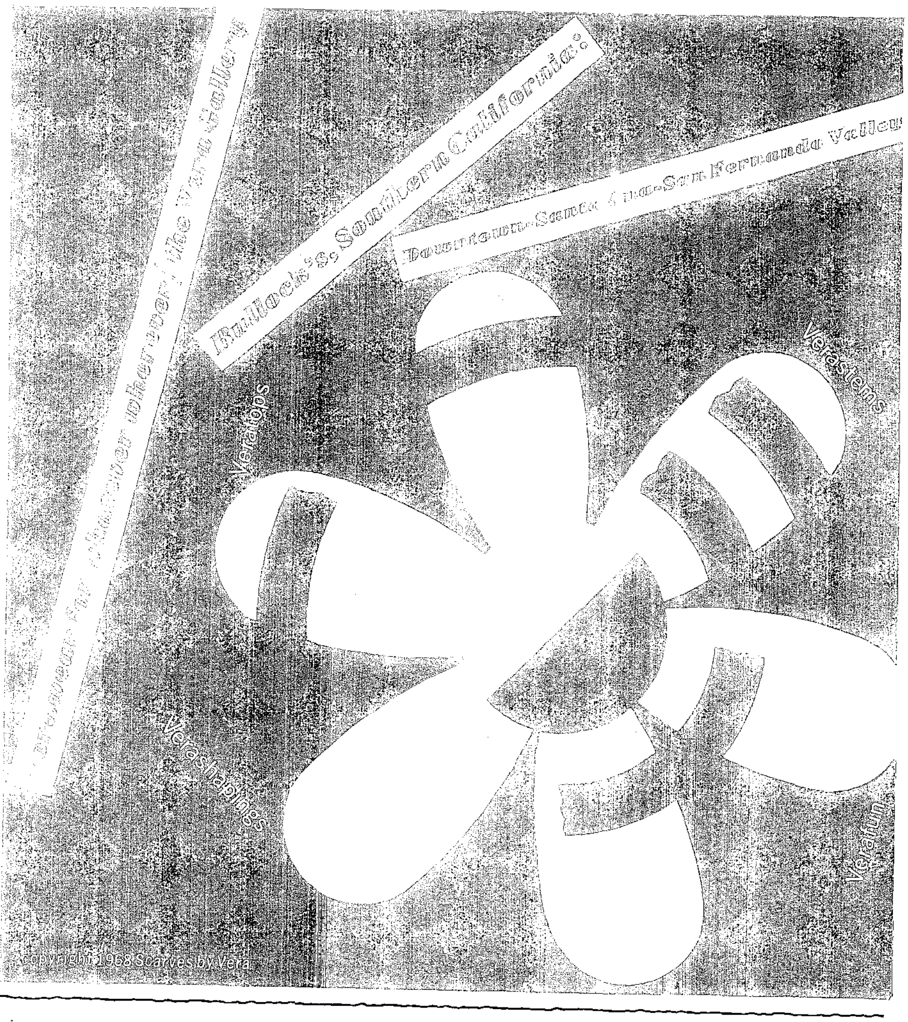
RANGERS SHIFTED
—*Headline in the Phoenix (Ariz.) Republic.*

To smiling, open country?



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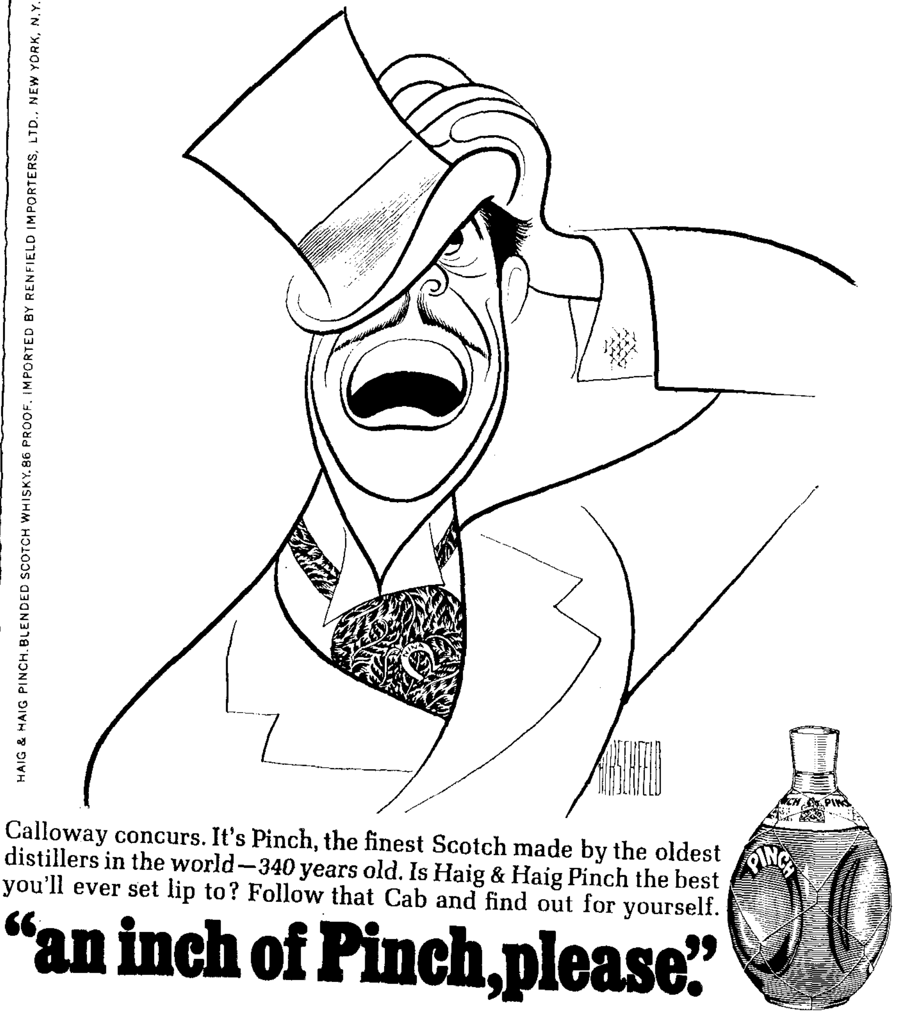

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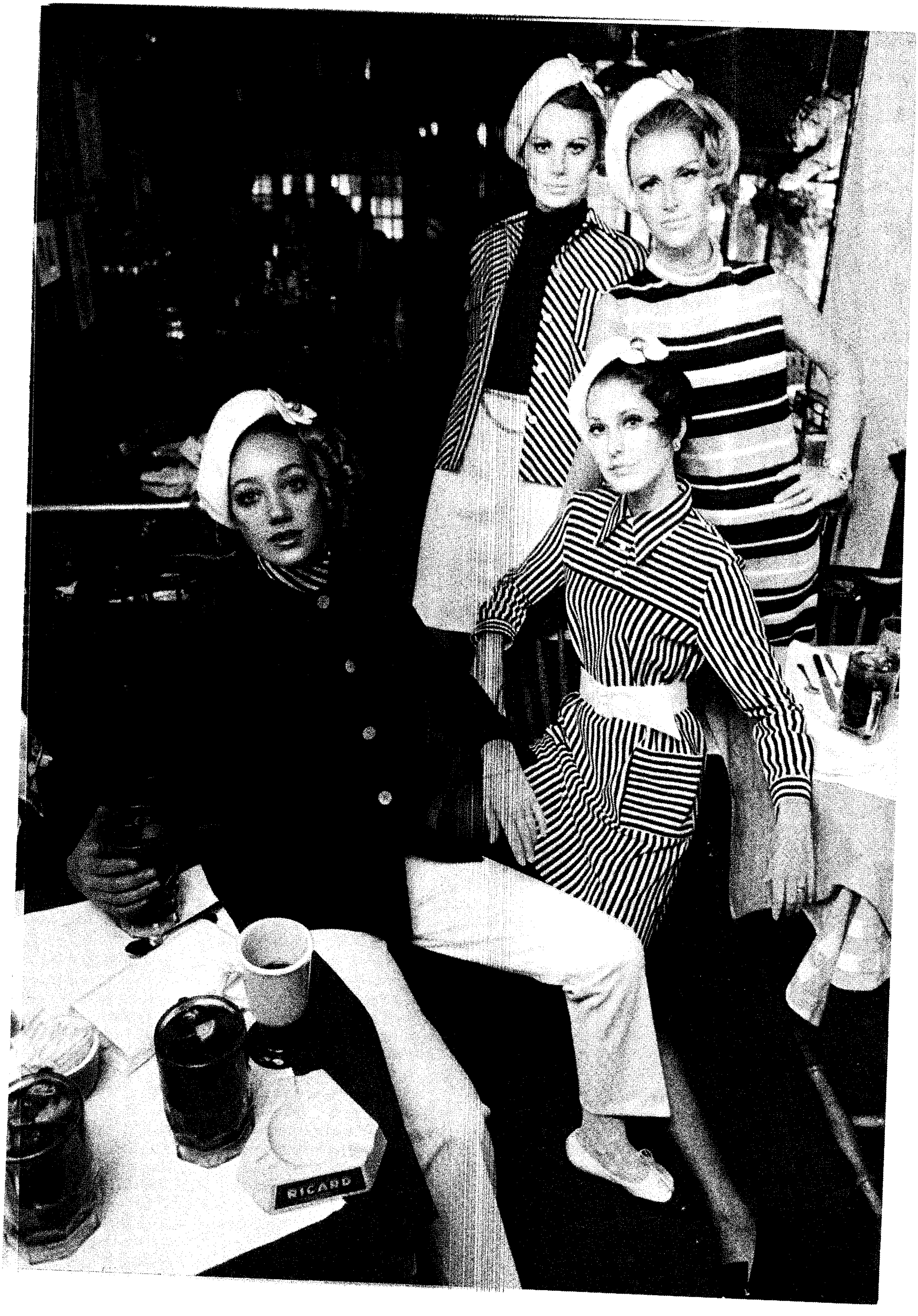
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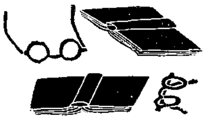


SUCH was the description of Henry Mayhew given by a prostitute he was interviewing. His own description of his activities does not deny it:

> When I first went among you, it was not very easy for me to make you comprehend the purpose I had in view. You at first fancied that I was a Government spy, or a person in some way connected with the police. I am none of these, nor am I a clergyman wishing to convert you to his particular creed, nor a teetotaler anxious to prove the source of all evil to be overindulgence in intoxicating drink; but I am simply a literary man, desirous of letting the rich know something more about the poor. Some persons study the stars, others study the animal kingdom, others again direct their researches into the properties of stones, devoting their whole lives to these particular vocations. I am the first who has endeavored to study a class of my fellow-creatures whom Providence has not placed in so fortunate a position as myself, my desire being to bring the extremes of society together—the poor to the rich, and the rich to the poor.

After a random sampling of "London Labour and the London Poor," I am inclined to think that, if I had to write down the names of the ten greatest Victorian Englishmen, Henry Mayhew would head the list. I say "random sampling" because I can no more imagine a man reading straight through it from beginning to end than I can imagine him so reading the Encyclopædia Britannica. The new reprint (Augustus Kelly; seventy-two dollars and fifty cents) appears to be a photo-offset of the 1865 edition. The four volumes contain nearly two thousand pages in double columns and a print so small that even a myopic like myself finds it a strain on the eyes.

The son of a London solicitor, Henry Mayhew was born in 1812 and died in 1887. He was one of the original proprietors and editors of *Punch*, which first appeared in 1841. In collaboration with a brother, Augustus, he wrote a number of comic novels which enjoyed considerable success in their day, and one cannot help wondering if they have been undeservedly forgotten. His magnum opus began as a series of articles in the *Morning Chronicle* in 1849 and 1850. Volume I and parts of Volumes II and III were published in 1851, and the complete work in 1862.

Mayhew was a compulsive classifier. Grouped under four main headings—"Those Who Will Work," "Those Who Cannot Work," "Those Who Will Not Work," "Those Who Need Not Work"—his list of human occupations takes up sixteen pages. "Authors" are classed not as "Benefactors," like teachers and clergy, but appear under Sub-Group D, "Makers or Artificers," sub-sub-group 3:

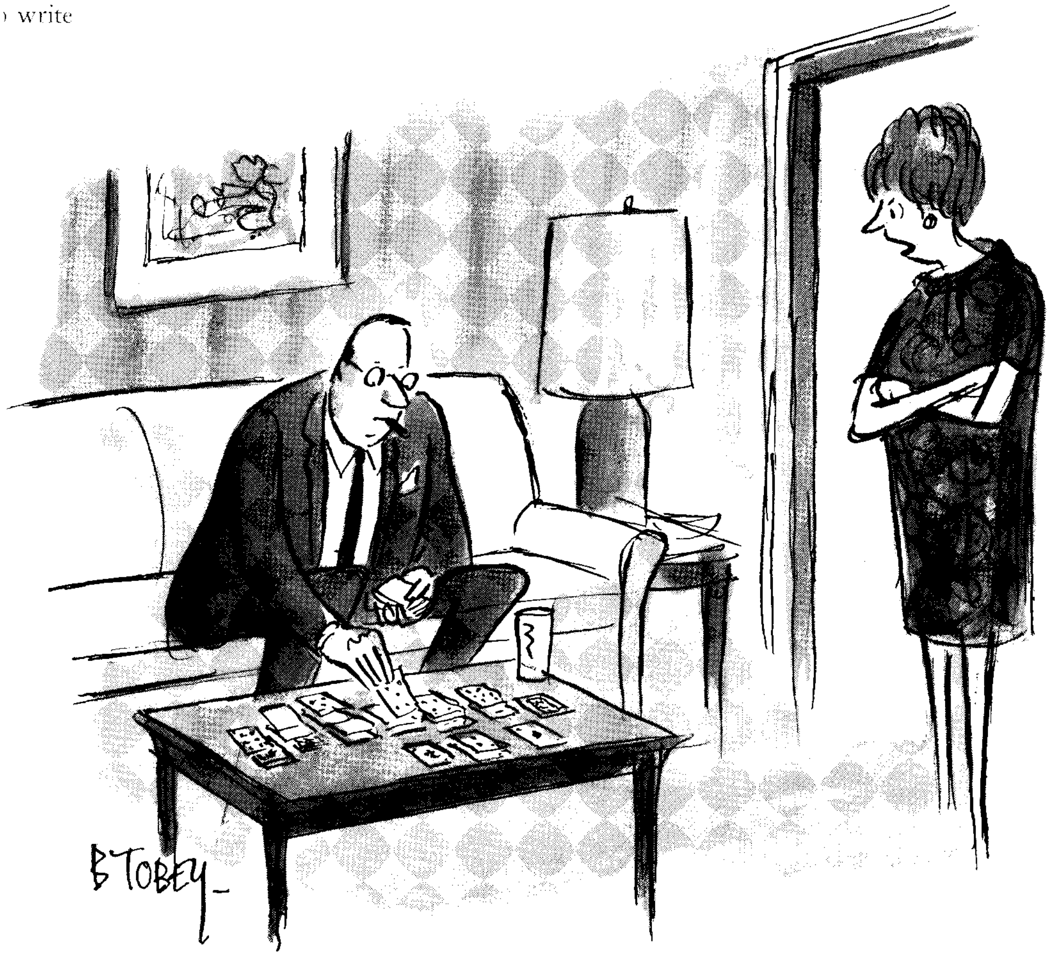
> Workers connected with the Superlative Arts, that is to say, with those arts which have no products of their own, and are engaged either in adding to the beauty or usefulness of the products of other arts, or in inventing or designing the work appertaining to them.

Among those with whom he ranks us are "Desiccators, Anti-dry-rot Preservers, Scourers, Calenderers and French Polishers."

On the function of "Employers," Mayhew disagrees violently with J. S. Mill:

> Mr. Mill's mistake in ranking the Employers and Distributors among the Enrichers, or those who increase the exchangeable commodities of the country, arose from a desire to place the dealers and capitalists among the productive labourers, than which nothing could be more idle, for surely they do not add, *directly*, one brass farthing, as the saying is, to the national stock of wealth. A little reflection would have shown that gentleman that the true function of employers and dealers was that of the *indirect aiders* of production rather than the direct producers.

A metropolis like London is seldom, if ever, the center of a heavy industry like mining or steelworking or cotton-spinning. In Mayhew's London, the largest class of employed worker was the domestic servant. Consequently, unlike Engels, Mayhew is not concerned with the lot of factory hands. He does deal with the problems of small craft industry, but devotes most of his attention to those who earned their living, honestly or dishonestly, on the streets—a class which in his day, he reckoned,



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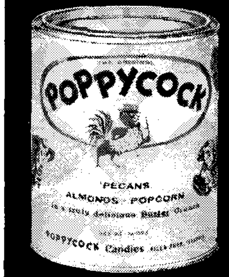


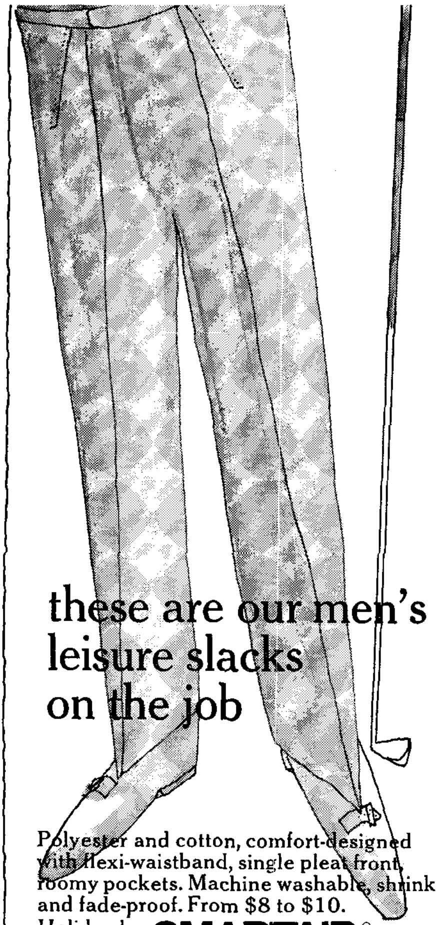
comprised one in forty of the population of London. His first two volumes are concerned with street sellers, street collectors, and street cleaners; his third with vermin exterminators, street entertainers, small artisans, and casual laborers like dockhands; his fourth with prostitutes, thieves, swindlers, and beggars.

Among social anthropologists Mayhew is unique, so far as I know, in his combination of a Fabian Society passion for statistics, a Ripley passion for believe-it-or-not facts as sheer oddities, and a passion for the idiosyncrasies of character and speech such as only the very greatest novelists have exhibited. Lovers of statistics can learn from him, for example, that the rate of alcoholics among button-molders was 1 in 7.2, among clergymen 1 in 417, and among domestic servants 1 in 585.7, and that a horse excretes 38 lbs. 2 oz. of dung every twenty-four hours. Lovers of odd facts will learn that the first modern water closet was patented by Bramah in 1808, that the poets who sold best in the street were Shakespeare, Pope, Thomson, Goldsmith, Burns, Byron, and Scott, but there was little demand for Milton, Dryden, Shelley, or Wordsworth, that rape was commonest in Monmouthshire, bigamy in Cheshire, and that Herefordshire came second only to London in the number of its female criminals. I myself was particularly enchanted by the results of his enquiry among a group of boys as to the first article they ever stole. His list runs thus:

> Six rabbits, silk shawl from home, a pair of shoes, a Dutch cheese, a few shillings from home, a coat and trousers, a bullock's heart, four "tiles" of copper, fifteen and sixpence from master, two handkerchiefs, half a quartern loaf, a set of tools worth 3 £, clothes from a warehouse, worth 22 £, a Cheshire cheese, a pair of carriage lamps, some handkerchiefs, five shillings, some turnips, watch-chain and seals, a sheep, three and sixpence, and an invalid's chair.

As for his powers as a reporter, I can only quote a few short extracts, which is unfair to him, as they should be read *in toto*. I would recommend the reader to sample his interviews with Jack Black, Rat-Killer to Her Majesty (III, 11-20), with Billy the whistling and dancing boy (III, 199-204), and with a young pickpocket (IV, 316-324). These have led me to revise my critical notions of Dickens, whom I had always thought of as a fantastic creator of over-life-size characters; it is evident that he was much more of a "realist" than he is generally taken for.

The following extracts will, I hope,



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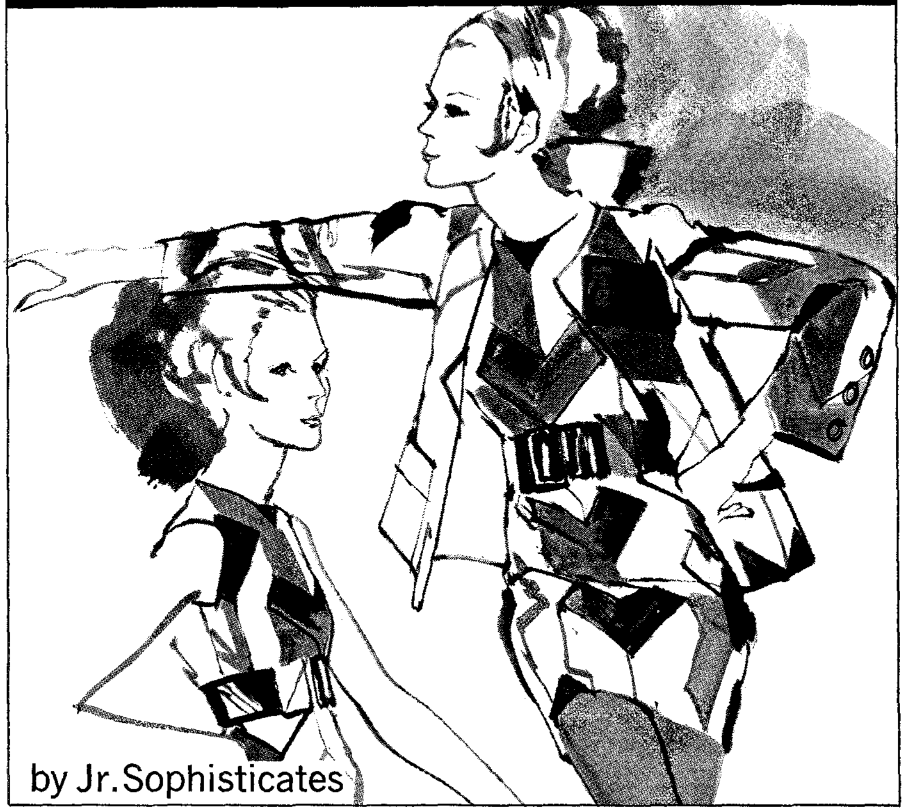
give some idea of Mayhew's amazing ear for speech:

A Fourteen-Year-Old Boy.
Yes, he had heer'd of God who made the world. Couldn't exactly recollec' when he'd heer'd on him, but he had, most sartenly. . . . Knew there was a book called the Bible; didn't know what it was about; didn't mind to know; knew of such a book to a sartinty, because a young 'oman took one to pop (pawn) for an old 'oman what was on the spree—a brand new 'un—but the cove wouldn't have it, and the old 'oman said he might be d-d. . . . Didn't know what happened to people after death, only that they was buried. Had seen a dead body laid out; was a little afeared at first; poor Dick looked so different, and when you touched his face, he was so cold! oh, so cold! Had heer'd on another world: wouldn't mind if he was there hisself, if he could do better, for things was often queer here. . . .
Was never in a church; had heer'd they worshipped God there; didn't know how it was done; had heer'd singing and playing inside when he'd passed; never was there, for he hadn't no togs to go in, and wouldn't be let in among such swells as he had seen coming out. . . . Had heer'd of the Duke of Wellington; he was Old Nosey; didn't think he ever seed him, but he had seed his statty. Hadn't heer'd of the battle of Waterloo, nor who it was atween. . . . Thought he had heer'd speak of Buonaparte; didn't know what he was; thought he had heer'd of Shakespeare, but didn't know whether he was alive or dead, and didn't care. . . . Had seen the Queen, but didn't recollec' her name just at the minute; oh! yes, Wictoria and Albert.

A Middle-Aged Sewer-Scavenger.
Bless your heart the smell's nothink; it's a roughish smell at first, but nothink near so bad as you thinks, 'cause, you see, there's sich lots o' water always a coming down the sewer, and the air gits in from the gratings, and that helps sweeten it a bit. . . . The rats is wery dangerous, that's sartain, but we always goes three or four on us together, and the varmint's too wide awake to tackle us then, for they know they'd git off second best. . . . I've found sovereigns and half sovereigns over and over ag'in, and three on us has often cleared a couple of pound apiece in one day out of the sewers. But we no sooner got the money than the publican had it. I only wish I'd back all the money I've guv to the publican, and I wouldn't care how the wind blew for the rest of my life. . . . The reason I likes this sort of life is, 'cause I can sit down when I likes, and nobody can't order me about. When I'm hard up, I knows as how I must work, and then I goes at it like sticks a breaking; and tho' the times isn't as they was, I can go now and pick up my four or five bob a day, where another wouldn't know how to get a brass farden.

A Kept Woman.
I am not tired of what I am doing, I rather like it. I have all I want, and my friend loves me to excess. I am the daughter of a tradesman at Yarmouth. I learned to play the piano a little, and I have naturally a good voice. Yes, I find

IRISH LINEN BY MOYGASHEL



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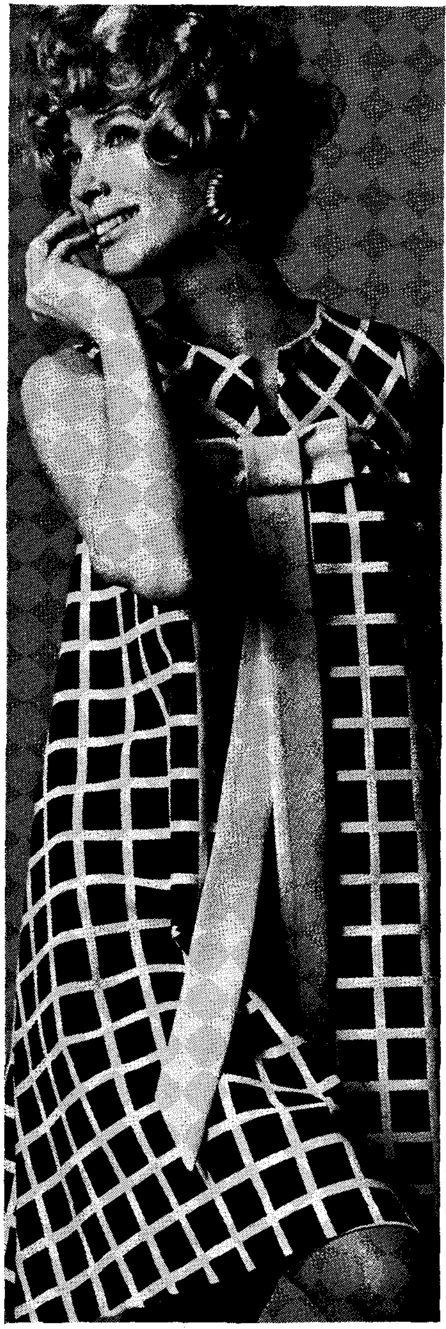

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> these accomplishments of great use to me; they are, perhaps, as you say, the only ones that could be of use to a girl like myself. I am three and twenty. I was seduced four years ago. I tell you candidly I was as much to blame as my seducer; I wished to escape from the drudgery of my father's shop. . . . We then went to London, and I have since that time lived with four different men. . . . Well, my father and mother don't exactly know where I am or what I am doing, although if they had any penetration they might very well guess. O yes! they know I am alive, for I keep them pleasantly aware of my existence by occasionally sending them money. What do I think will become of me? What an absurd question. I could marry tomorrow if I liked.

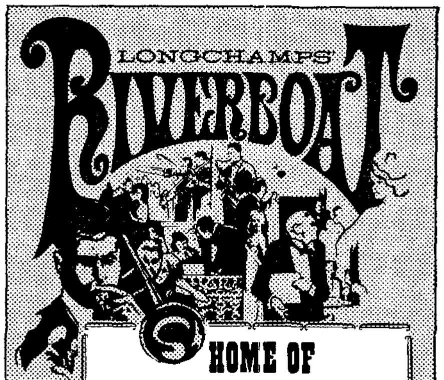
> *A Street Prostitute.*
>
> You folks as has honour, and character, and feelings, and such, can't understand how all that's been beaten out of people like me. I don't feel. I'm used to it. I did once, more especial when Mother died. . . . I did cry and go on then ever so, but, Lor', where's the good of fretting? I arn't happy either. It isn't happiness, but I get enough money to keep me in victuals and drink, and it's the drink mostly that keeps me going. You've no idea how I look forward to my drop of gin. It's everything to me. I don't suppose I'll live much longer, and that's another thing that pleases me. I don't want to live. And yet I don't care enough about dying to make away with myself.

Among the city poor, then as now, the police were universally hated and feared. For most of these poor, religion was a concern of the rich and of unpleasant busybodies who thrust unintelligible tracts into the hands. One of Mayhew's informants, however, makes an interesting observation about costermongers:

> I'm satisfied that if the costers had to profess themselves of some religion tomorrow, they would all become Roman Catholics, every one of them. This is the reason:—London costers live very often in the same courts and streets as the poor Irish, and if the Irish are sick, be sure there comes to them the priest, the Sisters of Charity—they *are* good women—and some other ladies. . . . The costers reckon *that* religion's the best that gives the most in charity, and they think the Catholics do this.

In their political opinions, as one might expect, there was a marked difference between the artisans and the more intelligent workers on the one hand and casual laborers and vagrants on the other. The former were mostly Chartists, the latter "as unpolitical as footmen." For the comfortably off, Chartism was a bogey word like Communism, and trade societies, the prototypes of trades unions, were regarded as criminally subversive. It must have taken considerable courage on his part for Mayhew to speak up for both:

If property has its duties as well as its



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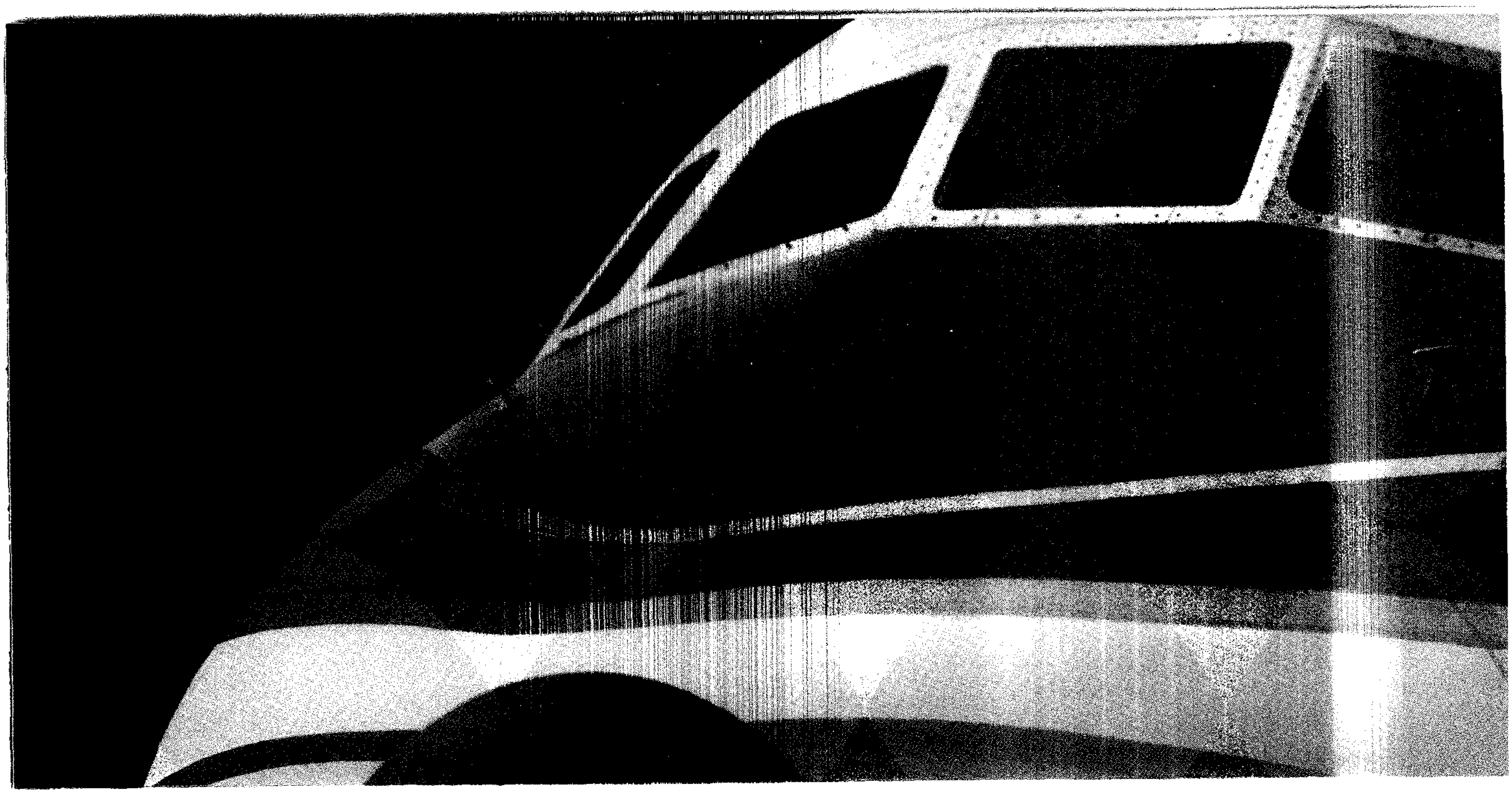

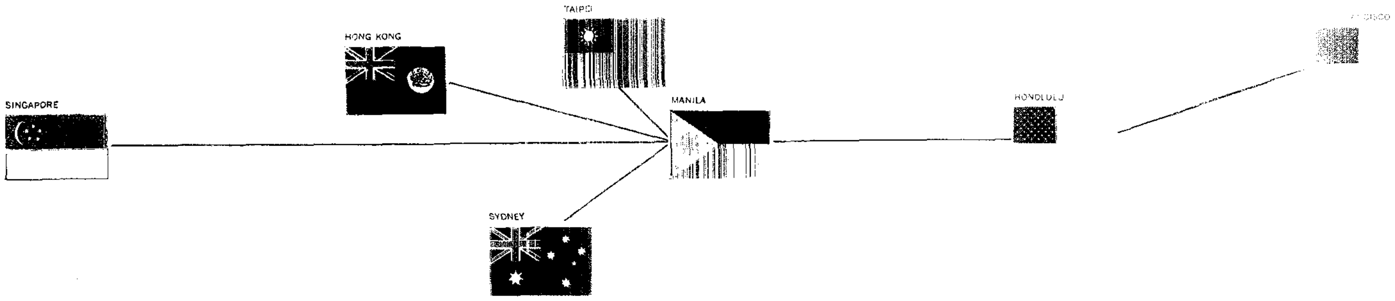

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rights; labour, on the other hand, they say, has its rights as well as its duties. The artisans of London seem to be generally well-informed upon these subjects. That they express their opinions violently, and often savagely, it is my duty to acknowledge; but that they are the unenlightened and unthinking body of people that they are generally considered by those who never go among them, and who see them only as "the dangerous classes," it is my duty also to deny. So far as my experience has gone, I am bound to confess, that I have found the skilled labourers of the metropolis the very reverse, both morally and intellectually, of what the popular prejudice imagines them.

The public, generally, are deplorably misinformed as to the character and purpose of trade societies. The common impression is that they are combinations of working-men, instituted and maintained solely with the view of exacting an exhorbitant rate of wages from their employers. . . . The maintenance of the standard rate of wages is not the sole object of such societies—the majority of them being organised as much for the support of the sick and aged as for the regulation of the price of labour; and even in those societies whose efforts are confined to the latter purpose alone, a considerable sum is devoted annually for the subsistence of their members when out of work.

Since Mayhew's primary purpose is to present the objective facts about the life of the poor and let the reader draw his own conclusions, he is generally as reticent about his political opinions as he is about his religious convictions, but now and again he has an outburst of rage:

The only effectual mode of preventing this system of jobbing being persevered in, *at the expense of the workmen,* is by the insertion of a clause in each parish contract similar to that introduced by the Commissioners of Sewers—that at least a fair living rate of wages shall be paid by each contractor to the men employed by him. This may be an interference with the freedom of labour, according to the economists' "cant" language, but at least *it is a restriction of the tyranny of capital,* for free labour means, when literally translated, *the unrestricted use of capital,* which is (especially when the moral standard of trade is not of the highest character) perhaps the greatest evil with which a State can be afflicted.

Of the average Victorian equivalent of a welfare worker he takes a dim view. If, he is never tired of insisting, you wish to do anything to raise the cultural and moral level of the poor, then you must stop thinking in terms of your own middle-class experiences and values, and learn to think in terms of theirs. Employment, to someone of the middle classes, means a regular job with a regular salary, however modest, paid at regular and foreseeable intervals; to him, therefore, thrift is an obvious virtue and its practice possible. But to

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a casual laborer who lives from one day to the next, the idea of saving is unimaginable. The discipline of regular hours, natural to the middle class, becomes a tyranny when, as in model lodging houses, it is imposed on the poor:

> It is thought by the managers of these establishments, and with some share of propriety, that persons who get their living by honest means may get home and go to bed, according to strict rule, at a certain prescribed hour—in one house it is ten o'clock, in the others eleven. But many of the best conducted of these poor people, if they be street-folk, are at those very hours in the height of their business, and have therefore to pack up their goods, and carry homeward their cumbersome and perhaps heavy load a distance usually varying from two or three to six or seven miles. If they are a minute beyond time, they are shut out, and have to seek lodgings in a strange place. On their return next morning, they are charged for the bed they were prevented from occupying, and if they demur they are at once expelled!

Again, it is very difficult for the average middle-class person to believe that some people are by temperament rovers. (Reading Mayhew, I have been astonished at the number of young persons in nineteenth-century England who ran away from home, many of them from good homes.) Addressing a group of ticket-of-leave men, Mayhew told them:

> I know that as a class you are distinguished mainly by your love of a roving life, and that at the bottom of all your criminal practices lies your indisposition to follow any settled occupation. Continuous employment of a monotonous nature is so irksome to you that immediately you engage in it you long to break away from it. . . . Society, however, expects that, if you wish to better yourselves, you will at once settle down as steadily as it does, and immediately conform to all its notions; but I am satisfied that if anything effectual is to be done in the way of reforming you, Society must work in consonance and not in antagonism with your nature. In this connection it appears to me that the great outlet for you is street-trading, where you are allowed to roam at will unchafed by restraints not congenial to your habits and feelings.

Social-history textbooks taught me in my youth that the living conditions of the poor in 1850, though still grim, were an improvement upon the horrors they had suffered at the beginning of the century. So far as conditions in mills and mines are concerned, this may have been true, but Mayhew demonstrates beyond all possible doubt that the position of craft artisans, like carpenters and tailors, and of casual laborers was much worse than it had been twenty years before. The wage

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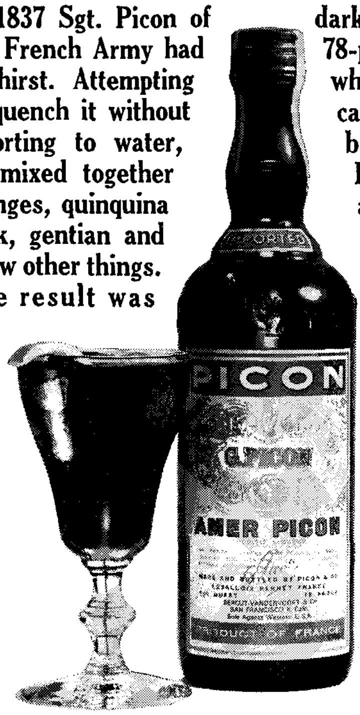

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of cabinetmakers, for example, had been no less than three hundred per cent greater in 1830 than they were in 1850. Between 1840 and 1848, although the increase in production and the national wealth had been much greater than the increase in population, the annual increase in paupers on relief had been seven per cent. Mayhew attributes this deterioration to a change in the methods of hiring labor and of distributing work to be done. In agriculture and, it would seem, in some trades as well, the traditional method had been to hire laborers by the year, during which time the employer was bound to pay them an agreed wage, whether he had work for them or not. Increasingly, this method had been replaced by hiring them by the day and turning them off whenever work was slack. The change in working methods had been the adoption of piecework and the contract system. In 1830, for example, the cabinet trade had been mainly in the hands of "trade-working masters":

> They worked not on speculation, but to order, and were themselves employers. Some employed, at a busy time, from twenty to forty hands, all working on their premises, to whom they supplied the materials.

By 1850, the trade-working master had been largely replaced by the "garret-master":

> [The garret-masters] are in manufacture what the peasant-proprietors are in agriculture, their own employers and their own workmen. There is, however, this one marked distinction between the two classes—the garret-master cannot, like the peasant proprietor, eat what he produces: the consequence is, that he is obliged to convert each article into food immediately he manufactures it, no matter what the state of the market may be.... If the market is at all slack, he has to force a sale by offering his goods at the lowest possible price. What wonder, then, *that the necessities of such a class of individuals should have created a special race of employers,* known by the significant name of "slaughter-house men;" or that these, being aware of the inability of the garret-masters to hold out against any offer, no matter how slight a remuneration it affords for their labour, should continually lower and lower their prices until the entire body of the competitive portion of the cabinet trade is sunk in utter destitution and misery?

Yet, for all its harrowing descriptions of squalor, crime, injustice, and suffering, the final impression of Mayhew's great book is not depressing. From his many transcripts of conversations it is clear that Mayhew was that rare creature, a natural democrat; his first thought, that is to say, was never "This is an unfortunate wretch whom it is my

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duty, if possible, to help" but always "This is a fellow-human being whom it is fun to talk to." The reader's final impression of the London poor is not of their misery but of their self-respect, courage, and gaiety in conditions under which it seems incredible that such virtues could survive.

Today, urban poverty is very much on all our minds. The percentage of the population that is really poor is, I suppose, less than it was in Mayhew's time. I am not at all sure, however, that for those today who are really poor the situation is any better; I suspect that it may be worse—at least psychologically. It is astonishing, reading Mayhew, to learn how many of the poor were self-employed and the extraordinary diversity of the ways by which they managed to earn a living, however meagre. Even when I was a child, the streets were still full of venders, musicians, Punch-and-Judy men, and such. Today they have vanished. In all modern societies, the public authorities, however at odds politically, are at one in their fear and hatred of private enterprise in the strict sense; that is to say, self-employment. The fiscal authorities hate the self-employed man because he keeps no books to audit, the health authorities hate him because it is easy for him to avoid their inspectors, etc. Aside from crime and prostitution, the only contemporary alternative for the poor is either to be the employee of a firm, a factory, or the municipality, or to be on relief. Perhaps this is inevitable, perhaps it is better, but I have yet to be convinced that it is.

Though, as I said at the beginning, "London Labour and the London Poor" is not a book that can be read through from cover to cover, it is a book in which one can browse for a lifetime without exhausting its treasures. Seventy-two and a half dollars is an outrageous price to pay for a book, is it not? Just think how many bottles of Scotch one could buy for the same sum. —W. H. AUDEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE MAGIC TOYSHOP, by Angela Carter (Simon & Schuster). Mrs. Carter, a really gifted writer, wastes her talent and her readers' time on an ugly extravaganza about a fifteen-year-old girl, Melanie, who is left an orphan and penniless when her parents are killed in an airplane accident. Melanie and her serious young brother, Jonathon, and her

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baby sister, Victoria, have to leave their comfortable country home and go to London to live with their mother's brother, a vindictive eccentric whose smallest fault is his miserliness. This uncle has a wife, an Irishwoman who was struck dumb on her wedding night, and the household also includes the wife's two brothers, who never never never wash themselves. Melanie struggles to retain her sanity and her human sympathy in this queer household, which grows more violent with every day that passes. The ending is open to different interpretations, unless one is unkind enough to assume that the author simply ran out of tricks.

A Bad Man, by Stanley Elkin (Random House). A misanthropic parable starring a department-store owner named Leo Feldman, a financial and moral entrepreneur, who is arrested, vaguely charged with being the kind of man he is, and sentenced to serve a year in prison. The prison rules are an imitation of the whimsical and arbitrary aspect of conventional ethics, and Feldman has more trouble trying to obey them than he had as an experimental outlaw on the outside. Mr. Elkin is a relentlessly ingenious writer, but one of the effects of his virtuosity, which includes puns and random lists and an occasional passage of metrical prose, is to slow down the pace of the book to a creep.

GENERAL

Point of Departure: An Attempt at Autobiography, by James Cameron (McGraw-Hill). Mr. Cameron is a British former foreign correspondent (*Daily Express*, *Picture Post*, *News Chronicle*) who has visited in line of duty practically every corner of the world, including Albania, Bikini, and North Vietnam, and he here recalls with an attractive, rueful smile nearly thirty years of hurried journeys and ephemeral occasions. There are moments that set it well apart from the usual journalistic memoir: a shattering account of the death of his father in a kind of lucid alcoholic delirium, and a long, level look at the late Albert Schweitzer in his appalling, gimcrack hospital. It is, moreover, a genuine autobiography. It shows us a man as well as a man of action—an accomplished man, a convivial man, and a man with a mind who speaks it: "Two world wars within my lifetime, and a multiplicity of lesser ones,

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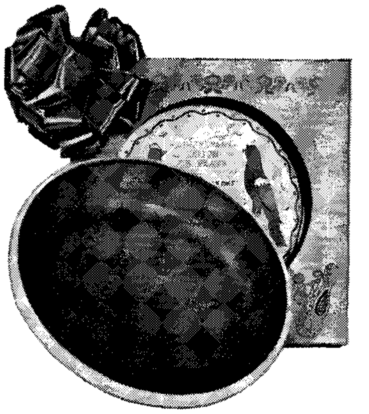

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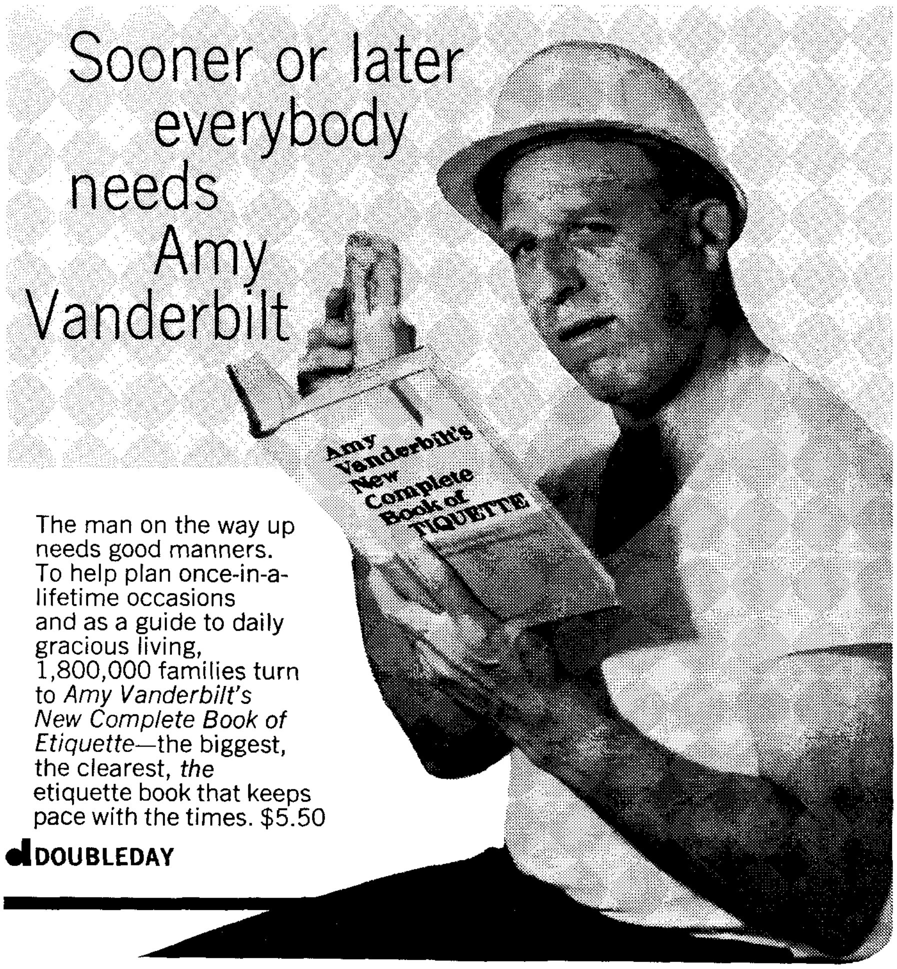
have anaesthetized our moral perceptions, and somehow produced the illusion that there can be a justification for killing millions of men, women, and children in places like Dresden, Stalingrad, Hamburg and Hiroshima, and a hundred places more. I am obliged to say that I personally feel that *nothing* justifies it—neither Communism, Fascism, nationalism, tyranny, nor freedom; the conquest of the earth or the preservation of *any* way of life: nothing. Nothing in the world, however base nor however good, nor however theoretically admirable, can justify murder as an act of policy."

FROM BATTENBERG TO MOUNTBATTEN, by E. H. Cookridge (John Day). The success story of a family, beginning in the eighteen-fifties when an obscure princeling of Hesse made a morganatic alliance with a Polish orphan girl and founded the house of Battenberg. For vigor, sang-froid, push, and talent, the Battenbergs have been hard to beat; they have made their way into the mainstream of Europe and into the bloodstream of European royalty—Spanish, Greek, Bulgarian, Austrian, Russian, Swedish, and English—and when they have not married kings' sons and daughters they have married well (money). Mr. Cookridge, who here concentrates mainly on the English line, tries to maintain a historian's calm about them all, but he gets out of breath at times in contemplating their dash and glitter.

BELIEF AND DISBELIEF IN AMERICAN LITERATURE, by Howard Mumford Jones (University of Chicago Press). Six public lectures, sponsored by the Frank L. Weil Institute in Cincinnati, on the religious beliefs of American writers from Tom Paine to Robert Frost. (Professor Jones says it could just as well have been six other writers from John Adams to William Faulkner.) The discussions are interesting and tolerant, particularly the chapter on Mark Twain's long inner war between naïve rationalism and romantic sentimentalism. Professor Jones concludes cheerily that if no major American writer has ever been entirely orthodox, none has ever been absolutely atheist, either.

THE MAN WHO WALKED THROUGH TIME, by Colin Fletcher (Knopf). The time referred to in the title is geologic time as manifested by the various rock strata in the Grand



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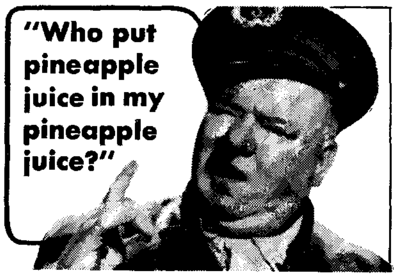
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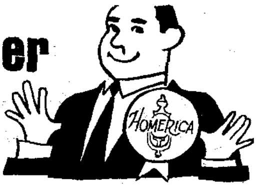

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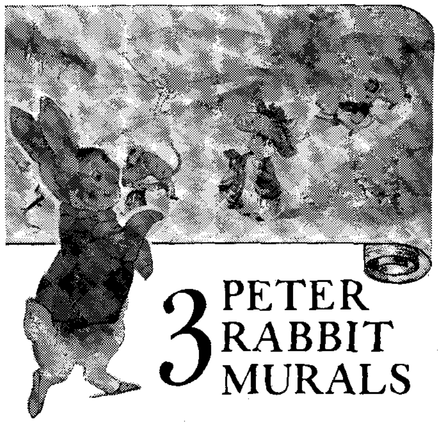

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Canyon of the Colorado River. Mr. Fletcher recently spent two months (supplied by fortnightly airdrops) walking the serpentine length of Grand Canyon National Park. He travelled always below the upper rim, generally along the airy ledge called the Esplanade, and, whenever possible, down along the actual banks of the river. It was an adventure never before attempted, and Mr. Fletcher describes his hot, dry, frequently precarious journey and the sights along the way—the monumental beauty of the canyon walls, the herds of wild horses and wild burros, the grandeur of the river, and the totality of the silence—well enough to hold our attention. He is, however, something of a bore. His writing is often strained and clumsy ("Every movement the mouse made was thistledown delicate"), and he is constantly being struck by thoughts too deep for articulate expression: "For I had already sensed, without quite knowing it, that on this starry and moonlit night too the Colorado had told me, or was preparing to tell me, some *new and valuable* secret." Photographs by the author, and an excellent foldout map.

FADS, FOLLIES AND DELUSIONS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, by Paul Sann (Crown). An illustrated recollection of such past or passing crazes as hula hoops, Rudolph Valentino, the Ouija board, flagpole sitting, the Empress Eugénie hat, quiz shows, the Twist, Billy Graham, pot, "Yes, We Have No Bananas," the dance marathon, miniature golf, the miniskirt, Hadacol, chain letters, bubble gum, the Townsend Plan, James Bond, Batman, the orgone box, Father Divine, the hippies, panty raids, LSD, Bing Crosby, dianetics, "The Drinking Man's Diet," mah-jongg, rock, the hirsute male, and chlorophyll. Mr. Sann is executive editor of the New York *Post*, and he writes a fast, flip, entertaining tabloid prose. The illustrations—over four hundred of them—are mostly old news photographs and publicity pictures. Ten dollars.

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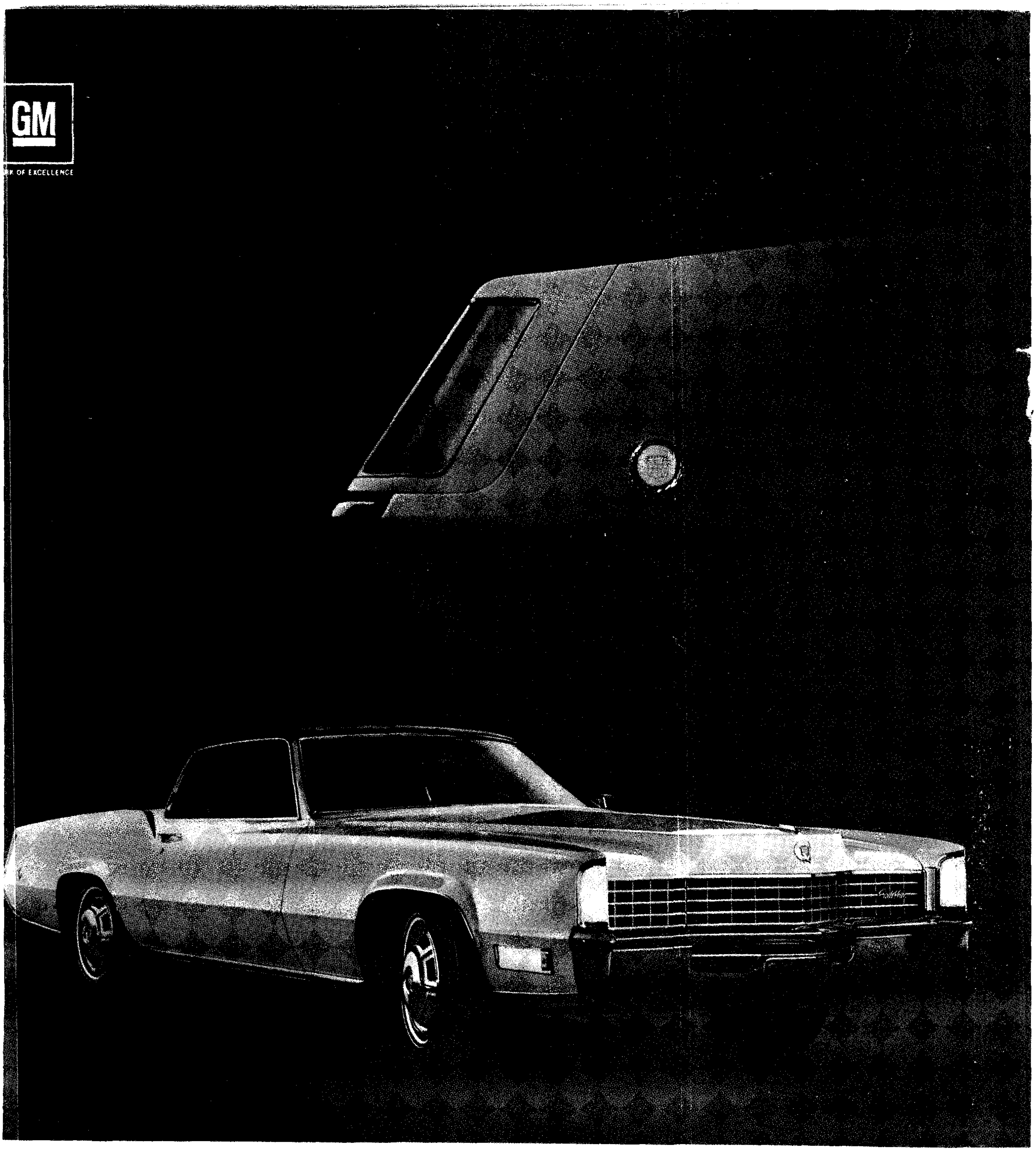

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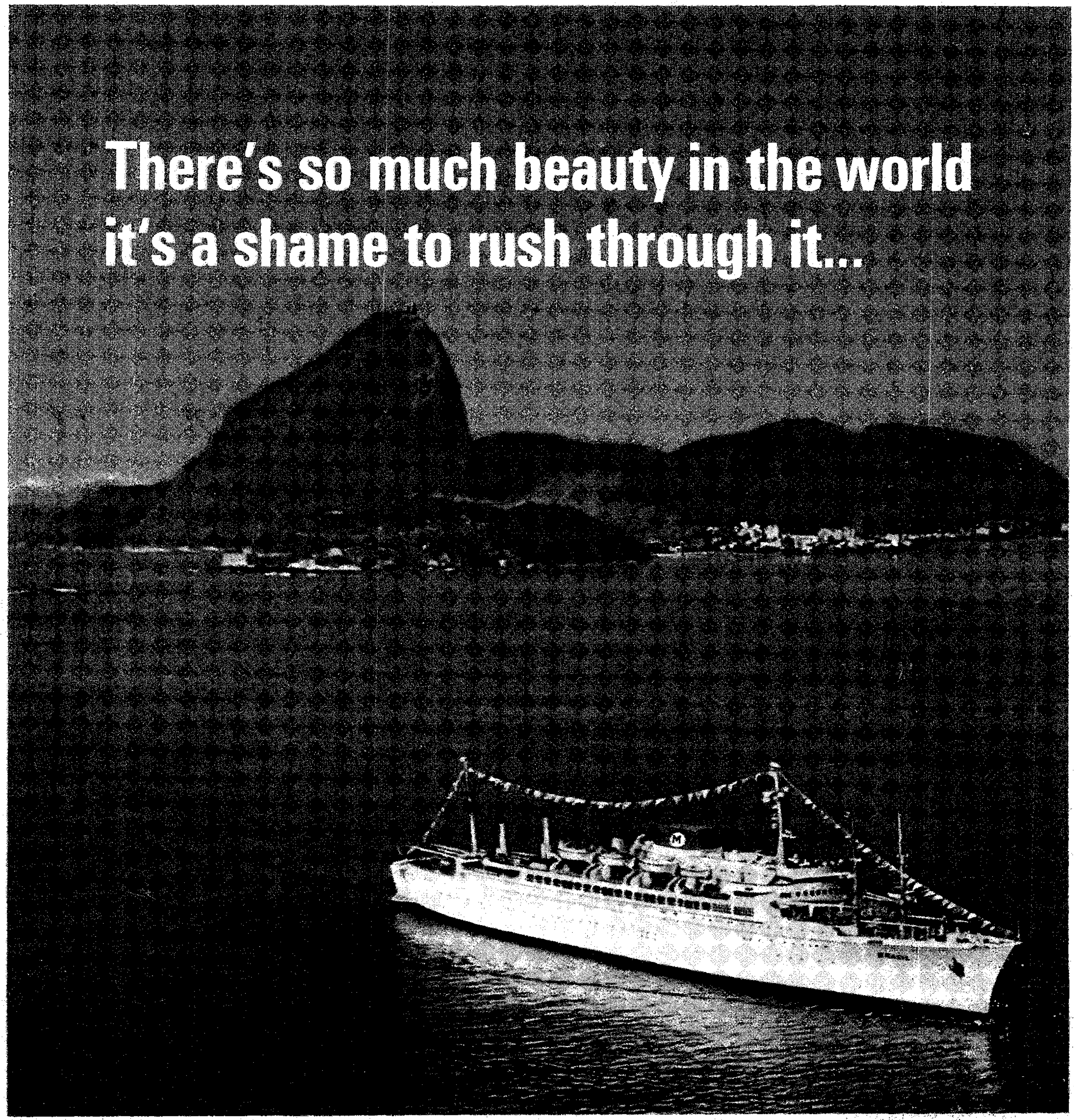
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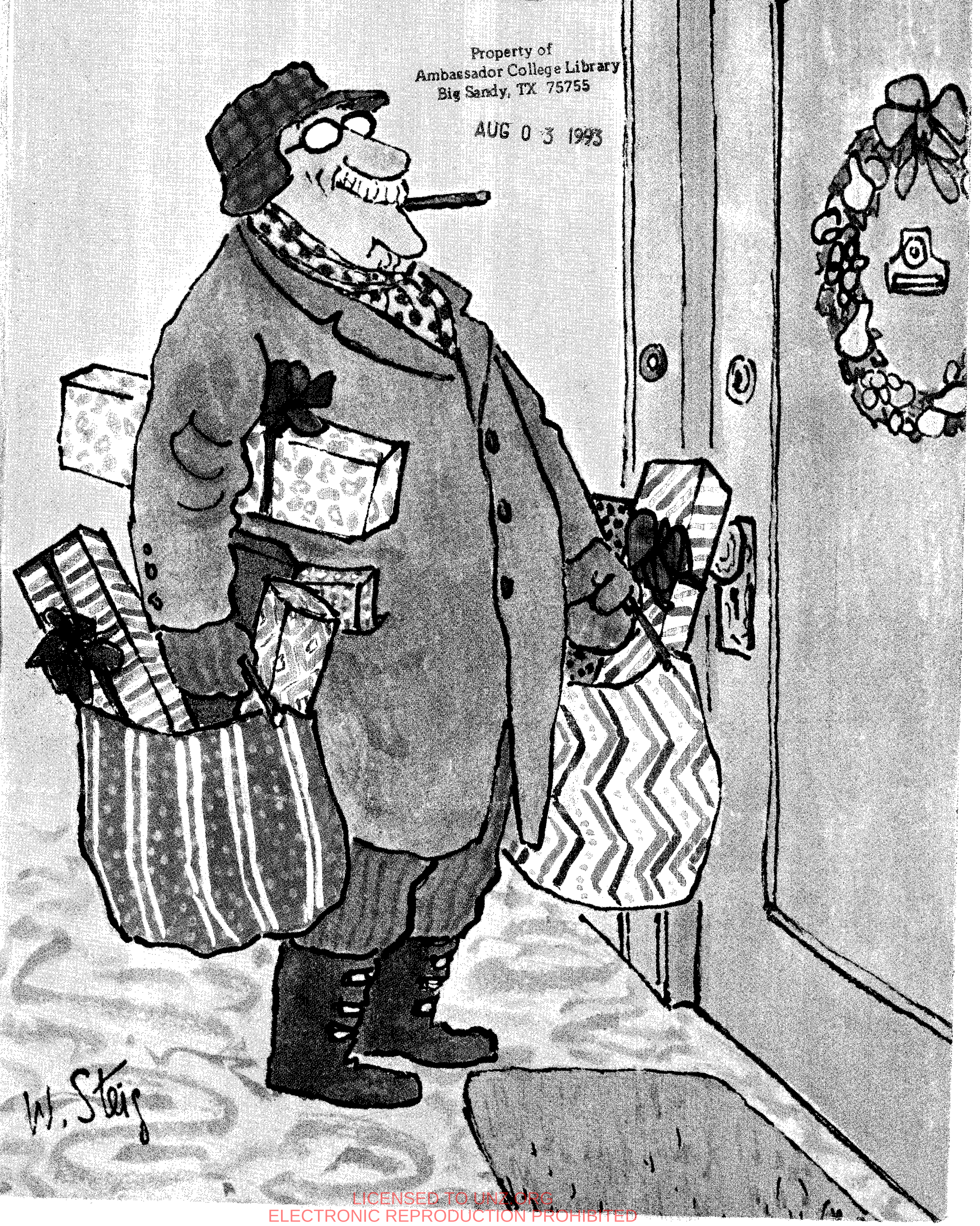

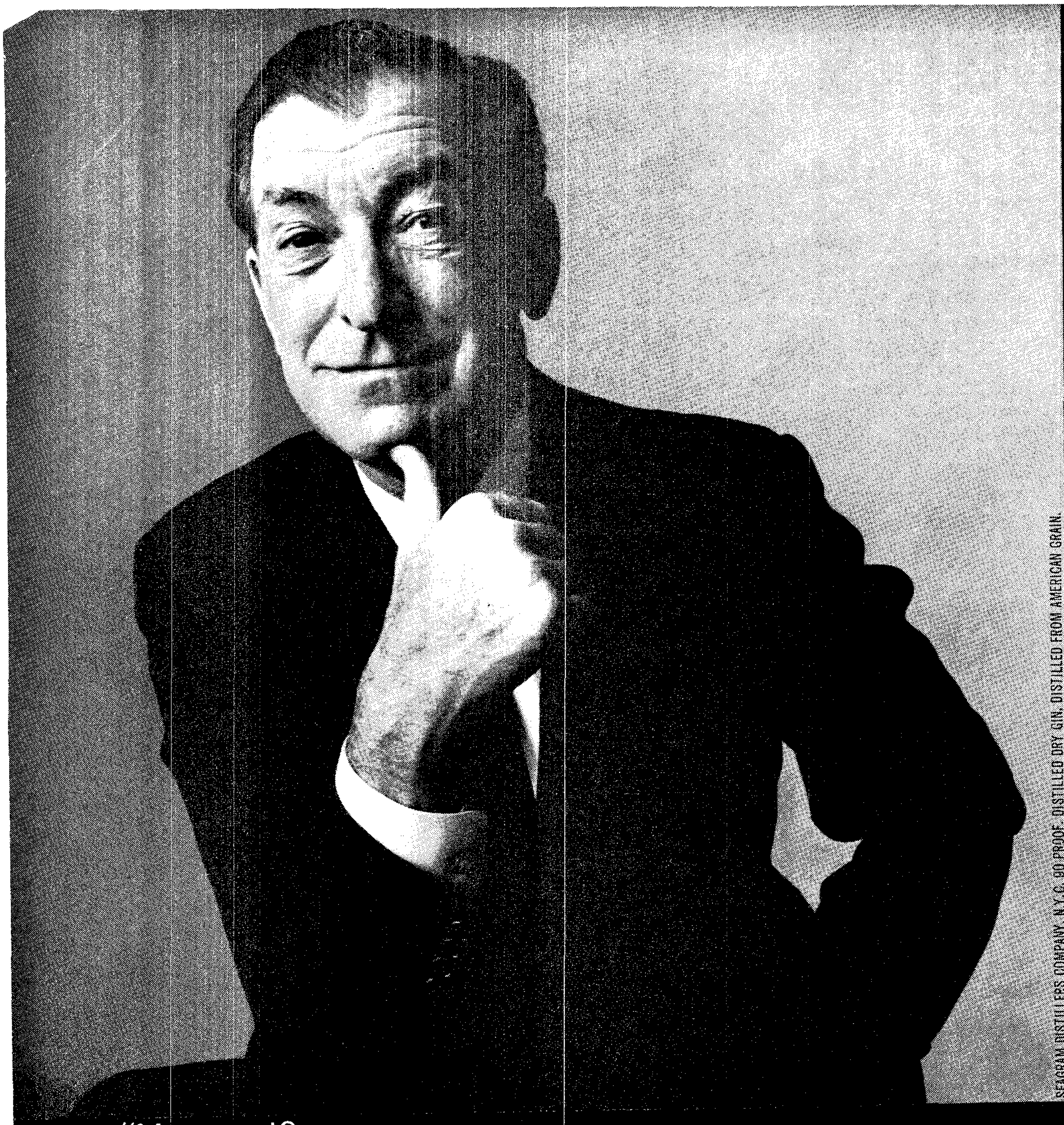

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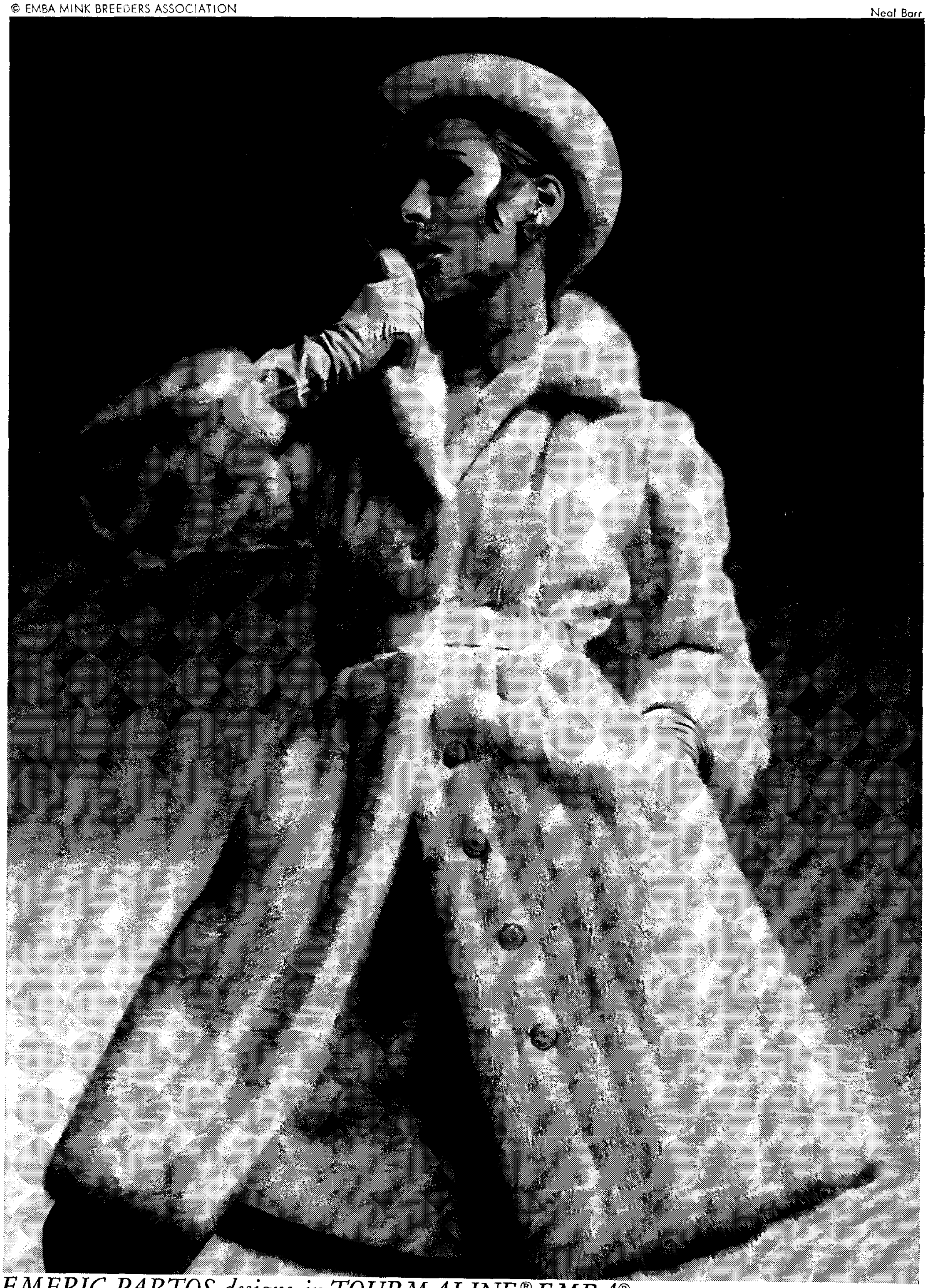

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THE THEATRE

(Next week, most theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Christmas. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway. . . . ¶ Except Sundays and Christmas, special buses to the Broadway theatre district leave from Fifth Ave. and 96th St. and from Lexington Ave. and 96th St. at 7:40 and 7:50, picking up passengers at "Theatre Express" stops (ten on Fifth and eleven on Lexington) along the way. Return buses leave from Eighth Ave. and 42nd St. at 11:15 and 11:25 for Madison Ave. passengers and at 11:20 and 11:30 for Third Ave. passengers.)

PLAYS

APA-Phoenix—George Kelly's **THE SHOW-OFF**: Thursday and Friday, Dec. 21-22, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 23, at 2:30 and 8:30; Christmas at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 29, at 8:30; and Saturday, Dec. 30, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Michel de Ghelderode's **PANTAGLEIZE**: Tuesday, Dec. 26, at 8:30; Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 2 and 8:30; and Thursday, Dec. 28, at 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

The Birthday Party—The first full-length drama by Harold Pinter. Written a decade ago, the work is pretty murky but has its interesting aspects. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Everything in the Garden—Adapted by Edward Albee from a work of the late Giles Cooper, this play about suburbia matrons who turn to prostitution to make sure they keep up with the Joneses is a dull affair. Barry Nelson, Barbara Bel Geddes, Beatrice Straight, and Richard Thomas are among those present. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Halfway up the Tree—Some English hippies receive unexpected support from an Establishment Army general in this comedy by Peter Ustinov, which is funny enough when the author stops his philosophizing and gets down to old-fashioned farce. Anthony Quayle is quite satisfactory as the general, and Graham Jarvis is highly amusing as a vicar who happens along late in the proceedings. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Little Foxes—A revival by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center of Lillian Hellman's drama, which has just been moved to Broadway for a five-week extension. The cast currently includes Margaret Leighton, E. G. Marshall, Geraldine Chaplin, Felicia Montealegre, Scott McKay, Richard A. Dysart, Austin Pendleton, Beah Richards, Liam Sullivan, and Andre Womble. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Sunday, Dec. 24, at 2:30.)

More Stately Mansions—The third revision, by as many hands, of a play that Eugene O'Neill thought he had destroyed before he died. This version—highfalutin and ridiculous—does him a disservice that even the presence of Ingrid Bergman, Colleen Dewhurst, and Arthur Hill cannot mitigate. José Quintero, the third reviser, is responsible for the direction. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—A first-rate invention by Tom Stoppard in which Shakespeare's "Hamlet" is viewed from an eccentric and very funny angle. Brian Murray and John Wood are superb as the principals. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Something Different—Carl Reiner's comedy about a playwright who is short on inspiration and has to try some wild devices to get his muse on the ball. Slow starting but quite funny when it hits its stride; there is a particularly droll scene toward the close in which Claudia McNeil figures merrily. (Cort, 48th St., E. 245-4289. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Spofford—Herman Shumlin's dramatization of Peter De Vries' "Reuben, Reuben" is a jolly business dealing with a chicken farmer who sets out to do a sociological study of the commuters invading his homeland. Melvyn Douglas is triumphant in the title role, and the rest of the cast is excellent. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—Gig Young performs worthily as a middle-aged womanizer in this one, but, alas, there is not much to be said for his supporting cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**CACTUS FLOWER**: Abe Burrows' study of a slow-blooming dental nurse. With Betsy Palmer and Lloyd Bridges. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Christmas at 2:30.). . . **DON'T DRINK THE WATER**: A Jewish family from Newark behind the Iron Curtain. Put together by Woody Allen and featuring Lou Jacobi and Peggy Cass. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING**: Four plays by Robert Anderson. Sex is generally the focus. Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Kathleen Dabney make up the cast. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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MUSICALS

Hallelujah, Baby!—Leslie Uggams makes a commendable first appearance on Broadway in this show. The libretto (weak) is offset to some extent by the amiable lyrics of Betty Comden and Adolph Green and the easygoing music of Jule Styne. Miss Uggams has the help of a sprightly cast that includes Robert Hooks, Allen Case, and Lillian Hayman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Henry, Sweet Henry—There is nothing whatever except a couple of on-key youngsters named Robin Wilson and Neva Small to recommend in this musical. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Christmas, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How Now, Dow Jones—Cutting up in the financial district. The book, by Max Shulman, and the music, by Elmer Bernstein, are not very sparkling, but Carolyn Leigh's lyrics are often sprightly, and the performers, under the direction of George Abbott, are a lively lot. Conspicuous among them are Anthony Roberts, Marlyn Mason, Brenda Vaccaro, and Hiram Sherman. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri as one of those lovable prostitutes, in an adaptation of the movie "Never on Sunday." Pleasant music and plenty of manly jigging, but not much real substance. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CABARET**: How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF**: Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!**: Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **I DO! I DO!**: Carol Lawrence and Gordon MacRae are now in this highly sentimental account of a half century of marriage. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **MAME**: Angela Lansbury in an adaptation of the Patrick Dennis novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

How to Be a Jewish Mother—Molly Picon and Godfrey Cambridge are the entire cast of this comedy by Seymour Vall, based on a book

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by Dan Greenburg. Avery Schreiber is the director. Previews through Wednesday, Dec. 27, except Christmas. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 28. (Hudson, 44th St., E. 757-4198. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center Light Opera Company—Final performances of a three-week holiday revival of **BRIGADOON**, with Bill Hayes, Margot Moser, Karen Morrow, Russell Nype, and Edward Villella. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 21-22, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 23, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 24, at 2 and 8; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 26-28, at 2:30; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 29-30, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 31, at 8:30.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **TOSCA.** (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

American Savoyards—Final performances of a season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 21-22, at 8:30: **PATIENCE**. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 23, at 4 and 8:30: **H.M.S. PINAFORE**. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 24, at 3 and 7:30: **THE MIKADO**. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 26-27, at 3: **IOLANTHE**. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 28, at 3, and Friday, Dec. 29, at 8:30: **H.M.S. PINAFORE**. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 30, at 4 and 8:30: **THE MIKADO**. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 31, at 4 and 8:30: **PATIENCE.** (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

Ceremony of Innocence—A play by Ronald Ribman, with Donald Madden, Olive Deering, and Nancy R. Pollack. Season subscribers (twenty dollars) *only*. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and also Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 2.)

Curley McDimple—A witless lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to those starring the young Mrs. Black. (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 2:30.)

The Fantasticks—Watchman, what of the night? (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sunday, Dec. 24, at 6. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinées Tuesday, Dec. 26, and Thursday, Dec. 28.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hair—For the necessary data, please see the notation under **CHEETAH** in "Night Life."

Leonid Hambro—The pianist and sometime partner of Victor Borge in a comedy turn that will run through Sunday, Dec. 31. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30.)

Hamlet—The second winter offering of the New York Shakespeare Festival. John Call and Anita Dangler are among those in the cast. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; Sundays at 7:30; and Tuesday, Dec. 26, at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

In Circles—Script by Gertrude Stein, music by Al Carmines, and a joy from start to finish. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 9, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Iphigenia in Aulis—Irene Papas is magnificent as the defiant, anguished Clytemnestra, and Jenny Leigh is very touching as her daughter who willingly allows herself to be sacrificed for what she believes to be the honor of Greece. The men of the company are not quite as strong. Michael Cacoyannis is the director. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—David Atkinson plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Now Is the Time for All Good Men—A musical by a new team—Gretchen Cryer (words) and Nancy Ford (music)—about a teacher who has been court-martialled in Vietnam. The setting is a small town in Indiana. The tunes are appealing and the company is attractive and spirited, but the words—full of message and heavily ironic—get very obtrusive. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Peddler and the Dodo Bird—A pair of one-acters by Emanuel Fried, the first about a small-time businessman who has cheated an old friend, and the second about a crazy, alcoholic old factory worker. Much of the dialogue is Warner Brothers tough. The actors do as well as can be expected with the rather shopworn material at their disposal, and Thomas Anderson even manages to be sporadically believable as a touchy carpenter and as a saloon proprietor. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pocket Watch—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Thursday, Dec. 21, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 23, at 7 and 10; Sunday, Dec. 24, at 3; Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 2 and 8:40; and Saturday, Dec. 30, at 10.)

Scuba Duba—Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is the comic Walpurgis Night of an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. Mr. Friedman *knows what he is doing*, but what he is doing is not for every taste. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Trials of Brother Jero and **The Strong Breed**—These one-acters introduce a fine Nigerian playwright named Wole Soyinka. The first is a satiric comedy about a self-described "prophet," the second a tragedy about a self-deceived schoolteacher who becomes the scapegoat for a New Year's ritual in a jungle village. The production is the first for a new Negro repertory company under Cynthia Belgrave's direction, and it makes a triumphant beginning. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This musical adaptation of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts" is a total delight. The songs, by Clark Gesner; the libretto, by John Gordon; the setting, by Alan Kimmel; the direction, by Joseph Hardy; and all the actors are fine, too. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Performances of **THE NUTCRACKER** are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 7. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 21-22, at 6:15; Saturday, Dec. 23, at 2:15 and 8:15; Sunday, Dec. 24, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 26-27, at 1:15 and 5:15; Thursday, Dec. 28, at 2:15; Friday, Dec. 29, at 1:15 and 5:15; and Saturday, Dec. 30, at 2:15 and 8:15. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—A nine-day engagement—Thursday, Dec. 21, at 7:30, plus Saturday, Dec. 23, and Tuesday, Dec. 26, both at 8:30: "Post Meridian" and "Orbs." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 22; Thursday, Dec. 28; and Saturday, Dec. 30, all at 8:30: "Aureole," "Agathe's Tale," and "Piece Period." . . . ¶ Christmas; Wednesday, Dec. 27; and Friday, Dec. 29, all at 8:30: "Lento" (première), "3 Epitaphs," "Agathe's Tale," and "From Sea to Shining Sea." (Billy Rose Theatre, 208 W. 41st St. 947-5510.)

José Molina Bailes Españoles—A company of dancers, singers, and musicians. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Dec. 27; Friday, Dec. 29; and Sunday, Dec. 31, all at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Brief Lives—Roy Dotrice in a one-man show imported from London and adapted and directed by Patrick Garland from the works of John Aubrey. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Judy Garland—With a few others in a one-week engagement. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Christmas through Sunday, Dec. 31, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call PL 7-8870.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

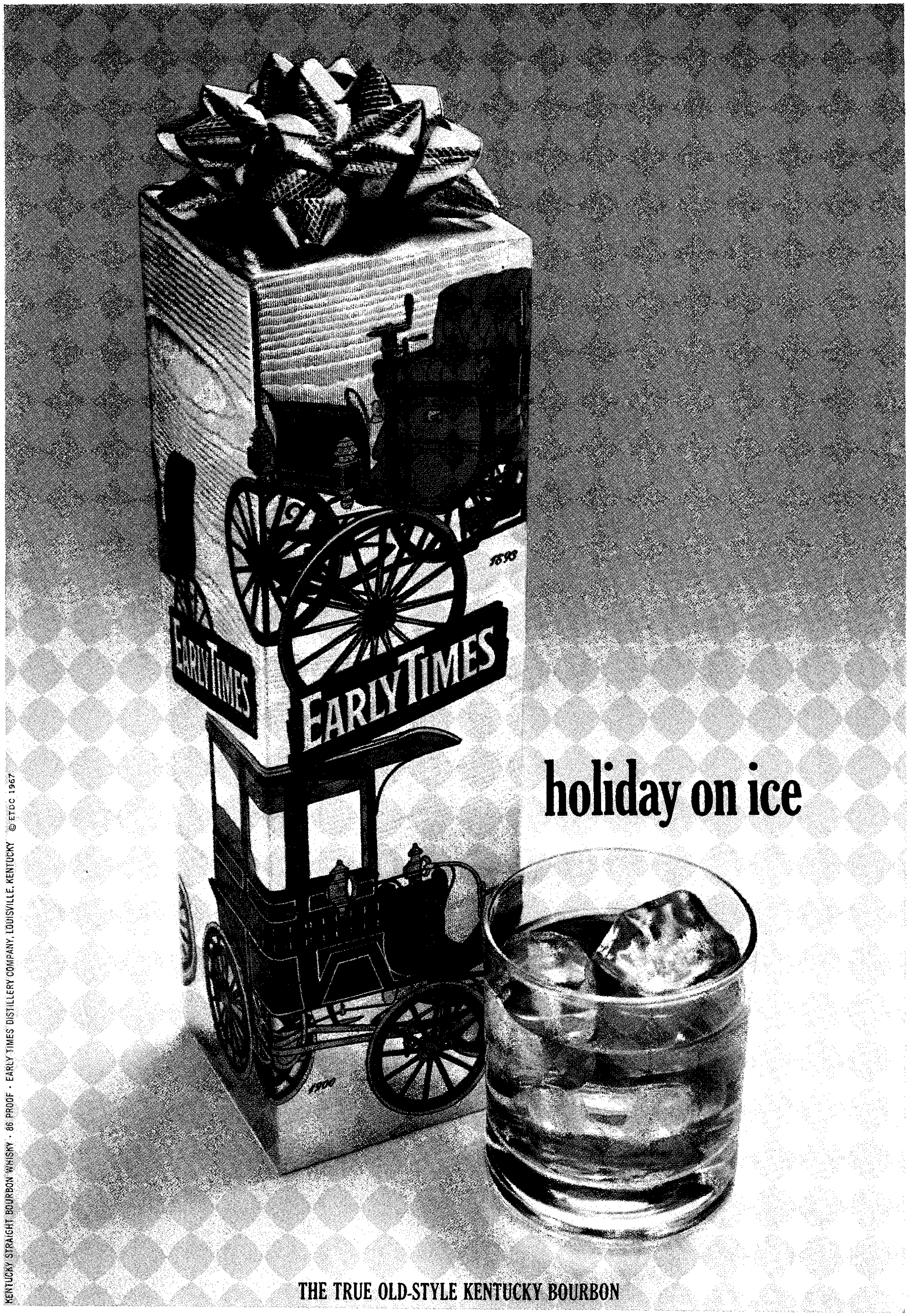
Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—All hands will fall in again at the *Royal Box on* Tuesday, Dec. 26, so that Buddy Greco, who uses lightsome touches to get the pop tunes in his repertory well above the Dow-Jones averages, can sing during dinner and supper. The orchestra of Lee Evans, which does similar improving of similar airs, returns to duty the same night. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—As before, there is a reasonably slender Billy Reed to lean on as he patrols his refectory and (from nine until two every evening but Sunday and Monday) *palais de danse*, in which the minuscule Pir Marini crew does the music.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The parquet floor and the music in the restaurant are built for comfort, not for speed. The music comes from Ernie Warren's small band of longtime local citizens, who carry on in general from eight until one, though on Christmas they'll work from seven to midnight, and on Sunday, Dec. 24, and Tuesday, Dec. 26, there'll be a peep out of nobody.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The archeologists' picks and shovels uncover but minute evidences of the Olympian life that once existed in this vanished city-state. Anyone who wants to help should show up between eight and three-thirty every night but Sunday. Collations are offered by Lester Lanin and his band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The scholastic and social standards of the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Hanging homemade wreath—photo by Burt Glinn

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Café Pierre are in the Ivy League bracket, and so, naturally, is the music of Ben Cutler's Yale team, which holds nightly practice sessions. Little Miss Ellen Harwicke, who accompanies her own songs with her own piano, and neatly, has Mondays off.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The trappings, and traps, of show business have not yet engulfed Vikki Carr, whose carols (not at all Christmassy) are to be heard during dinner and supper in the Persian Room. On Wednesday, Dec. 27, she will be succeeded by Michele Lee, another song sparrow who asserts her right to be an individual. The Lee lilting will occur only at ten that night; thereafter, the usual pattern. The Burt Farber orchestra, now Dixie as well as dulcet, will continue to spell Mark Monte's band. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano (these are the arsenal of Leo LeFleur's duo) speak with bated breath from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, which is the nineteenth century at the pinnacle of perfection, and again from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender light begins to suffuse the statuary and Gunnar Hansen's fiddle begins its sentimental journey down the Danube. No music Sunday nights. Closed Christmas.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—In our mountain greenery, where Con Ed paints the scenery and where, under the assault of the trumpet blown by Jonah Jones, the walls of Jericho visibly tremble. The drums of Ray McKinley will likewise become audible as of Christmas. Both men and their contingents of yeomanry report at nine; the preliminary bouts are teed off at seven by another crew. Lights out at two during the week, all night on Sundays.

THE RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—The tribesmen, loquacious and in fighting trim, led by Count Basie are responsible for the disturbance that currently, from eight until two, keeps the customers on their feet. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The *modus operandi* of this hallowed institution must now seem a trifle casual to whoever remembers it when, but, for the record, be it noted that Patachou, who is French soprano from head to heels, ends her dinner and supper recitals in the Maisonette on Friday, Dec. 22. Even the dance music takes a vacation on Christmas Eve and Christmas; then, on Tuesday, Dec. 26, Julia Meade starts singing.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Something is sounding off, if gently, all week long in the manifold Peacock Alley, which deals in everything from cocktails to supper—the dance trio of Horace Diaz from five-thirty until ten-thirty, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, as well as solo piano from four to ten weekdays, not at all Saturdays and Sundays, and from one to nine Christmas.

NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Moderation in all things is the rule of thumb—or, rather, foot—because the Monkey, the Fracture, and the Urban Sprawl are all forbidden. The setting is plain but painstaking; the menu is token. Two ceaseless bands, one of them very Latin (Argueso's) and one of them very local—802, in fact—tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they begin at three-thirty. For insatiables, there is a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

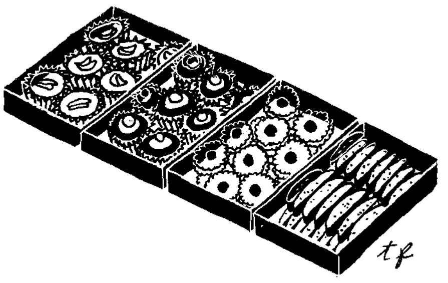
(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): An off-campus campus that looks after a whole bunch of people who knew each other when and seem rather glad about it. The music for the reunion is piano, piano, piano—the whole night through, by Goldie Hawkins and his valiant aide, Wayne Sanders, plus an opening session (six to eight-thirty) by Francis Thorne, lately returned from his long Roman holiday. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A snug, shipshape West Indie, visited every night from dinner time until after the theatre by a troubadour who sings in the choicest broken-Jamaican dialect. Closed Christmas. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): You're only young a thousand times—this is the attitude of the boy and girl workers in the communications arts who gather here. The threesome of Chuck Wayne, a deft abstractionist, does the holding forth with great glee. No music Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri's portrayal of the wickedest woman in Paris (done mostly from the top deck of a piano) is all fool and a yard wide, which is how the guests in her small drawing room like it. She chants at dinner during the week, at dinner and supper Friday and Saturday, and—as a good Greek—never on Sunday. Leisurely dance music commences at eight. Closed Christmas. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Where the gypsy caravans of Hungary have rested, though never in complete silence. After the zimbalons and fiddles have had their say, Béla Babai's band does dance music and Tibor Rakossy does ballads of passionate importunity. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Not quite tempest in a teapot is the corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, but the animation in this Village snug can be ample. Here Laurie Brewis conducts, from his piano, a sort of sing-along that begins at nine-thirty every evening but Monday, and goes on and on into the night. . . . **TAMBURLAINE,** 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): The Department of Forestry in Outer Mongolia has an exhibit here, and so does the chef (at times), but the dance music, which runs from eight-thirty until one-thirty, is mid-Manhattan. It is a bit bumpy except on Monday night, for then Billy Rubenstein's piano embellishes it. Another improvement, operating from six to eight, Mondays through Fridays, is Allan Haig, whose piano is a thing of beauty as well as of bounty. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): Unancient Rome is the hallmark of the Roman Pub, but it's a handsome Rome all the same, gathered about a tiny dance floor. A threesome paced by the precise piano of Joan St. James is usually in action from five-thirty to seven-thirty and from nine-thirty to one-thirty; it skips the early set each Saturday and everything on Sunday. No more than tidbits for the internally hungry. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Scratch a waiter and you'll find a tenor whose mother tongue is Italian. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-9080): Or, really, a set of bumper-to-bumper tables, screened apart by a galaxy of glass-bead stalactites into a sort of winter palace. In one unquiet corner the voice and piano of Scott Reed sound off from six until two. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie when Cy Walter addresses himself to the piano that, from a gentle slope, surveys this lordly manor. This act of beneficence takes place from the cocktail hour until one every night but Sunday, when Allan Haig serves instead. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This castle is a put-on, all right, but a merry, gregarious, and comfortable one. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of nighttime violinists. No music Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The city itself is eternal, but the nights are not, for two o'clock is lights-out. Until that hour, musicians and singers, who begin at seven-thirty, are on the move. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The watchmen of the night along this stretch of the Via Veneto are the ambulatory musicians under the bow and baton of Herman Honigsberg, master fiddler; the listeners are an outgoing lot. Closed Sundays. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Between Wednesday and Sunday every week, two or more Hungarian gypsies seep in at six and begin their native handicrafting with fiddle and zimbalon. They refuse to go home until nine or so. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Grand is the manner of the Regency Room, where there is well-behaved piano between five-thirty and twelve-thirty. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The Elegant Eighties and the Gay Nineties are permanent occupants of a town house that looks as it was in the beginning. In the bar, a leisurely piano dwells. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): What the well-dressed bar and restaurant will wear. From five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, someone diligently plies a piano every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy is applying himself to the mannerly piano beside the bar in the grand salon-restaurant of the Westbury Hotel. He is not a Sunday or Monday visitor. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): A refectory deep in the arcanebrakes of some Far Eastern country, real or imaginary. In one alcove of it, a piano gets almost subliminally into whatever the act is. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): In an art gallery that is out on a mild spree, Felipe Gayo's guitar turns its thoughts lightly to nights in the gardens of Granada. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he takes Sundays off. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** in the hotel of the same name, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The Almanach by which one foretells the future here is not the Farmer's but de Gotha. The chargé d'affaires is George Feyer, whose conversation as he addresses his keyboard may be proof that politics and piano do not mix. He goes on from eight-thirty until two. On Friday, Dec. 29, Karl Inwald will be his stand-in. Closed Sundays.



DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining unless indicated.)

ARTHUR, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Practically a closed circuit to anyone without a promissory note from the booking office. The eye of the booked beholder grows dizzy as it follows the free-form footwork of the often enchanted young champions. Some of the music comes out of wax containers, some of it comes out of people—the Fuzzy Bunnies. Nine until four is the rule; a slight bill of fare is offered. No Monday action. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): There's Egypt in the dreamy eyes of the Sphinxes who survey the scene from their niches, and Americana in the music that issues from the blue-platter specials that the disc jockey spins; what the Rubin Mitchell triad turns in is jazz with flying buttresses, martello towers, and finials. Dining in proper fashion. Closed Sundays. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Mid pleasures and palaces, mostly Roman Mod—in both décor and dress. It must be looked for behind an unmarked door. The eclectic music is from the grooves of Academe. It is open every night, from nine-thirty to three-thirty, except Christmas Eve and Christmas. . . . **CHEETAH,** 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): That hippety-hop Off Broadway musical "Hair," its ménage of young swingers intact, will move in at seven-thirty on Friday, Dec. 22, to commence an every-night stand (plus Saturday and Sunday matinées at three) and serve as prologue to what goes on now. When the rock and roll is called up yonder, the boy and girl pinwheels who spin in this cave of the

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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winds will be the prize-winners there, too. The music to which they twirl is live enough to be just about livid. Cheetah is in the temperance zone. Closed Mondays. . . . **WHEELS**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A sort of super-motor inn, whose décor is wheels (all the way from automobile to jukebox) whirling like dervishes from six until late in the morning. Since Herbert Jacoby, last of the Blue Angel, is the mad inventor thereof, the inn does possess a stage; on it, one finds the New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble, which has a bowing acquaintanceship with Bach and a scraping acquaintanceship with rock. Its time-outs come Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ELECTRIC CIRCUS**, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080): This spaceship, tenuously moored to earth, is a *son et lumière* that gives one pause but also amusement. The occasional circus acts, seemingly as spontaneous as the light cues, are just as entertaining. Though the lighting effects are all fermented, none of the available beverages are. The hours are eight-thirty until three or four, every night. . . . **L'INTERDIT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Certain formalities are to be gone through, such as dressing like little ladies and little gentlemen, but the music (nine until early morn) is as vibrant as any, though not at the top of any lungs. Supper, too. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining and dancing.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): What matters is that the young men from Motown Records known as the Four Tops are distributing their vocal sound and choreographed fury—a very special Christmas bonus. Rodney Dangerfield, who is studying the trade of comedy, is present, too, and so are the Copa ballerinas, studying who knows what. . . . ¶ In the bar-lounge, music starts whooping and dooping at ten, and is not likely to stop. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Juno, Diana, Euterpe might as well be the names of the classic young ladies who twirl and whirl in the fabled land known as "Woman's World." True, the long and populous extravaganza does have other condiments—Allan Jones, that stentorian tenor, and the roustabout comedy of the Vagabonds—but it is *les girls* who count. Twice a night, and forever. On Wednesday, Dec. 27, a new set of headliners arrive, led by the soprano of Marilyn Michaels.

CABARETS

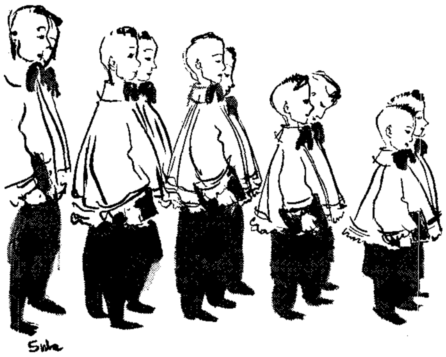
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The ways of our wicked world are *no* match for the wickedness of the words with which "Four in Hand," Julius Monk's editorial-with-music, decries those ways. His coruscating Greek chorus is led by Mary Louise Wilson and Liz Sheridan, who receive valiant support from Rex Robbins, Terry O'Mara, and Alex Wipf. The orchestra is the dashing double piano of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; the opulent interlude piano comes from Baldwin Bergersen. Nine and eleven-thirty are the starting times. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The Ballet Español of Carlos De La Camara and Myrna Gloria removes itself on Thursday, Dec. 28, and next evening the Serenata Oriental Orchestra will begin parsing the Latin, all vocal and instrumental, it has managed to pick up. Rising Sun costumery and personnel, Spanish cuisine, dancing à la carte. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After ten, just off the bar, there is the guitar of Alejandro Manzana, which will have you marching through Iberia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Joan Rivers, who was held over at the analyst's all summer, can hardly wait until ten (or nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays) to tell all about it. She is not a Sunday worker. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Dark Horses," a Lilliputian revue with words and music and girls and boys, is in operation at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): A busman's holiday after the theatre for this or that Broadway player who feels he hasn't yet done a full night's work. Earlier, there is impromptu entertainment by the staff of this quite casual bar.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Roland Kirk, who aspires to be all things to all instruments, leads the quartet that is now in session. On Friday, Dec. 22, the tribe will be increased by the addition of the quartet of Thelonious Monk, man and pianist of mystery, and master of the noncommunication arts. Closed Christmas. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): On the ground floor, the perky Mose Allison trio evinces a consuming interest in current affairs. It's out of service Mondays. . . . ¶ Belowstairs, Symphony Sid and his Latin-American bandsmen assemble every Monday; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 22-23, Dick Gregory will present his play-by-play, almost blow-by-blow account of what life is to some people, and Charles Lloyd will lead his foursome along little-known trails; Tuesday, Dec. 26, brings on (for a longer stay) the long-mislaid Wilbur de Paris and his seventeen-strong Dixielanders, Herbie Manns' fife and septet, and Morgana King, who on occasion can work wonders with a song of torment. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The quintet in which Zoot Sims and Al Cohn are the acrobats comes to an end on Saturday, Dec. 23. On Tuesday, Dec. 26, Clark Terry's quartet moves in for a while. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's threesome walks with a springy step the length of the oval bar and brightens every inch of it. There is also interlude piano by Fran Thompson. Kickoff time is nine-fifteen. Mondays, everybody stays home. Dining. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The venerable powerhouse is getting along, and with power to burn, under the guidance of such as Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): The economic law that bad music drives good music out of circulation still prevails, so the progressive citizenry must often seek quarters as plain as this one, where Yusef Lateef's brand of cryptography is being worked on by a quartet. It gives up on Sunday, Dec. 24, but Sun Ra's undercover men operate on Monday, Dec. 25, and Jackie McLean's quintet arrives next evening. . . . **POOKIE'S PUB**, 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): Grand (in every way) is the slam that Elvin Jones imposes on his timpani. His group, which has important contributions to make toward the welfare of contemporary music, includes, on Fridays and Saturdays, Thad Jones, to give his brother a helping hand. Nine to four is the curriculum offered every night but Monday. . . . **THE FRAMMIS**, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160): A new hearthstone to keep the faith warm. Lyn Christie, the nimble bassist from Down Under, is helped out by our fellow-countrymen Roland Hanna and Mike Manieri. Dinner begins at six. No music Sundays. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804): The best of our Village coffee-and-ice-cream parlors. Arlo Guthrie, lineal and vocal descendant of the mighty Woody Guthrie, is leader of the pack, which also includes the Pickle Brothers and their home-made humor. On Thursday, Dec. 21, the Candymen, those rock-and-sock free-formers, contribute a one-night stand. Tuesdays are devoted to drop-ins. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—a current eternal-youth formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. Closed Christmas Eve. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): More agenda for the rather young. The music is live and cast-iron. It goes until two or three all week long, and on Sundays it commences at four-thirty in the afternoon, when the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band reports for a matinée. Ruth Crews, a cast-iron soprano, augments the uproar on the evenings of Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday. . . . **RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Museum pieces. The largest is the 1906 truck chassis in which the rataplan band plays. Chaplin and Laurel & Hardy movies occur at times; beer, peanuts, and pretzels happen continually. There are Sunday matinées, too, beginning at five.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Christmas.)

GALLERIES

Carl Andre—Aluminum, slate, and metal plates arranged on the floor; through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St.)

Darby Bannard—Abstract paintings in high-pitched cool colors; through Jan. 4. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 23.)

Robert Beauchamp—Paintings and drawings; through Jan. 13. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Oscar Bluemner (1867-1938)—Paintings by an artist who participated in the 1913 Armory Show; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Hans Breder—Light-reflecting geometrical sculptures in chrome, Plexiglas, and mixed mediums; through Jan. 4. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

Alexander Calder—Drawings, recently unearthed, mostly from 1930-31, and twelve wire sculptures by the famous mobile-maker; through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Jackie Cassen and Rudi Stern—Another in the series of kinetic-light Environments presented by the League; through Jan. 13. (Architectural League of New York, 41 E. 65th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Christmas.)

William Congdon—Abstract landscapes; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Cook—Metal sculptures of Abstract figures in active poses; through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Leo Garel—Landscapes in the Expressionist vein; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Irene Hamar—Abstract sculptures in luminous materials, such as Plexiglas and Lucite; through Saturday, Dec. 23. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Anton Heyboer—Etchings by a Dutch artist who works exclusively in this medium; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alex Katz—Over-life-size paintings of friends and flowers; through Jan. 4. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 23.)

William King—Outdoor sculptures by a witty figurative artist; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Liberman—Abstract metal sculptures combining geometrical and free-form shapes; through Jan. 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Lightman—Compositions built out of vari-

Christmas 1967: Aramis

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grit soap

Aramis Grit Soap $5.00

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The Aramis Corduroy Field Kit $17.50

Aramis Spray Cologne $7.50

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The Aramis Envoy:
Travel Soap and After Shave $3.75

The Aramis Courier: Terry Wrap-Around,
3 Grooming Agents $18.50

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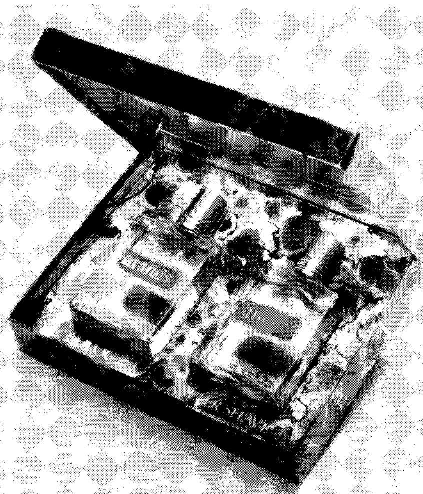
Aramis After Shave $5.00



The Aramis Grooming Plan:
After Shave and Cologne $10.00

The Aramis Master Plan:
12 Grooming Agents $85.00

The Aramis Campaign Chest:
4 Grooming Agents $25.00

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ous sizes of type; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St.)

George Luks (1867-1933)—A major exhibition of paintings by a leading American realist of the early part of the twentieth century; through Saturday, Dec. 23. (ACA Heritage, 63 E. 57th St.)

Henri Matisse—Forty pencil, pen-and-ink, and charcoal drawings by the French master; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Loeb & Krugier, 12 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 23.)

Tony Mellara—Plastic constructions with color, light, and sound; through Jan. 16. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tad Miyashita—Collage paintings in muted tones by a Hawaiian artist who lives in New York; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 23.)

Petra Moll—Twenty-four primitive paintings by a self-taught Munich housewife who is receiving much attention in Germany; through Jan. 20. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Wednesdays and Thursdays, 2 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Grandma Moses (1860-1961)—Paintings by America's most publicized primitive; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Reuben Nakian—Three monumental bronze sculptures; through Jan. 27. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

Jules Olitski—Acrylics on paper by an artist who stresses his edges; through Jan. 5. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Pachner—Abstract landscapes; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

William Palmer—Landscapes of upper New York State; through Jan. 13. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Picasso—Drawings (1966-67) in colored crayon and ink washes, in an exhibition that coincides with his show at the Museum of Modern Art; through Jan. 31. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paulémile Pissarro—Impressionist paintings by the youngest and only surviving son of Camille Pissarro; through Jan. 3. (Wally F. Galleries, 17 E. 57th St.)

Fairfield Porter—Drawings from the past ten years, done as studies for paintings; through Jan. 31. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ed Ruscha—Drawings done with gunpowder and spelling out words; through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

Peter Saul—Paintings and color lithographs by a Pop artist attacking the U.S. campaign in Vietnam; through Jan. 6. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

John Scholl—Carvings by a Pennsylvania folk artist, who died in 1917; through Friday, Dec. 29. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 23.)

Audrey Skaling—A series of painted wood sculptures entitled "Decoys," accenting primitive forms; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Stella—Monumental shaped canvases by a leading color painter; through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Reuben Tam—Northern landscapes; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays and Tuesday, Dec. 26.)

Pavel Tchelitchew (1898-1957)—Thirty studies for "Hide and Seek;" through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 23.)

Zona—A version of Op called "space motion" paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Nearly a hundred works covering two hundred years of American painting; through Jan 13. (Closed Mondays.)... **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Sculptures, watercolors, and drawings by twentieth-century artists, such as Marin, Sloan, Prendergast, Hartley, Glackens, Demuth, and Benton; through Friday, Dec. 22.... **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: A twentieth-anniversary show of paintings and sculptures by gallery artists; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **SCULPTORS GUILD**, 797 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Drawings by sculptors, among them Nevelson, Agostini, Nivola, Zorach, and Gross; through Jan. 6. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures of parrots by Noguchi, Lindner, Dechar, Baruchello, and other gallery artists; through Friday, Dec. 22.... **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: About sixty sculptures, oils, prints, watercolors, and drawings owned by the gallery, by, *among others*, *Chamberlain*, Nevelson, Francis, Jenkins, Gorky, and Lester Johnson; through Saturday, Dec. 23.... **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: "Homage to Marilyn Monroe," a benefit exhibit by a large group of artists and photographers, most of them of international reputation; through Saturday, Dec. 30.... **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Seventy paintings, sculptures, and drawings by first-line twentieth-century artists, from de Chirico and Calder to Dali and de Kooning, assembled around the concept of "Space and Dream;" through Friday, Dec. 29. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 23.)... **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works by thirty-two artists who use kinetic light as their medium; through Jan. 6. (Closed Mondays.)

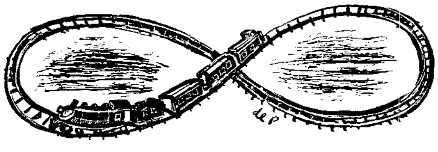
Europeans; Group Shows—At the **DAVIS**, 231 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth-century English watercolors by West, Constable, Whistler, and others; through Friday, Dec. 22.... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of a hundred and eight drawings, watercolors, and pastels, including six by Watteau, two by Degas, and examples by Turner, Cézanne, and Italian Old Masters, from the National Gallery of Ireland, in Dublin; through Saturday, Dec. 30.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Seventeen important paintings and sculptures (on loan from the Guggenheim Museum) by twentieth-century European masters—Picasso, Mondrian, Kandinsky, Braque, Brancusi, Klee, and others; through April 30.... ¶ A selection covering a wide range of Japanese art objects drawn primarily from the Museum's collection; namely, sculptures, paintings, screens, and ceramics.... ¶ A review of feminine fashion, from an English robe of 1735 to a black patent-leather minidress of, needless to say, the moment; through Jan. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The first comprehensive survey of Picasso's sculpture presented in America, consisting of more than two hundred pieces in bronze, wood, terra-cotta, painted sheet metal, and ceramic, *many from the artist's own collection;* through Jan. 1. A good complement to this showing is the Picasso exhibition at the Saidenberg Gallery, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.... ¶ Some fifty illustrations by artists such as de Kooning, Johns, Motherwell, Newman, and Rauschenberg for a volume of poems by Frank O'Hara (1926-66); through Jan. 28. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The fifth Guggenheim International Exhibition; this one, the first to be devoted entirely to sculpture, includes nearly a hundred examples, executed since 1960, by eighty artists from twenty nations. Through Feb. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)



Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The 1967 Annual of Contemporary American Painting, a hundred and sixty-five works (most of them done in the past two years) by as many artists, chosen from all parts of the United States; through Feb. 4. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of the paintings of Walter Murch, a veteran New York artist who just died; through Jan. 28. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. An admission charge of fifty cents goes to the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Paintings of a common snipe, a least sandpiper, a greater yellowlegs, and other shorebirds by Robert Verity Clem, who sets his subjects in their serene and undisturbed environment; through March 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings and drawings by more than a hundred contemporary Americans and Canadians, among them Baskin, Peter Blume, Calder, Dickinson, Gabo, Gwathmey, and Leonid; through Feb. 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Butler Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 114th St.—Drawings, watercolors, oils, and sketchbooks by Arthur Rackham, in an exhibit celebrating the hundredth anniversary of his birth; through Feb. 15. (Thursday, Dec. 21, from 9 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Friday, Dec. 22, from 9 to 9; Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 26-29, from 9 to 5:30.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"Art in Series," by such artists as Jensen, Johns, Kelly, Poons, and Rauschenberg; through Jan. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—The first major showing here of prints and drawings by Felicien Rops, a nineteenth-century Belgian artist who specialized in social themes; through Dec. 31.... ¶ Paintings by Leopoldo Presas, an Argentine artist who favors themes that include women and religious episodes; through Dec. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition (of archeological findings, photo-*murals, charts, and maps) portraying the* heroic resistance, to the death, of Jewish Zealots against the Romans at Masada in the first century A.D.; through Feb. 18.... ¶ Sixty master prints by artists from the fifteenth century to the eighteenth—Cranach, Dürer, Rembrandt, and van Leyden—interpreting passages from the Book of Genesis; through Jan. 7. (Sundays through Thursdays, 10 to 10; Fridays, 10 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A loan show of Swiss drawings, from the Holbein brothers of the sixteenth century to the Giacomettis, father and son, of the twentieth; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Dec. 21: "Carmen," with Grace Bumbry, Jeannette Pilou, Nicolai Gedda, and Justino Diaz. ... ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 22: "Mourning Becomes Electra," with Evelyn Lear, Marie Collier, Lilian Sukis, John Reardon, Sherrill Milnes, John Macurdy, Ron Bottcher, and Raymond Michalski.... ¶ Saturday *matinée*, Dec. 23: "La Ventana," danced by the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; and "Hansel and Gretel," with Teresa Stratas, Rosalind Elias, Lili Chookasian, Karl Dönch, and William Walker.... ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 23: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, John Alexander, and Mario Sereni. A non-subscription performance.... ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 25: "Die Zauberflöte," with Pilar Lorengar, Co-

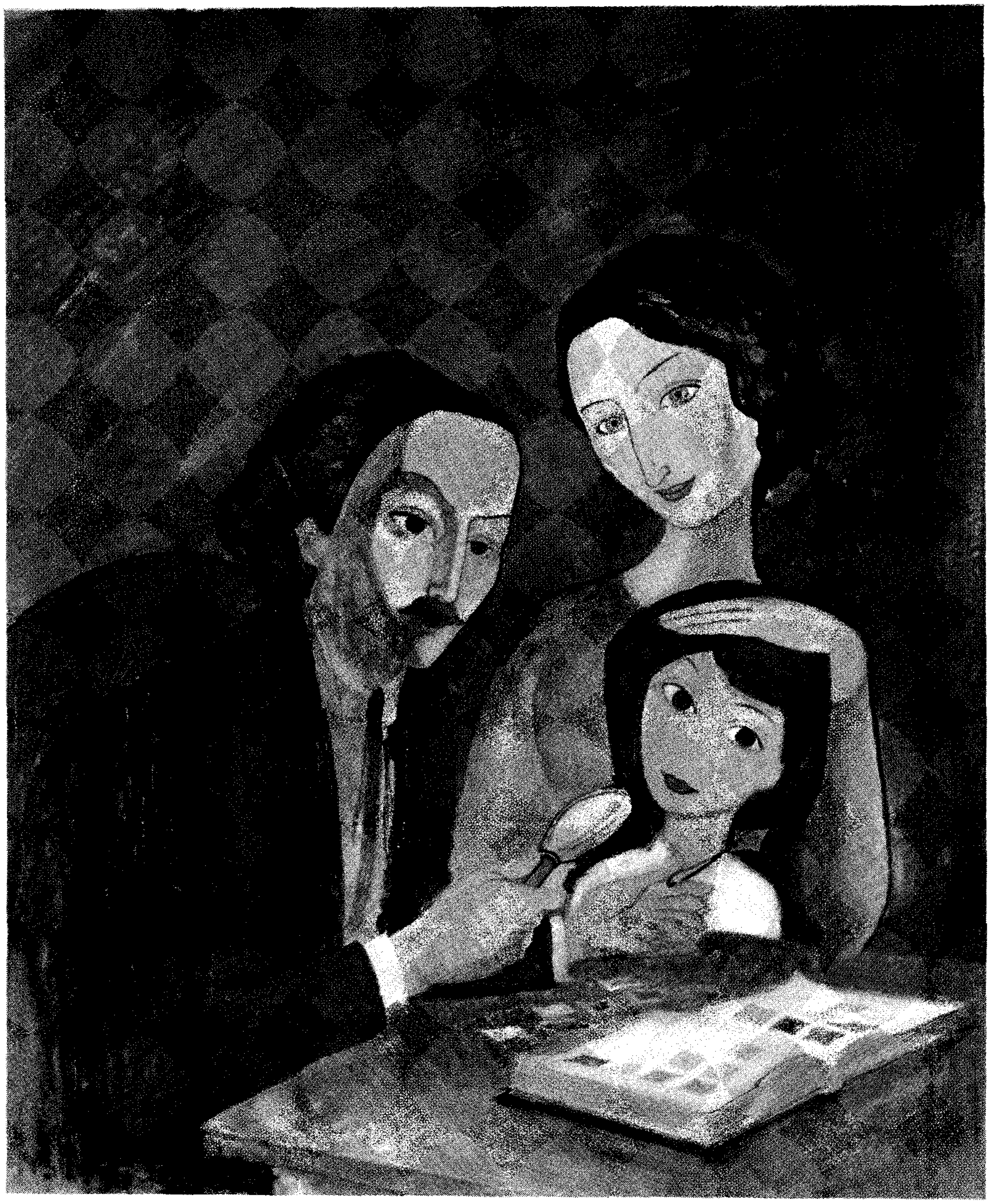


ILLUSTRATION: VINCENT ZENONE, 1966: ADAPTED FROM "LA FAMILLE," MARIE LAURENCIN, 1908

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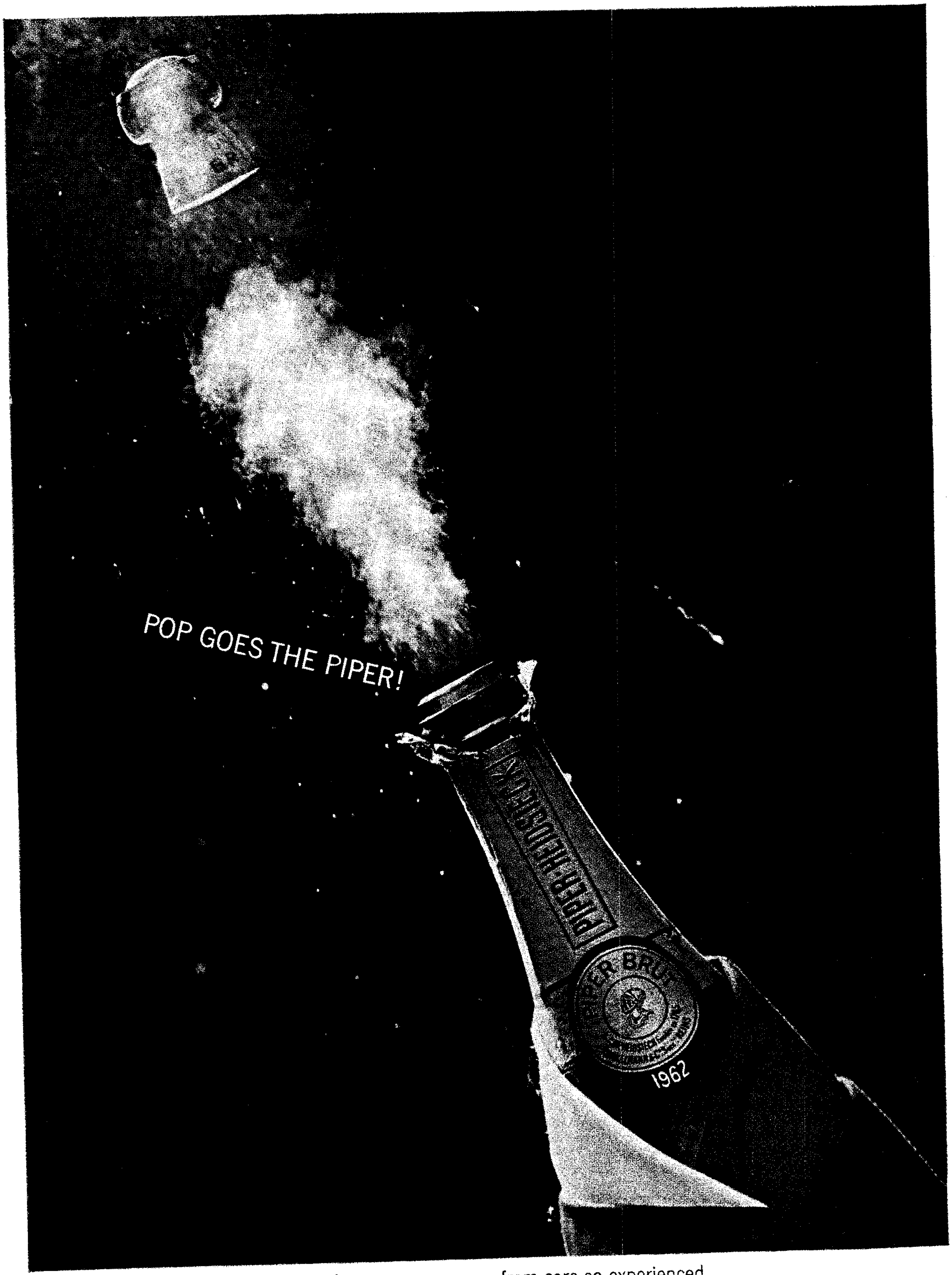
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

lette Boky, Patricia Welting, Peter Schreier, Theodor Uppman, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 26: "La Ventana," danced by the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; and "Hansel and Gretel," with Teresa Stratas, Marcia Baldwin, Lili Chookasian, Paul Franke, and Ron Bottcher. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 27: "Aida," with Gabriella Tucci, Elena Cernei, Flaviano Labò, Mario Sereni, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 28: "Mourning Becomes Electra," with Evelyn Lear, Marie Collier, Lilian Sukis, John Reardon, Sherrill Milnes, John Macurdy, Ron Bottcher, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 29: "Carmen," with Grace Bumbry, Jeannette Pilou, Nicolai Gedda, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 30: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, John Alexander, and Mario Sereni. A non-subscription performance. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 30: "La Ventana," danced by the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; and "Hansel and Gretel," with Teresa Stratas, Marcia Baldwin, Lili Chookasian, Karl Dönch, and William Walker. A non-subscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—William Steinberg conducting, with Robert Casadesus, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Dec. 21, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 22, at 2:15; and Saturday, Dec. 23, at 8:30.) After a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts on Thursday, Jan. 4.

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman directing Berlioz's Christmas oratorio, "L'Enfance du Christ," with Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano; Lawrence Davidson, bass; and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 22, at 8.)

Christmas Eve and Holiday Concerts—At Carnegie Hall, Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra—Sunday, Dec. 24, at midnight: A performance of Stravinsky's opera "L'Histoire du Soldat" in concert form, with Moses Gunn, narrator. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 28, at 8:30: An all-Haydn program, with Patricia Brooks, Mary Burgess, and Benita Valente, sopranos; Jon Humphrey, tenor; John West, bass; and Murray Perahia, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 29, at 8:30: Another all-Haydn concert, this one with Miss Valente; Robert Sylvester, cello; Leonard Arner, oboe; Loren Glickman, bassoon; and the conductor, violin.

The Play of Daniel—The last in a series of performances of this twelfth-century musical drama presented by the New York Pro Musica. The cast includes singers, players, and actors. (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 139 W. 46th St. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 21-23, at 7 and 9:15. For information about tickets, which will not be on sale at the church, call 874-7711.)

Note—On Thursday, Dec. 21, the last two in a series of concerts of Christmas music will be presented in the plaza below the Rockefeller Center Christmas tree. Virgil Fox will give an organ recital at 12:30, and the St. Raymond's Glee Club and Choir, directed by Lou Fortunate, will appear at 5:30.

RECITALS

New York Pro Musica—A program of music by fifteenth-century masters. (Fuentidueña Chapel, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 21-22, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Kohon String Quartet—With Andrejs Jansons, oboe. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 22, at 5:30.)

David Oistrakh—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 22, at 8:30.)

Ravi Shankar—Sitar, with Alla Rakha, tabla, in three different programs. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 26; Thursday, Dec. 28; and Saturday, Dec. 30, all at 8:30.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, in an all-Bach benefit program. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 8:30.)

Sabicas—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 30, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

An Electric Christmas—A joint offering by the Electric Circus and the New York Pro Musica, consisting of fifteenth-century canons, ballads, rock, electronic music, dance, and verse, enveloped in a display of lights, films, strobes, and abstract projections. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 26, and Saturday, Dec. 30, at 8:30.)

Jazz/Folk/Rock/Pop—The Mothers of Invention. (Town Hall. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 22-23, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ The Rascals and others. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Saturday, Dec. 23, at 1:30.) . . . ¶ Pete Seeger. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 23, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ The Blades of Grass. (Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. GR 5-7804. Tuesday through Monday, Dec. 26-Jan. 1, at 2 and 4.) . . . ¶ The Cowsills. (Town Hall. Thursday, Dec. 28, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Monday, Dec. 25, at 8:35: Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 2:05: Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 29, at 8:35: Knicks vs. Los Angeles.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 23, at 8:35: Rangers vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Minnesota. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 30, at 2:05: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Racing—At Laurel, Md.: Weekdays, except Christmas, at 12:30; through Monday, Jan. 1.)

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—Operas-in-Brief, presented by the Amato Opera Company. Saturday, Dec. 23: "H.M.S. Pinafore." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 27: "Hansel and Gretel." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 30: "La Bohème." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Afternoons at 2:30.)

Little Angels of Korea Dance Company—"From the Courtyard of the Queen's Palace." (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 26-27, at 1 and 3; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 28-29, at 10, 1, and 3; and Saturday, Dec. 30, at 1 and 3.)

Stage Shows—By the **american children's theatre:** Benefit performances of "A Christmas Carol," with Larry Blyden. (R.K.O. 86th Street Theatre, Lexington Ave. at 86th St. Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-30, at 11. For tickets, call 787-4749.) . . . ¶ "Toby Tyler." (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. Saturdays and Sundays at 1; Tuesday, Dec. 26, at 2:30; Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 1; and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 28-29, at 2:30. For tickets, call 787-4749.) . . . **bil baird's marionette theatre:** "Winnie-the-Pooh," plus a number of puppet variety acts. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturday, Dec. 23, through Saturday, Dec. 30, at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **children's theatre international:** "Babu." (Longacre Theatre, 220 W. 48th St. WA 4-4982. Tuesday through Sunday, Dec. 26-31, at 1 and 3.) . . . **florsheim productions:** "Puss in Boots." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-30, at 1. For tickets, call 565-8853.) . . . **rose lynch productions:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "The Bye Bye Tree," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **new theatre:** "The Mad Show." (154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Friday, Dec. 22, at 3; Saturday, Dec. 23, at 1 and 3:30; Sunday, Dec. 24, at noon; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 26-28, at 2; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 29-30, at 1 and 3:30; and Sunday, Dec. 31, at 2.) . . . **pickwick puppet theatre:** "Sleeping Beauty." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Tuesday, Dec. 26, at 11 and 1. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **provincetown children's theatre:** "Rip van Winkle." (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Saturdays and also Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 26-29, at 1 and 3.) . . . **silver button productions:** "The Silver Button." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Saturdays and also Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 26-29, at 1 and 3.) . . . **storyland theatre:** "Heidi," Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-30, at 1:30. . . . ¶ "Daniel Boone," Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-30, at 3:30. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090.) . . . **taubenslag productions:** "Comedy of Magic," Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 26-29, at 11. . . .

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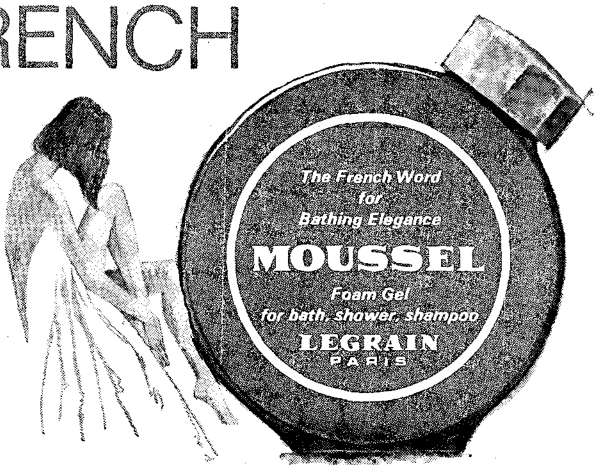

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this case, beige and
black cotton plaid,
lined with SiBonne.
Plus a mammoth bow.
And a wide patent
belt. 6-14. 70.00.
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ "Pinocchio," Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30, plus Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 26-27, and Friday, Dec. 29, at 1:15. . . . ¶ "Peter Pan," Saturdays and Sundays at 3, plus Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 26-27, and Friday, Dec. 29, at 2:45, and Thursday, Dec. 28, at 1:15 and 2:45. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "The Wizard of Oz," Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 11 and 3. . . . ¶ "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Thursday, Dec. 28, at 11 and 3. . . . ¶ "Tom Sawyer," Friday, Dec. 29, at 11 and 1. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **UNIT THEATRE GROUP:** "The Blue Bird." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-30, at 3:30.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collection of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Stars in the Christmas Sky;" through Jan. 2. (Special holiday schedule: Thursday and Friday, Dec. 21-22, at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 23, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Sunday, Dec. 24, at 1, 2, 3, and 4; Christmas at 1, 2:30, and 4; Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 26-29, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; and Saturday, Dec. 30, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Children under five not admitted.)

MOVIES—At the **TRANS-LUX 85TH STREET THEATRE:** "Bye Bye Birdie," with Janet Leigh and Dick Van Dyke. A benefit performance. (Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Tuesday, Dec. 26, at 10.) . . . **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY:** "The Red Balloon" and "Live Teddy Bears," Tuesday, Dec. 26, at 2, and Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 11. . . . ¶ "World Without Sun," Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 2. . . . ¶ "Nature's Half Acre" and "Bear Country," Thursday, Dec. 28, at 11. (Central Park W. at 77th St. Admission is free.) . . . **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY:** "The Snow Queen." (170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Thursday, Dec. 28, at 1:30 and 3. Admission is free.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no sessions on Christmas. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily, except Saturday through Monday, Dec. 23-25.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd—Five programs in a series called "American Films from the Cinémathèque Française." Dec. 21 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Merry-Go-Round" (1923), with Mary Philbin. . . . Dec. 22 at 2 and 5:30: "Her Man" (1930). . . . Dec. 23 at 3 and 5:30: "The Wizard of Oz" (1925). . . . Dec. 24 at 2: "The Younger Generation" (1929), with Jean Hersholt. . . . Dec. 26 at 2 and 5:30: "The Last Warning" (1929), with Laura La Plante. . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 11:30: A program of five films by D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 2 and 5:30: Three Chaplin comedies—"The Floorwalker" (1916), "The Fireman" (1916), and "Easy Street" (1917). . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART,** 2 Columbus Circle—To be announced. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **NOTE:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

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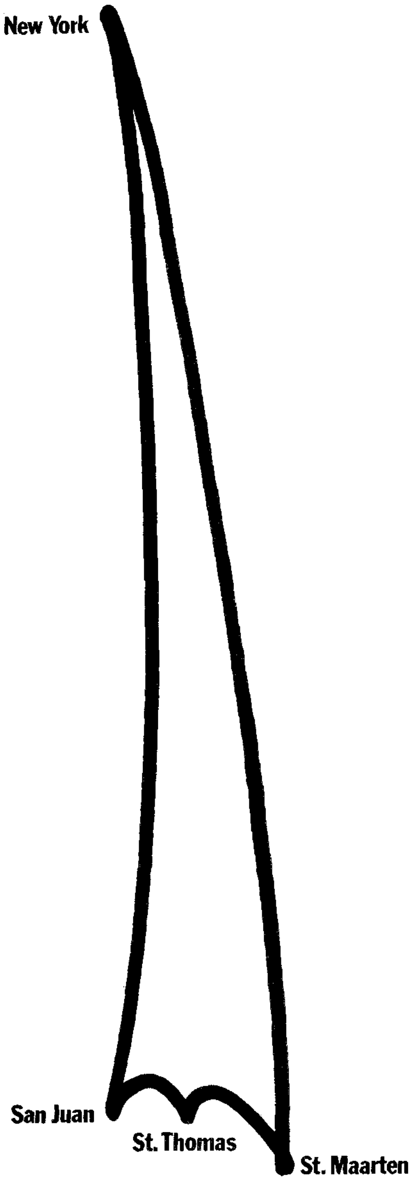

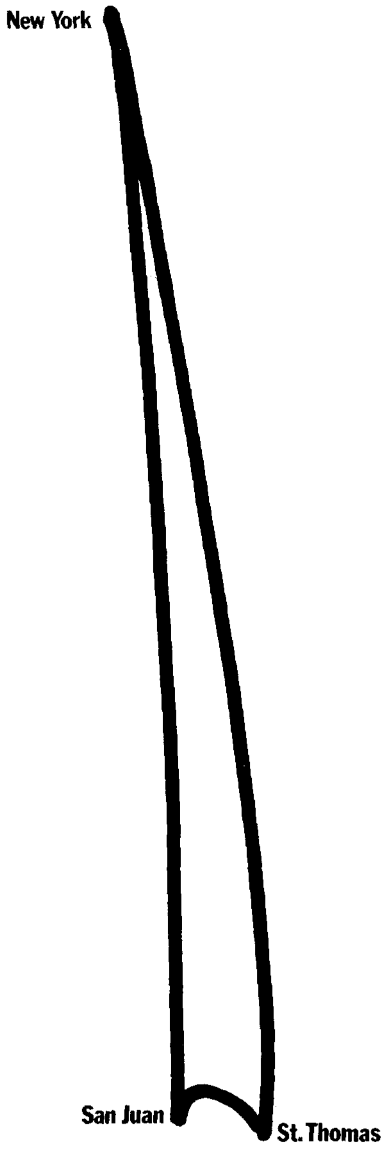

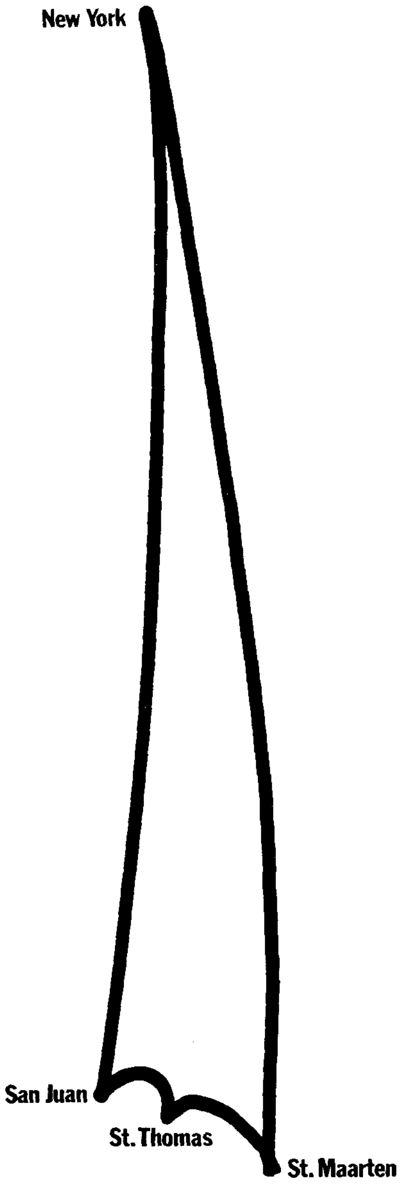

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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REETING CAR
BOOKS
GREETING CARDS
ALL STAR SHOW
NOW SHOWING
STAR SHOW
CIGARS
SODA
FOUNTAIN SERVICE
Luncheonette

Bedazzled—An intellectual's "Hellz-a-Poppin," full of relentlessly silly jokes, most of which work. With Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Camelot—A very long and very dull musical, distinguished only by the presence of Vanessa Redgrave and Richard Harris. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 21-22, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 23, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 24, at 2:30 and 8; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 25-26, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30; and Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Chappaqua—A bold rendering of the mind, anguished but undefeated, of a young drug addict. Written and directed by Conrad Rooks, who plays the leading role. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350.)

Closely Watched Trains—A tragicomedy about a young lad who takes a job in a godforsaken railway station as a way of shirking service during the last war. One of the fine Czech films shown this summer in the Lincoln Center festival. Directed by Jiri Menzel. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

Elvira Madigan—A true tale of young love losing its way in nineteenth-century Scandinavia. The extraordinary beauty of the picture makes us forgive it its madness. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Far from the Madding Crowd—If you like Hardy, you will no doubt enjoy this faithful rendering of the grumpy yeomanry of grim old Wessex. The cast includes Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Terence Stamp, and Peter Finch. John Schlesinger directed. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Starting Saturday, Dec. 23, matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Guess Who's Coming to Dinner—The ninth, and last, movie made by the famous team of Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. Directed by Stanley Kramer. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

How I Won the War—A pitch-black comedy about the horror of war, and perhaps also about the horror of making a movie about the horror of war. Brilliantly directed by Richard Lester, with Michael Crawford as the star. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—The splendid Broadway musical, brought to the screen by David Swift and starring Robert Morse and Rudy Vallée, who are very, very funny. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600, starting Dec. 27.)

In Cold Blood—An altogether satisfactory translation of the Truman Capote best-seller of a couple of years ago. Written and directed by Richard Brooks. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

A Man for All Seasons—The moral tug of war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by a superb cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED HERE

The Taming of the Shrew—In which the director, Franco Zeffirelli, seeks to lend Shakespeare a helping hand. With Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; Dec. 21.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A diverting movie, which would have been a lot better at half its length. With Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore, James Fox, and Beatrice Lillie, and directed by George Roy Hill. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Tiger Makes Out—Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson working hard and sometimes humorously as a pair of eager, aging misfits. Directed by Arthur Hiller, from a screenplay by Murray Schisgal. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Dec. 22.)

Wait Until Dark—Audrey Hepburn, blind and alone in a Village apartment, pits herself against three murderous crooks. With Alan Arkin and Richard Crenna. Terence Young directed. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; starting Dec. 22.)

The War Game—A prophecy, in documentary form, of the suffering that would befall England in the event of a Third World War. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123, Dec. 21.)

Woman Times Seven—Peter Sellers appears once in mourning, Alan Arkin offers an interlude of brilliantly withdrawn comedy as a struggling intender of suicide, and Shirley MacLaine plays seven parts with an implication of a wit that no one uses. Directed by Vittorio De Sica, in a tone that is formula Hollywood at its purest. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Dec. 22.)

REVIVALS

The African Queen (1952)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; Dec. 21.)

Any Wednesday (1966)—Jane Fonda, Jason Robards, Rosemary Murphy, and Dean Jones in a movie version of the Broadway comedy. Written by Julius J. Epstein. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; Dec. 21.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Camille (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 22-25.)

The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz (1962)—Directed by Luis Buñuel. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; starting Dec. 26.)

David Copperfield (1935)—The Dickens story, with W. C. Fields as Micawber, Roland Young as Uriah Heep, and Edna May Oliver as Aunt Betsey Trotwood. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 23-27.)

Days of Wine and Roses (1963)—Jack Lemmon and Lee Remick in a story about a young couple hitting the bottle and trying to stop. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Dec. 22.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—A comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123; Dec. 21.)

Georgy Girl (1966)—An English tragicomedy about a fat girl's joys and sorrows, with Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Dec. 21.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Thursday, Dec. 21, at 8; Friday, Dec. 22, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 23, at 2 and 8:30; Sunday and Monday, Dec. 24-25, at 2 and 8; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 26-27, at 9, 2, and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. Directed by Jean Renoir. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; starting Dec. 26.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand is the star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 26.)

King and Country (1966)—An account of a miscarriage of justice in the First World War. Tom Courtenay and Dirk Bogarde. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; Dec. 21.)

Mata Hari (1932)—Greta Garbo as the spy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 26.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; Dec. 22-25.)

My Uncle (1958)—Directed by and with Jacques Tati. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; Dec. 22-25.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields again, this time doing his best as a kindly uncle. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers cutting up in the musical world. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 23-27.)

The Servant (1963)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption above stairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; Dec. 21.)

The Stranger (1946)—Directed by Orson Welles, with Edward G. Robinson and Loretta Young. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Dec. 22.)

Tom Jones (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 26.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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				21	22	23
24	25	26	27			

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Fitzwilly," Dick Van Dyke, Edith Evans.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Valley of the Dolls," Barbara Parkins, Patty Duke.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Dec. 21: "The Comedians," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.
From Dec. 22: "The Ambushers," Dean Martin.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The President's Analyst," James Coburn.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Happiest Millionaire," Fred MacMurray, Tommy Steele.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Smashing Time," Rita Tushingham, Lynn Redgrave.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Doctor Dolittle," Rex Harrison, Samantha Eggar. (Thursday and Friday, Dec. 21-22, at 8:30; Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 23-24, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 25-27, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

TRANS-LUX WEST, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
Dec. 21: "Clambake," Elvis Presley.
From Dec. 22: "Billion Dollar Brain," Michael Caine, Karl Malden.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
CAMELOT.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
HOW I WON THE WAR.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
TOM JONES, revival; and **HELP!**, revival.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Dec. 21: **THE TAMING OF THE SHREW**; and **ANY WEDNESDAY**, revival.
From Dec. 22: **WOMAN TIMES SEVEN**; and "To Sir, with Love," Sidney Poitier.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Dec. 21: **GEORGY GIRL**, revival; and "The Professionals," revival, Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.
From Dec. 22: **THE TIGER MAKES OUT.**

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"The Crazy World of Laurel & Hardy," a film made up of excerpts from their old movies.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Smashing Time," Rita Tushingham, Lynn Redgrave.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS, a Czechoslovakian film.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Dec. 21: **THE AFRICAN QUEEN**, revival.
From Dec. 22: "Billion Dollar Brain," Michael Caine, Karl Malden.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Live for Life" (in French), Yves Montand, Candice Bergen.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
BEDAZZLED.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Comedians," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Graduate," Anne Bancroft, Dustin Hoffman.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
IN COLD BLOOD.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
HOW I WON THE WAR.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Smashing Time," Rita Tushingham, Lynn Redgrave.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The President's Analyst," James Coburn.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
THE BANK DICK, revival; and **NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK**, revival.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Dec. 21: "The Terrornauts," Simon Oates; and "They Came from Beyond Space," Robert Hutton.
From Dec. 22: **WAIT UNTIL DARK.**

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Dec. 21: "Our Mother's House," Dirk Bogarde; and "Village of the Damned," revival, George Sanders.
From Dec. 22: "The Ambushers," Dean Martin.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"Fitzwilly," Dick Van Dyke, Edith Evans.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
Dec. 21: **THE SERVANT**, revival; and **KING AND COUNTRY**, revival.
Dec. 22-25: **MY UNCLE** (in French), revival; and **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY**, revival.
From Dec. 26: **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival; and **THE CRIMINAL LIFE OF ARCHIBALDO DE LA CRUZ** (in Spanish), revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Dec. 21: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, with a cast of nonprofessionals), revival.
From Dec. 22: **THE TIGER MAKES OUT.**

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French), revival.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Dec. 21: "Our Mother's House," Dirk Bogarde; and "Village of the Damned," revival, George Sanders.
From Dec. 22: "The Ambushers," Dean Martin.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
CHAPPAQUA.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Dec. 21: "The Terrornauts," Simon Oates; and "They Came from Beyond Space," Robert Hutton.
From Dec. 22: **WAIT UNTIL DARK.**

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Bible," revival.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Valley of the Dolls," Barbara Parkins, Patty Duke.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
Dec. 21: **THE WAR GAME**; and **DR. STRANGELOVE**, revival.
From Dec. 22: "The Jungle Book," a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Inside North Vietnam," a documentary by Felix Greene.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Graduate," Anne Bancroft, Dustin Hoffman.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"The Stranger" (in French), Marcello Mastroianni, Anna Karina.

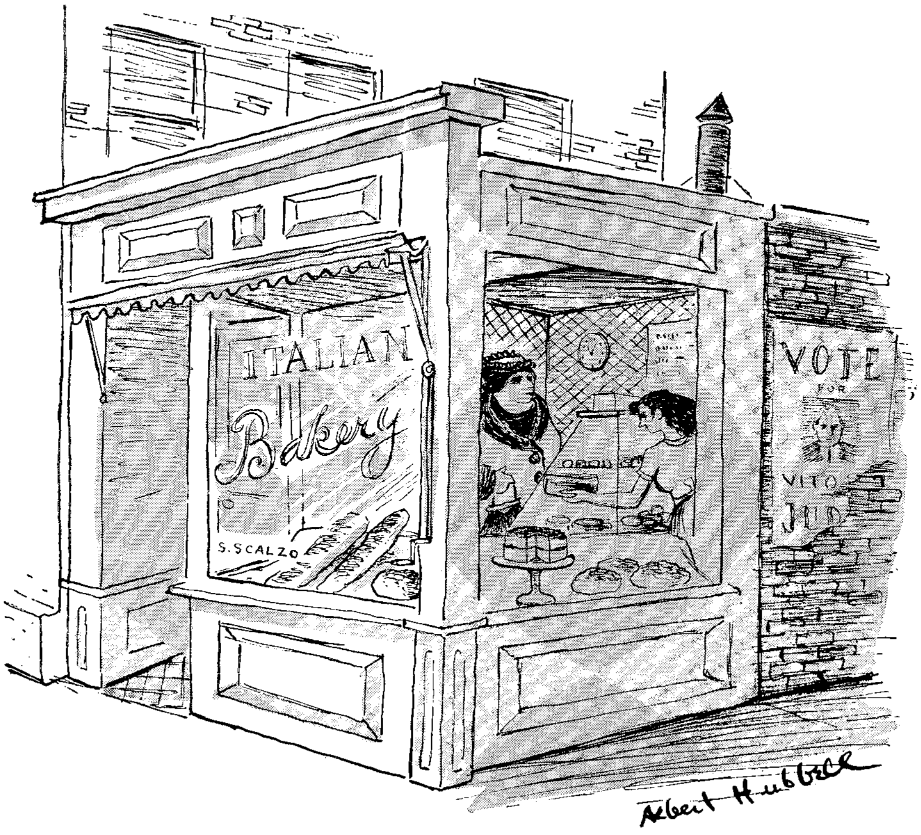
REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (SC 4-3700)
"The Hippie Revolt," a documentary film.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 22: **THE STRANGER**, revival; and **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES**, revival.
Dec. 23-27: **DAVID COPPERFIELD**, revival; and **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 26: **TOM JONES**, revival; and **HELP!**, revival.
From Dec. 27: **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING**; and "In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 21: "A Tale of Two Cities," revival, Ronald Colman, Edna May Oliver; and "Great Expectations," revival, Valerie Hobson, John Mills.
Dec. 22-25: **CAMILLE**, revival; and "Anna Karenina," revival, Greta Garbo, Fredric March.
From Dec. 26: **MATA HARI**, revival; and "Grand Hotel," revival, Greta Garbo, John Barrymore.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"The Birds, the Bees and the Italians" (in Italian), Virna Lisi.



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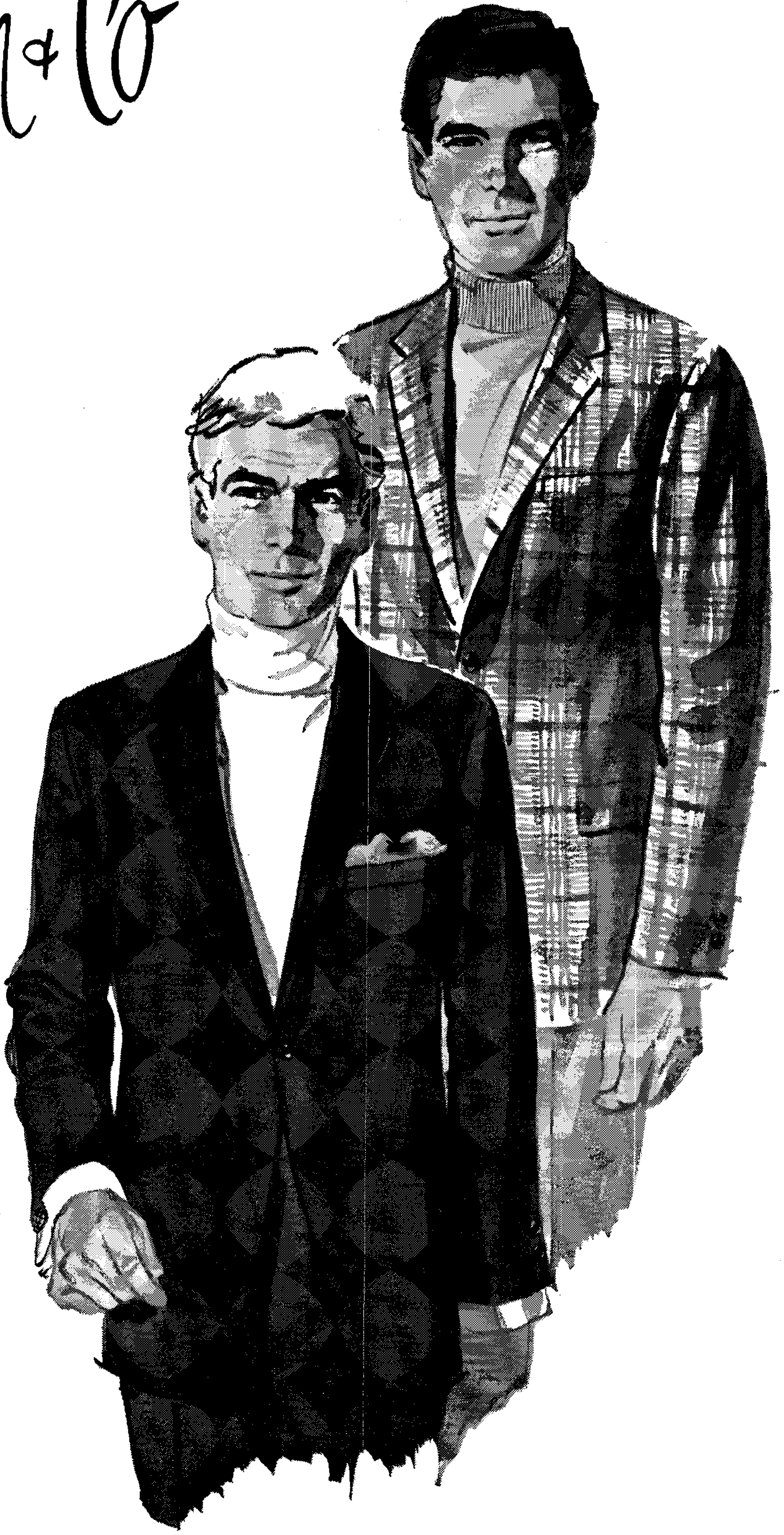


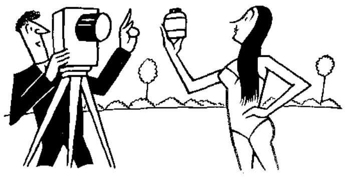
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE were mildly encouraged last week to observe scribbled on the side of a building on East Forty-fourth Street the words *“Please practice empathy.”*

“THERE are a hell of a lot of drawbacks to owning an idyllic spot like this,” we were told by an acquaintance of ours who owns one of the most idyllic spots we’ve ever seen, including beach, forest glade, burbling brook, waterfall, and expansive lawns. “Of course, it’s my own fault. For the last couple of years, I’ve been renting out little sections of my place to the advertising people. They started getting interested in the idyllic setting about five years ago. At first, it was only now and again that some leggy young thing and attendant photographer and shined-up bottle of mayonnaise or something would arrive for a shot or two. My God! Today there’s always a new Buick sitting down there on the beach, and twice I’ve cut my toe tripping over a vodka Martini or a Bloody Mary posed on the white sand. The woods are littered with new cars. It’s the damnedest thing. I can’t make the connection myself between forest clearings and new cars, but they sure have made the connection back on Madison Avenue. Hell, every day or so a helicopter is lowering a freshly waxed convertible into a glade or a pasture. And the burbling brook is so crowded with young couples strolling about smoking hundred-millimetre cigarettes that most of the trout have been scared way upstream. Cologne bottles, furniture, new towels, kitchen appliances, Princess telephones—somebody has decided that every product looks better in the woods and wilds. Excuse me. What’s that Pontiac station wagon doing in my blueberry patch?”



Birthday

THE New York Philharmonic—organized in a tavern and first presented to several hundred music lovers at the Apollo Rooms, on lower Broadway—celebrated its hundred-and-twenty-fifth birthday the other evening with a gala concert at Philharmonic Hall and a champagne reception across the plaza at the New York State Theatre. The concert, which was the Philharmonic’s seven-thousand-three-hundred-and-seventy-ninth, duplicated the program that opened the original season, on December 7, 1842. (There was one minor exception: a piano quintet was mercifully shortened to get the audience out before midnight.) The music ranged from the familiar (Beethoven’s Fifth Symphony, Weber’s “Oberon” Overture, and arias by Mozart and Rossini) to the obscure (the piano quintet, by Johann Nepomuk Hummel, a pupil of Mozart and Haydn, and the New Overture in D Minor, by Johann Wenzel Kalliwoda, a Czech composer admired by Schumann and Mendelssohn). The conductor, and the pianist in the quintet, was a graying but ebullient Leonard Bernstein; the audience included Philharmonic alumni, and also two hundred composers, conductors, and soloists who had appeared with the orchestra; and the prevailing mood was one of delighted nostalgia. For us, the high point of the concert occurred when Mr. Bernstein announced from the podium that the real star of this collective birthday party was the orchestra itself. “And so, to conclude the evening, we will have the star alone on the stage,” he said, grinning. “Here is the Kalliwoda, conductorless.” He gave a brisk downbeat, and disappeared in a wave of laughter and applause. The orchestra, playing with ferocious intensity, sailed through the tuneful, if rather pompous, score with gusto, and received a standing ovation.

We met Mr. Bernstein at the reception a short time later and learned that there had been technical as well as sentimental reasons for the Philharmonic’s solo effort. “There was no conductor’s score for the Kalliwoda,” said Mr. Bernstein, a cheerful, energetic figure draped in an opera cape, who was accepting a steady stream of congratulations. “So I had to beat it from the first violin part. We rehearsed it thoroughly, and then, yesterday, I told the orchestra they were going to play it without me. They turned pale at the thought, but they did very well. I’ll bet they made some of the conductors in the audience nervous.”

“Lenny, I hated you for playing the Hummel so fast,” said a short, plump young man, grabbing Mr. Bernstein by the elbow. “It’s outrageously unfair.”

“I only play piano like once a year, and I’ve been practicing,” Mr. Bernstein said, looking pleased. “What with a tennis elbow and a skiing shoulder, I’m not really up to it.”

“C’était magnifique,” murmured a handsome blonde as she leaned forward to kiss the Maestro on the cheek.

“Preparing this program was like putting ‘Meistersinger’ together in a week,” said Mr. Bernstein. “But wasn’t the applause for the orchestra wonderful? That’s the way a birthday ought to be celebrated.”

We made our way through groups of champagne-drinking Philharmonic fans—men in white tie, women with elaborately arranged long hair and plunging necklines—and paused before the familiar figure of Marian Anderson, smiling and stately in a white brocade evening dress. “I’ve had many engagements with the Philharmonic, but the concert one remembers was what amounted to a professional début with a large orchestra," Miss Anderson said. "I was one of seventy young singers who entered the Philharmonic auditions one summer, and I remember that on that first day the number I had prepared—'O mio Fernando'—was sung six times before my turn came. But I passed the semifinals and eventually won the competition. The prize—an appearance with the Philharmonic at Lewisohn Stadium—was really the launching of my career."

We visited briefly with Marjorie Lawrence ("When you sing Strauss or Wagner with an orchestra like the Philharmonic, a surge of joy just carries you away"), Lauritz Melchior ("There are no heroic tenors in the world at the moment. This is difficult for the Philharmonic but impossible in opera"), André Watts ("The scream today is for maturity, but Bernstein gave me my break with the Philharmonic when I was sixteen. I'll play Brahms with them in February, and it will be like coming home"), and Aaron Copland ("It's a pleasure to write for such a brilliant orchestra, but I'm afraid the twelve-tone piece I did for the opening of Philharmonic Hall shook a lot of people up") as we worked our way through the crowd to greet the soprano soloists of the evening—Eileen Farrell, a statuesque blonde in green chiffon, and Reri Grist, a tiny brunette in pale-blue lace.

"I've sung with the Philharmonic more than anybody else, because I was their soloist when the orchestra played the Roxy, in 1950," Miss Farrell said. "Who could ever forget that! Mitropoulos conducted, and I did 'The Last Rose of Summer' and 'Un Bel Dì' four times a day."

Miss Grist, an impish coloratura, told us that she had reversed the process and come to the Philharmonic from Broadway. "Mr. Bernstein hired me from the cast of 'West Side Story' to sing the Mahler Fourth Symphony, and I've never gone back," she said.

"Do you realize that one woman—a Mme. Otto—sang *all* the soprano music at the original concert?" Miss Farrell asked. "What a fantastic voice she must have had!"

"The room may have been smaller, but the notes haven't changed," Miss Grist said. "Either she had a *very* unusual instrument or she skipped something."

We left the ladies discussing technical matters and joined a group of Philharmonic musicians, who were comparing notes on the evening's only disaster—a break in the French-horn solo at the beginning of the "Oberon."

"Have you seen Joe?" a violinist asked Mr. Rainer De Intinis, the third French horn.

"He's not too upset," Mr. De Intinis said. "He's a professional, and he knows you can't play a hundred per cent accurately all the time. Still, it's a shame it happened that way."

"You had a lovely solo in the 'Oberon,'" the violinist said.

"I was lucky," Mr. De Intinis said. "Let's get some champagne."

"When Steinberg gives us the downbeat tomorrow morning, he won't get music, he'll get bubbles," the violinist observed, surveying the crowd.

As the two men headed for the bar, Mr. Saul Goodman, the eminent tympanist, who has been with the Philharmonic since 1926, explained to us that horn players are a moody lot, since their instrument is so unpredictable. "I've seen four first horns in this orchestra," Mr. Goodman said. "They don't last as long as other first-chair men, because when the lip goes the spirit starts to crumble. I'll never forget one evening in the thirties, when Bruno Jaenicke, the greatest horn player who ever lived, was doing a Strauss concerto. He wasn't used to solo work, and during the first movement he began missing notes and just went to pieces. Finally, he walked offstage and left the conductor—Erich Kleiber—to finish as best he could. When we went up to the musicians' room at intermission, there was no sign of Jaenicke, but we found fragments of his horn all over the place. Kleiber was so worried about him that he went out to Jaenicke's house and spent several hours trying to calm him down. Jaenicke came back, of course, but he was never the same."

Alfred Wallenstein, the Philharmonic's first cellist during the Toscanini years—from 1929 to 1936—came up, and Mr. Goodman said, "Here's another man with a long memory."

Mr. Wallenstein said, "In the early thirties, the Philharmonic was probably the best orchestra in the world. Toscanini was simply miraculous. He was much older than any of us, and yet in rehearsals and concerts he worked with a concentrated energy that was staggering. He had a fabulous sense of balance, an impeccable feeling for line and form, and an ear like a cat. Never, even in an unimportant piece, would he deviate from the score. I remember once he didn't like a grace note in the Weber-Berlioz 'Invitation to the Dance.' We called the Library of Congress to check the original piano score, and found that he was right; the note had been misprinted in the orchestration."

Last Run

THIS is plainly a week for nostalgia. We recently spent a day (and then some) on board the Twentieth Century Limited, one of the most famous trains in the world, as it made its final run from New York to Chicago. We would not have been present at all if we had not received an agitated phone call the previous day, a Friday, from our old friend Ernest M. Frimbo, the most famous train fan in the world. "Nobody knows it," Mr. Frimbo told us over the telephone, "but the Century is coming to an end tomorrow night." We said something, and he said, "Yes, yes, very funny. I am talking trains, not apocalyptics. I am telling you this because nobody is supposed to know. The Central is too embarrassed to admit that it's yanking the train. And it should be embarrassed. I find it impossible to speak about that railroad calmly. But I want to tell you that if you're quick about it, you can get a bedroom on that last run. You're bound to be the only member of the press making the trip, because your colleagues have been hoodwinked by Central flapdoodle."

We said that we had been hoping for some time to find an excuse to take the Century.

Mr. Frimbo went on, "It isn't what it was, you know, but I must have ridden on the Century maybe fifty times over the years, and it's still better than what will replace it. Wish I could be with you on that run, but I've got an unbreakable date with a train in Arizona. Don't forget—the Century leaves at six on Track 34. Make a note for me of what a railroad man would call its consist—the number and variety and order of its cars. Oh, yes. Lucius Beebe wrote a book about the Century, which you had better take along. It's fascinating and somewhat unreliable. Full steam ahead!"

Our friend rang off, and we steamed over to Grand Central Terminal, where we booked Bedroom B in Car 253 for the following night from a pleasant ticket agent, who said, "You're just in time—that's the last run. I guess a lot of people will be very sorry," and then looked abashed.

The next afternoon, just after five-thirty, we made our way back to Grand Central, baggage and the Beebe in hand. A small crowd of rail fans and reporters and news photographers had gathered around the check-in counters at Track 34. The rail fans, standing on the famous red carpet that said "20TH CENTURY LIMITED," were taking pictures of the observation car at the end of the Century, and the newsmen were taking pictures of the rail fans taking pictures, and talking with the passengers checking in. The passengers all said, in effect, that they had had no idea that this was the last run of the Twentieth Century Limited, and wasn't it a shame?

We had our ticket taken and our picture taken, and climbed aboard. Car 253 proved to be the second car from the observation car, and named Missouri Valley. We started making notes for Mr. Frimbo. The observation car was Wingate Brook, and the sleeping car between it and us was Port Clinton. Ahead of us were another sleeping car (Peach Valley), a dining car, a car that was half club car and half galley for the diner, a day coach that displayed reproductions of two paintings by Cézanne, a sleeper coach, a dormitory car (which is used by the dining-car staff and has triple-decker bunks), and an electric engine. Our bedroom was a comfortable room that showed signs of wear. It had metal walls painted gray, a large brown armchair with an antimacassar, a smaller brown armchair without an antimacassar, a red rug with a faded floral design, a small separate bathroom, an even smaller closet, and a picture window, which needed washing. On the seat of the large armchair was a brochure informing us that we would receive a complimentary glass of champagne with our dinner and a complimentary newspaper and boutonniere with our breakfast, that we could have our shoes shined and our suit pressed, and that, if we wanted them, a typewriter and an electric shaver were available.

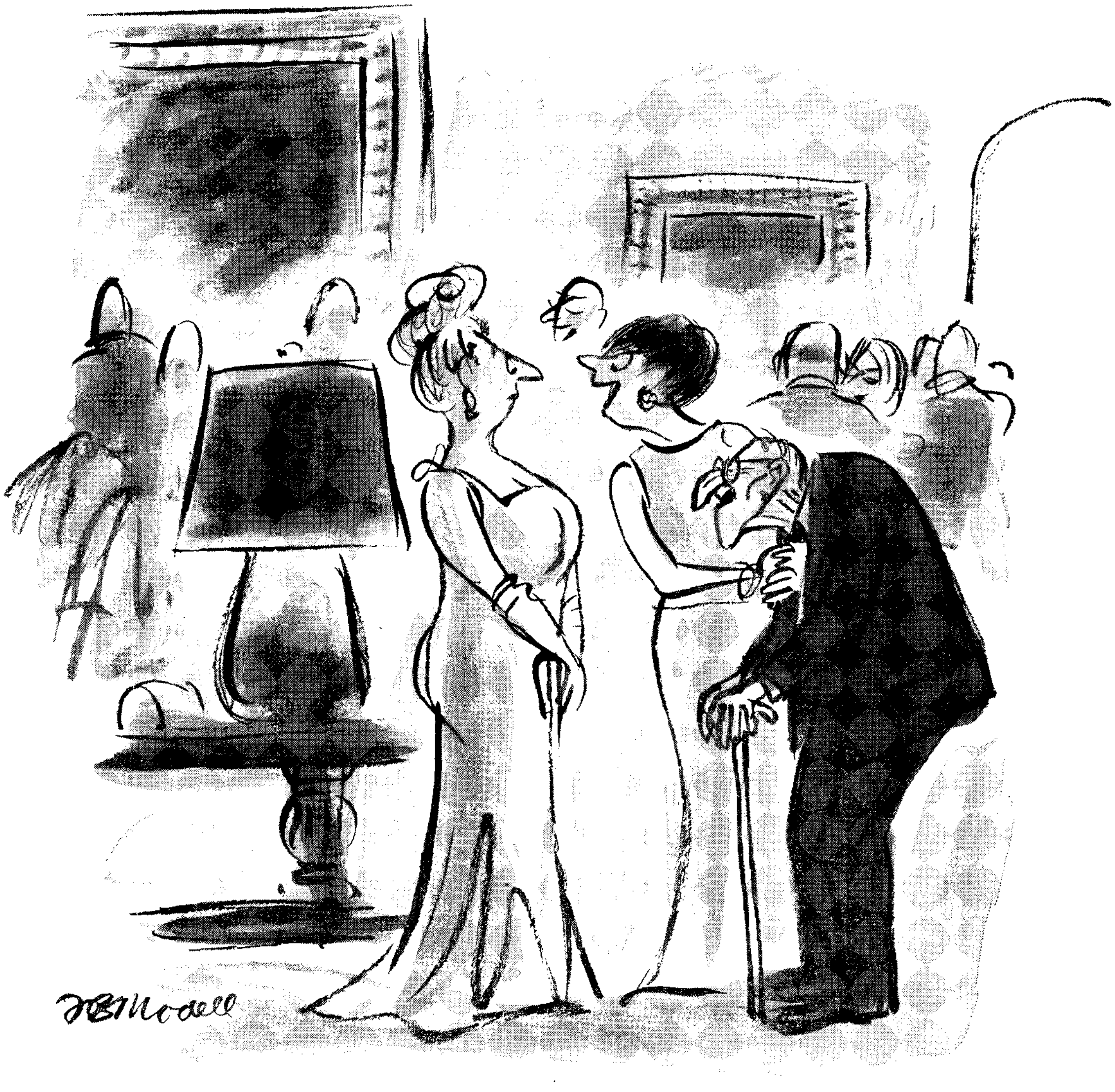
At six o'clock precisely, the Century pulled out. We decided that Mr. Frimbo would expect us to settle down in the observation car, so we made our way back to Wingate Brook, carrying the Beebe with us. At the end of our sleeping car, two Century porters were saying goodbye to two Grand Central redcaps, who were leaning on their pushcarts. The redcaps waved, and one of them looked as though he thought he ought to make a few appropriate remarks, but then he just grinned and waved again and said, "Well, see you, boys."

We liked the lounge in the observation car. It was outfitted with sofas, armchairs, a table and a lamp or two, three bunches of fresh yellow and white chrysanthemums, including a grand branch in the rear window. The lounge wasn't very full, so we chose a chair near the window with the chrysanthemums, and opened up the Beebe. Outside, there were flashes of light as the rail fans took their final pictures, and we waved to them. Mr. Beebe told us that he had unearthed a New York Central publicity release about the consist of the first run of the Twentieth Century Limited, on June 15, 1902:

> The trains [he quoted] will be composed of buffet, smoking, and library composite cars *Decius, Cyrus*, observation cars *Alroy* and *Sappho*, 12 section drawing-room state-room cars *Petruchio, Philario, Gonzalo* and *Benvolio*. . . . The exterior of the car is painted Pullman standard color, the ornamentation in gold being simple, but very artistic.

Mr. Beebe said that the interiors of the cars were particularly noticeable for, in the railroad's words, an "absence of all heavy carvings, ornate grilles and metal work, stuffy hangings, etc."

After we had been reading for a while, the car filled up, and we fell into conversation with the man who had been standing in front of us in the check-in line and with a well-dressed young man who was carrying a camera. The man from the check-in line said that he was a dermatologist. "Heading for a convention at the Palmer House," he told the young man and us. "Held there every year at this time. I always start my Christmas



"Lillian, I want you to meet one of my oldest and dearest friends."

shopping at that convention. Don't know why. Live in New York but always start my shopping in Chicago. Have a drink."

The young man said that he was a railroad buff, and that he would love a drink as soon as he had taken a picture of the observation-car porter. "I have over five hundred pictures of this train," he said. "I have been taking one a week since 1959. At home, I have over twenty-two thousand railroad pictures."

The porter brought us all a drink, and said, "Would you gentlemens like some hors d'oeuvres?"

The dermatologist said, "Just 'cause you asked me to."

The porter looked pleased. "I didn't have to twist *your* arm," he said.

The young man said he had heard that the New Haven Railroad had bought the observation car from the New York Central.

The porter grinned. "I wonder what ever *they'll* do with it," he said.

We asked the young man if, by any chance, he had ever met Ernest Frimbo.

He said, "I certainly have. He is the foremost rail fan there is. I'm a Frimbo disciple. In the days when the Century had a barbershop on board, he and his friends would get on and ride as far as Albany just to get a shave and a haircut."

Our two new friends went off to dinner, and the conductor of the Century came around checking tickets. He noticed a boy with long, fair hair, who had been sitting quietly in the observation car for some time, and went over to talk with him. The boy said that he hoped the conductor remembered him—that he was the person who had come down to the station to see a friend off, and then had decided he just had to take the final run of the Century. He said that the conductor had said he would accept a check.

The conductor looked very solemn, then said, "Well, it *is* the last run. You give me your check and I'll give you a receipt." The boy wrote out a check, and the conductor took a receipt form out of his pocket and punched it with his ticket punch. "That's my punch mark," he said as he handed the receipt to the boy. "Everybody in the country knows that punch mark."

After the conductor had left, we walked over to the boy and asked if we might see the conductor's punch mark. It was shaped like a tiny map of the United States and had a slightly exaggerated bulge in the region of Texas.

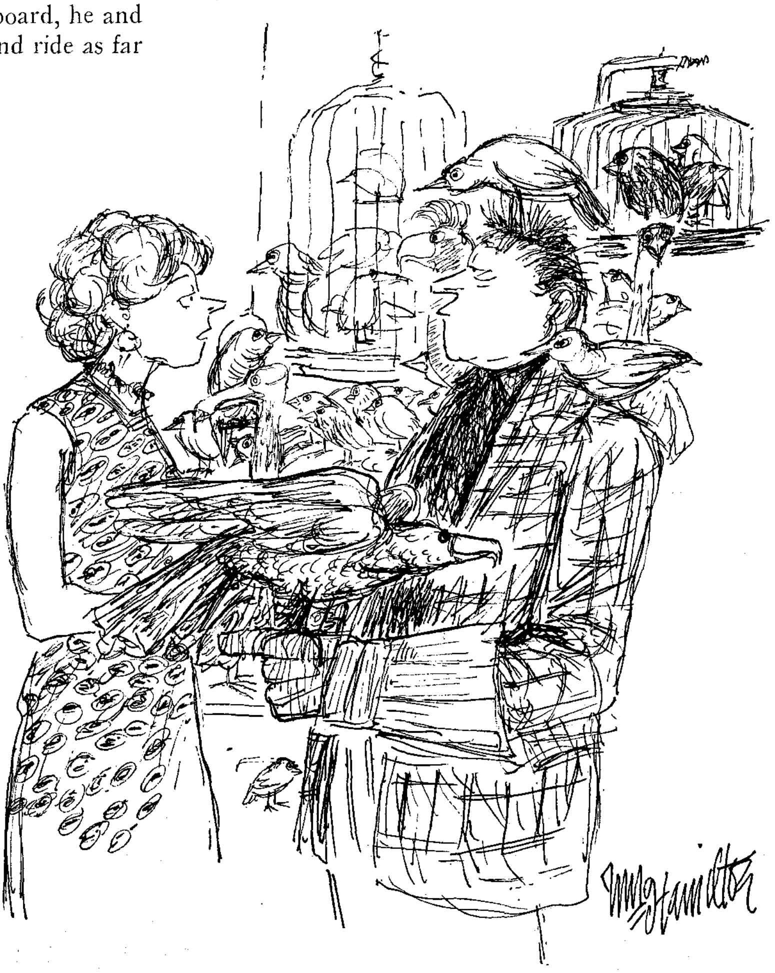
Around about Albany, we headed for the diner. The steward, a good-humored man in a dinner jacket and gold-rimmed spectacles, handed us a menu printed in gold and black. The menu said:

WELCOME TO
THE CENTURY ROOM
offering the ultimate in
dining car cuisine and service

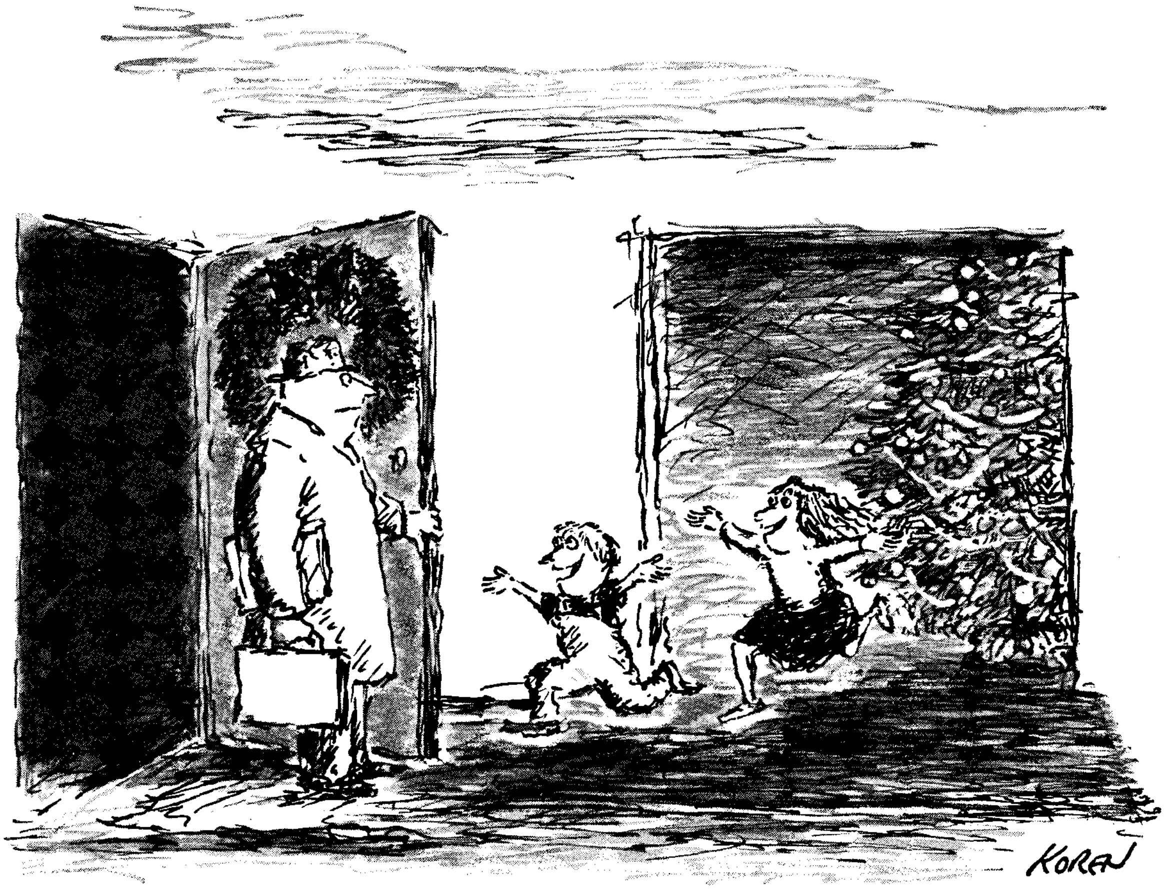
We ordered Spiced Apple Rings, Queen Olives, Rosetted Radishes, Stuffed Celery N.Y.C., Carrot Sticks, Bisque of New Asparagus, Roast Prime Ribs of Beef au Jus, with Baked Hubbard Squash and Camille Potatoes, Orange-Pecan Sticks and Dinner Rolls, Hearts of Lettuce with Thousand Island Dressing, Old-Fashioned Strawberry Shortcake with Whipped Cream, and Coffee. We drank our complimentary glass of champagne with the roast beef, and the whole meal was fine. The steward told us that he would give us some after-dinner mints when we had finished our coffee, and an apple and an orange that we could take to our bedroom.

At one o'clock—right on schedule—the Century stopped in Buffalo to pick up some cars from the New England States, a train that originated in Boston, and to change some of its crew. There was a delay. The New England States had had a fire in one of its sleepers and was running behind time. We climbed down onto the platform. Our new conductor, who was going as far as Toledo, was standing a few feet away from us, carrying a black dispatch box and talking with an elderly rail fan from the Buffalo area. The rail fan was carrying a copy of Beebe's book, and he asked the conductor to autograph it. The conductor looked as though he were about to say no. Instead, he said, "Well, it *is* the last run," and reached for the book. The rail fan said, "I came all the way from Niagara Falls to see the Century for the last time. That's about twenty-five miles. It used to be a great train."

The conductor agreed. "This was a train," he said. "Why, I've carried Jim Farley, Joe Louis, a lot of famous people on this train." He reached down and opened his dispatch box and took out two postcards. One showed a train with an old steam engine and was printed in brown ink on a gold background. "That was a long time ago," he said. He turned the card over. "See? It's even got that old green George Washington penny stamp on it." He held up the other card. The other card showed a train with a more modern steam engine. The train was thundering through hills that were orange because it was autumn, under a pale-blue sky with some fleecy white clouds in it. A great deal of gray smoke was pouring out of the engine's stack.



"Go back to stamp collecting, Harry, and I promise you won't hear another peep out of me."



"Daddy! Daddy! American planes bombed a key rail depot near Hanoi and knocked out a power station today in a record number of strikes for the third consecutive day!"

• •

The rail fan referred to the Century by its official name, Train No. 25, and said he supposed the Century would lose that number as soon as it reached Chicago.

The conductor said it would lose the number sooner than that, because the new schedule went into effect at four o'clock in the morning. Officially, the Century would expire somewhere near Ashtabula. "We're Twenty-five until four," he said. "Then we become Twenty-seven, and that's the end of the Century." He put his postcards back in his dispatch box and closed it.

We returned to our bedroom, which was now made up, with a bed where the large armchair had been, and decided to sleep for a couple of hours but to be awake at four, if we could manage it. We woke up sometime later. The train was standing still. We looked out the window and couldn't see anything. We checked our watch, and it said five minutes to four. It seemed like a good idea to go back to sleep, but we decided that Mr. Frimbo would have got up and investigated, so we put our overcoat on over our pajamas and walked up the train, looking for the conductor. We found him sitting in the dining car working on some papers. He heard us coming and looked at his watch. It was now a few minutes after four. "Well, she's dead," he said. "But we're sitting here in Harbor Creek, Pennsylvania, only because an express train has been derailed up ahead. Looks like we'll have to detour around it over the Norfolk & Western tracks. I guess we may be late enough so that you'll get a free breakfast." He picked up his papers, and said, "There's a little good in every bad."

When we woke up again, our watch said twelve-forty-five, and the sky outside our window was bright gray, above flat brown fields. The train was moving. It had been due in Chicago at nine-forty. We had slept through the free morning paper and the free boutonniere, and we were afraid we might have slept right through Chicago. We put on our overcoat again. Outside the bedroom we found the conductor in conference with our porter. The porter said to us, "We're not into Cleveland yet, sir," and the conductor said, "She sure is dying hard, isn't she? I'm afraid we'll be almost nine hours late into Chicago, and that will make the last run of the Century six hours longer than the first run. We got caught behind a slow freight on the Norfolk & Western tracks and did sixty miles in seven hours. When we finally got back on the Central track, at Madison, Ohio, we were still almost fifty miles east of Cleveland. I didn't get to church this morning."

The porter said, "Soon as we get to Cleveland, the dining car will take on some water, and they can serve lunch."

We went back to bed and ate our apple and our orange, and took another pull at the Beebe:

> In times of crisis [Mr. Beebe said] . . . the entire collective will power of the New York Central System seemed to focus on getting *The Century* through with the least possible delay. High priority freight might freeze to the tracks at Buffalo and other ranking trains go into the hole all the way from Cleveland to Elkhart, but extra gangs and flangers, wedge plows and helper engines diverted from other runs combined to get the line's crack varnish over the road with the least possible damage to its schedule.

Lunch, after Cleveland, was a quiet meal. The steward was cheerful, and said, "Want to sit down, sir? Here's a seat right here, sir. Things aren't so bad." The passengers were glum. We had some more asparagus soup and a mushroom omelette. There was no liquor, because there are laws in Ohio and Indiana about Sunday drinking. Afterward, we went back to the observation car, along with a number of other people, to look at Ohio, and by and by everyone cheered up. Four sailors sat down with a pack of cards and started to play poker. The sun came out. A woman who told us she was from Milwaukee said, "When we were stopped in those fields in the middle of the night, I felt just like that Dr. Zhivago." And a woman wearing a mink hat said, "Everyone seems placid, and I'm glad. I guess maybe it's because it's the last run there will ever be of the Twentieth Century Limited."

We reached Chicago that night, at a quarter to seven, Central time.

10:30, AND ALL QUIET ON WEST FORTY-FIFTH STREET

> INSURANCE TO STOP ACTOR "DRYING UP"... Mr. Norman Vaughan, compere and comedian, has insured himself against forgetting his lines when he opens in *Boeing-Boeing* at the Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, on May 22. His £75 policy will give him £5000 cover.... Mr. Arthur Harrison, head of J. A. Harrison (Brokers) Ltd., Birmingham, who have extensive business dealings with stage personalities and entertainers, told The Times that this was their first insurance of an actor against fluffing his lines....
>
> By the terms of the policy Mr. Vaughan binds himself to strict conditions:—
>
> No alcohol to be consumed for three days and three nights before the opening;
>
> In bed by 11 p.m.;
>
> No strenuous sports or any strenuous activity, particularly the night before, or on the day of the show....
>
> The underwriters and Mr. Arthur Harrison reserve the right to telephone Mr. Vaughan any time up to five hours before the show begins and ask him to repeat any part of the script at random.—*The Times, London.*

MAX WISHBONE, president of the D.A.R. (Dynamic Artists' Representatives, Inc.), shouldered open the door of the coffee shop adjoining the Hotel Brismont and scanned the interior for his client. He saw Milton Locksmith, eyes swollen and face contorted with misery, hunched in a booth at the rear. The dazzling neon overhead, reflected off the profusion of Formica and aquamarine plastic about him, so heightened his normal Broadway pallor that the agent was taken aback. "Holy crow, man," he exclaimed, "are you all right? Those nuts in your cheeks—you look like Phil Harris after a rainstorm."

Locksmith glared at him. "I'm a wreck, if you want to know," he said malevolently. "I never slept a wink all night. I was pacing the floor, chewing my nails, phoning people that have been dead ten years—and it's all your fault, you muzzler. You and your goddam insurance policy."

"Now, wait a minute, Locks—be reasonable," Wishbone implored. "We did it for your own good, baby—to protect you—didn't we? I mean, this great part which it's a windfall every performer dreams of, and if you blow on opening night—"

"Listen, Wishbone," the actor said, trembling with suppressed outrage. "Are you implying I can't retain my lines?"

"Who's implying? I only meant that none of us are getting any younger—"

"Well, quit talking like a dramatic coach," Locksmith snapped. "I've been in forty-one productions here in eighteen years, not counting stock with Jessie Bonstelle and nine seasons with the Chattanooga Mummers. I followed Walter Pidgeon in 'The Happiest Millionaire,' I replaced Don Ameche in four different roles, and John Hodiak refused to go on unless I was co-starred *with him.*" He stabbed his forefinger into the other's chest. "Name me one occasion—one single instance—when I failed to pick up a cue!"

"Sweetheart, would I handle you if you were a stiff?" expostulated Wishbone. "In my office, you're up there with Olivier and the other greats. But you artists working at white heat—you're spendthrift, you don't husband your genius. Nobody can rehearse like fourteen hours and then galvinate around the clubs with some beetle till dawn. That's where this policy safeguards you against brain fag, don't you see? Mark my words—just lay off the sauce, grab some shut-eye, and you'll slay 'em Thursday night in Wilmington. You'll cop a Tony award!"

"Well, the role *does* have possibilities," admitted Locksmith. "It's kind of a challenge, a Greek shipping magnate." He deliberated. "I was wondering should I wear a monocle."

"A monocle by all means," the agent concurred. "And a white piping on the vest, like Onassis and all those cats. You got any good big speeches?"

"No, but I fatten 'em up wherever I can," Locksmith said. "The author practically had a stroke at the run-through yesterday."

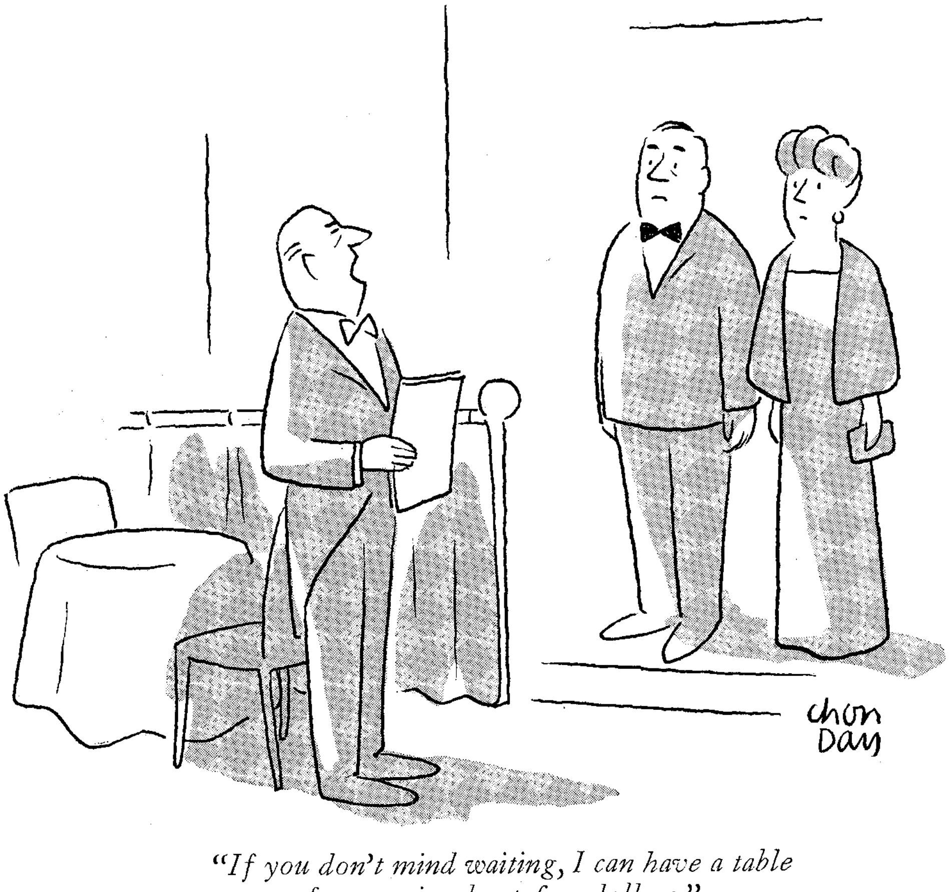
"Ach, *playwrights,*" said Wishbone. "We'd be better off without 'em. Well, now, Milt," he continued, briskly consulting his watch, "better cut along to rehearsal. No booze again today, mind you, and in bed by eleven sharp—promise?"

Locksmith nodded cheerlessly. "I'm all tensed up like the rope in that TV commercial," he complained. "Maybe I'd relax if I bowled a few frames or rode around Central Park on a bike."

"With your ticker?" Wishbone was aghast. "You're liable to wind up with a tag on your feet, for Chrisake. The only exercise you ever had was Indian hand wrestling with some other lush at P.J.'s. Look, Milton, the policy specifically reads '*no strenuous activity* for a period—' "

"O.K. *O.K.,*" said Locksmith. "I'll borrow a couple of goofballs from the ingénue. She eats them like peanuts."

"You're making a mistake gastric-wise," Wishbone cautioned. "Why not



"If you don't mind waiting, I can have a table for you in about five dollars."

have a nice whitefish sandwich before retiring, and a bottle of Dr. Brown’s? You’ll wake up a new man, I guarantee.”

With a sigh, Locksmith acquiesced, and the two parted. Late that evening, Locksmith tottered onto the sidewalk outside the Belasco, giddy with exhaustion. The director, anxious to quicken the pace of the play, had excised three entire scenes, transposing the rest in such fashion that the cast was thoroughly muddled. Actors collided in midstage, lovers’ meetings were aborted by mysterious phone calls, and at one point the string of pearls on which the dénouement turned had to be retrieved from a nearby delicatessen, whose messenger had mistaken it for a gratuity. To compound everyone’s inquietude, the producer had just issued an unnerving last-minute ukase. The show was so far above expectations, its success so assured, that an out-of-town booking and previews were superfluous. The scenery, therefore, was being rushed to completion, the critics had been alerted, and “She Stoops to Yonkers” would open cold two nights hence. As the company listened, a thin imperceptible dew broke out on their temples—the phenomenon long known to Equity members as flop sweat.

The handwriting on the wall was all too clear to Locksmith as he crept slowly toward the Luxor Baths. It was disastrous enough to be involved in another turkey, but this time, thanks to Wishbone’s misplaced zeal, any form of nepenthe was strictly off limits. Whatever happened, he must catch a few hours’ sleep and drill his lines until he was letter-perfect. He must shake off the vision of ice-cold Martinis, of boisterous high jinks at the Lambs. As he paused by a taproom on Sixth Avenue to envy the happy throng within, he abruptly became aware of someone nearby watching him. The face was unfamiliar, yet Locksmith was positive he had seen the man recently—around the hotel, at the theatre? He crossed the street and, abreast of the baths, cast a swift glance behind him. The man stood twenty yards off, still eying him fixedly. An hour and a half later, when Locksmith regained the Brismont, he saw the stranger idling before a coin shop next door. Locksmith made straight for him.

“See here, fellow,” he said. “What’s the pitch? Are you following me?”

“That’s right,” the man returned calmly. “It’s eleven-thirty—you should have been in bed a half hour ago.”

“Who the hell are you, telling me when to hit the hay?”

• •

“Your underwriter, that’s who.” He thrust a card at Locksmith. “De Witt Federbush, of the Transglobal Casualty Corporation. There’ll be ten thousand smackers riding on you when that curtain goes up, my friend, so you better not be punchy. Get upstairs and work on your part. We’ll be listening—we got taps all over the joint. Nighty-night.”

In the ensuing twelve hours, Locksmith managed by prodigious labor to master his sides, but the effort took its toll and his withdrawal symptoms were formidable. At rehearsal next day, during a scene that required him to skip downstage and crouch behind an easy chair, he overshot and barrelled into the pit, which was providentially shrouded with a tarpaulin. Subsequently, a fit of the trembles overtook him while he was trying to catch a beanbag tossed by the juvenile, and the piece of business had to be dropped. It was on the morning of the première, though, that his afflictions redoubled. He was gulping a cup of coffee at Whelan’s in Duffy Square when the pharmacist approached and, certifying his name, conducted him to a phone booth.

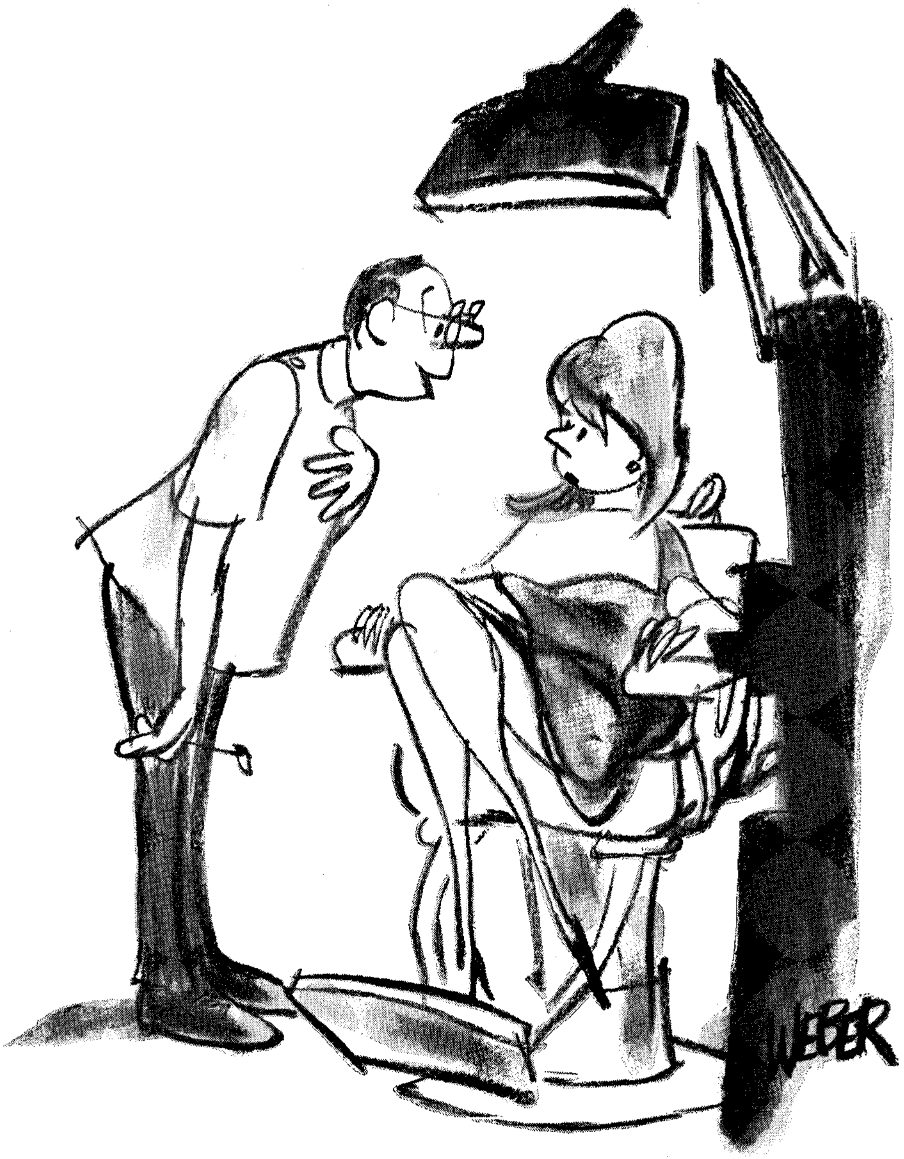
“This is Irene Nemesis, in the Transglobal office,” said a female voice. “I have the script of ‘She Stoops’ in front of me. Kindly repeat the dialogue where you seize command of the houseboat.”

“They took *out* the houseboat,” protested Locksmith. “It’s a duckblind now. The heavy hides the necklace in a haversack—"

"We're not interested in the plot," she broke in irritably. "Just your twelve lines, please, word for word. I've only a small spool of tape."

Somehow, and with crippling exertion, Locksmith complied, and reeled out of the drugstore. Two successive catechisms—one at his barber's, the other as he was struggling into pencil-striped pants at Brooks Costume—dispersed any doubt of his guardians' tenacity. Throughout the dress rehearsal, a traditional Gethsemane, Locksmith fancied he heard the scratch of recording equipment; eyes peered at him from the darkened boxes, spies hovered in the wings, and his head throbbed bestially from the tyranny of concentration. Nor did it palliate his misery to have Wishbone slither up to him afterward with a list of the nuances he had missed. To the electrified surprise of bystanders, Locksmith jammed the agent's hat down over his ears, frog-marched him up the aisle, and flung him into the lobby. The outburst brought him the first serenity he had felt in a week.

MIDWAY through the second act that evening, it became apparent to all on both sides of the footlights that a record was being set. Never within living memory had a play aroused such a mixture of confusion, ennui, and rancor in an audience. At times there was a low, prolonged growling among the patrons, which threatened to swell into violence and then subsided as drowsiness gripped the house. Even the ushers abandoned all pretense and slept unashamedly at their posts. As the cast, meanwhile, entangled itself ever deeper in flypaper, the one person displaying any semblance of aplomb was Locksmith. Line after line rippled from his lips; if he paused a hairbreadth, it was only to race on with fresh energy. He was easy, suave, self-assured—until the third-act climax, wherein he was called on to renounce his vast maritime empire to protect a woman's reputation.



"Miss Keefer, how would you like to see your dentist three hundred and sixty-five times a year?"

"Take them!" he declaimed hoarsely. "Take everything—my fleet, my estates, my racing stables, my art collection, my sculptures by Praxiteles . . . Praxiteles . . ."

In that horrid moment, as he blacked out, Locksmith realized that the rest of the speech had forever flown. An immense panic seized him; he knew that, given one more Praxiteles, the audience would pick up the chant and the stage manager would ring down the curtain. Only one expedient, time-honored but dependable, was left. He strode to the apron, loosened his collar, and, drawing a deep breath, inclined his head nobly upward. "I see Barsad, and Cly, Defarge, the Vengeance, the Jurymen, the Judge, long ranks of the new oppressors," he began. The audience saw nothing of the sort, but they knew the voice of Sydney Carton at the foot of the scaffold, and they listened, rapt. "I see the lives for which I lay down my life. . . . I see her with a child upon her bosom, who bears my name. . . . I see him winning it so well that my name is made illustrious there by the light of his. . . . It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."

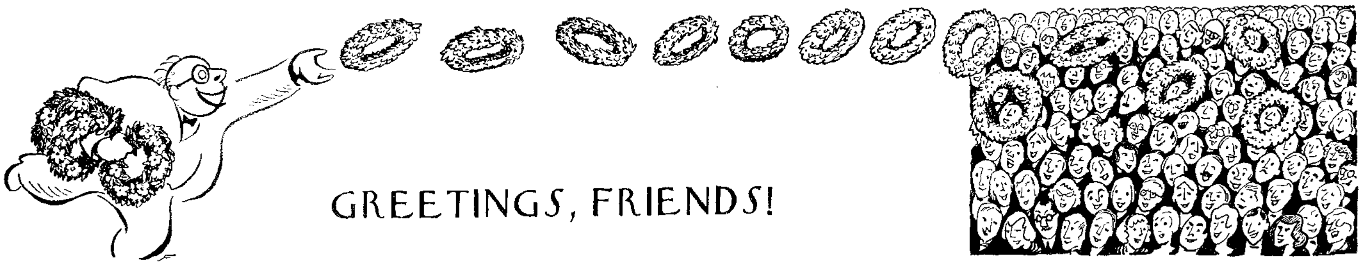
The roar of approbation, the frenzy of applause still echoed in Locksmith's ears the midday following as he sat in the Brismont coffee shop, nursing the worst hangover of his life. Opposite him, and all rosy forgiveness, Max Wishbone excitedly read forth the critical hosannas. Let bells peal out their gladsome tidings—a great artist had risen superior to his material, Thespis stood vindicated, the Fabulous Invalid was hale again.

"And look at these offers!" he exulted, scrabbling through a mound of telegrams. "Merrick wants you for Escoffier in 'The Joy of Cooking,' Grove Press for their musical of 'Waiting for Godot'—you're loaded! Not to mention what you're legally entitled to from the insurance company!"

"Let's skip that dough, Max," said Locksmith restively. "They might start yelling fraud. As it is, the author's screaming that I threw his script out the window."

"Yeah, who needs it?" Wishbone shrugged disdain. "You're on Easy Street. Just get in there tonight, even if the show *is* folding, and repeat that same terrific performance."

—S. J. PERELMAN



GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

Who can remember when Christmas was merry,
And the mistletoe and the holly berry
Gleamed, and the Star in the East shed a glow
On a tranquil planet sleeping below?
Well, don't look now, for our world is in
A state of epidemic din:
Malice domestic, malice external,
Broils and warfare, frights eternal.
Yet, friends, permit this antique square
To lift his glass in the troubled air,
Again in the guise of your hopeful host,
And offer his annual Christmas toast:
Peace to the war-racked, unquiet earth
As we mark the season of the Birth.
Our deepest wish for peace of course is
For all young men in combat forces—
A truce, at last, to bring surcease
To the blood-soaked land of the Vietnamese.
And on this troubled holiday
Here's peace, as well, to L.B.J.
Now let your grizzled chanticleer
Crow seasonable notes of cheer:
Our Yule regard to Dirk Bogarde,
And Bob Gibson, the noted Card,
And love to Yaz, the Red Sox hero,
To Jonathan Kozol and Franco Nero.
Candy canes to Alec McCowen,
Mayor Lindsay, and John Bowen,
And, speaking of mayors, may we cite
Cleveland's Stokes and Boston's White,
Wishing their skill to each candidate
Anxiously eying '68:
Here's Sully's buss, Melina Mercouri!
Here's blessings on you, Harold Urey!
Here's looking at you, Finis Farr,
Dick Tobin, and Archie Carr!
And here's *abrazos*, Marya Mannes,
Veruschka, Michael Cacoyannis,
Arlo Guthrie, Preston Burch,
And Senators McGovern and Church!
Come in, Admiral Ralph Wynn Cousins,
And help wrap presents by the dozens
For Norman Thomas, Karen Meehan,
Itzhak Rabin, Janis Ian,
Colleen Dewhurst, Nedda Logan,
And District Attorney Frank S. Hogan!
Now fill the air with an ardent stanza
To elate diva Teresa Berganza;
Add virelays for Howard Bay,
Jill O'Hara, and Joel Grey!
We'll go on a jocund New Year bash
With Tom Stoppard and Johnny Cash;
We'll revel with Eliot Fremont-Smith
And jig with Burgess Meredith;
We'll uncork a magnum for Jay Alou,
The Clancy Brothers, and Pompidou;
We'll pop another to salute
Dramatist Mary Ellen Bute,
And Thurgood Marshall, Sophia Loren,
Rebekah Harkness, and Alan Coren!
Let the tootlers of Tijuana Brass
Tootle a "Good King Wenceslas"
As a timely treat for Pearl Bailey,
Julia Hysham, and William Paley;
In counterpoint, the Blues Magoos
Will yodel for Anita Loos,
Belt out hymns for Franco Corelli,
And deafen Franco Zeffirelli.
Ravi Shankar, won't you tune a
Sitar and strum for Donyale Luna,
Yaël Dayan, Dame Alicia Markova,
Lotte Lenya, and Ernest Trova?
Herald Angels, look alive
Or you'll be sideswiped by a Saturn Five!
Vive the astronauts, but if we may,
Terra firma is where we'll stay.
Let's send loud ties to George Tabori,
Angel Cordero, and John Corry,
And let us not omit to get a
Costly trinket for Odetta.
If you hold wassail, Johnny Unitas,
We'd love it if you'd think to invite us,
Along with Jeremiah Tax,
Dr. Charles Huggins, and Nelly Sachs—
And don't forget to ask Charles Munch
To join us at the liquid lunch,
With Diane Wakoski, Laurence McKinney,
Whitney Young, Humphrey Finney,
Lynda Bird and Captain Robb,
And the peripatetic Kennedy, Bob.
Hail to our likable guest Svetlana,
And the Crouse known far and wide as Anna!
We leave it up to you, Gig Young,
To see that the welkin is properly rung
For Aline MacMahon, Dell Shannon,
And Mrs. Betty Knop McGannon!
We'll fill a sock for Stuart Little,
And may we mention here that it'll
Give us joy to fête Ruth Ford,
And equal bliss to sound a chord
For Edwin Moseley and to voice
A carol or two for Stephen Joyce?
Francis Robinson! Alan King!
Let's stage a Christmas happening:
Let's deck the halls with Martin Balsam,
And then, with loud "fa-la," we'll call some
Friends in to trim Penelope Tree,
Including in this warm melee
Ming Cho Lee, Jean-Claude Killy,
And Ditto-Ditto van Italliel!

So, cheerful thoughts to all of you.
Take courage, friends—we'll see it through,
Invoking a hopeful Christmas grace
On the dazed but durable human race.

—Frank Sullivan

THE TRADITION THAT EXISTED IN MY GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE

I AM on the eleventh floor of an apartment house on Central Park. I look across the Park to the great houses of Fifth Avenue. The music that I wanted to listen to has come to an end, and I am conscious that in the apartment that my wife and I lived in for twenty years I am alone. What should I read between now and midnight, I wonder. I take down da Vinci's "Notebooks," and where I open is his Bestiary:

> The Eagle when it is old flies so high that it scorches its feathers, and nature consents that it renews its youth by falling into shallow water. And if its young ones cannot bear to gaze at the sun it does not feed them. No bird that does not wish to die should approach its nest. The animals go much in fear of it but it does not harm them. It always leaves them a portion of its prey.
>
> The Lumerpa. This is born in Asia Magna, and shines so brightly that it absorbs its shadows. And in dying it does not lose this light, and the feathers never fall out. And the feather which is detached ceases to shine.

I feel like saying, "Well, Leonardo, I've heard that before." I see myself as a youngster seated on a low stool in my grandmother's house. She is with a "cailyer." (I form an awkward word: *celidh* is a visit from a neighbor; it is for entertainment, and its approved time is the slackness between the time the cows and goats come to the byre and midnight—in these houses candlelight or firelight time.) This "cailyer" is probably older than my grandmother. His name is Charlie MacGauran, and he lives in a dilapidated house on the road that goes to the bog. He has a daughter who is sometimes with him in his house. Sometimes? I suppose she takes service in other parts of Ireland and comes and goes.

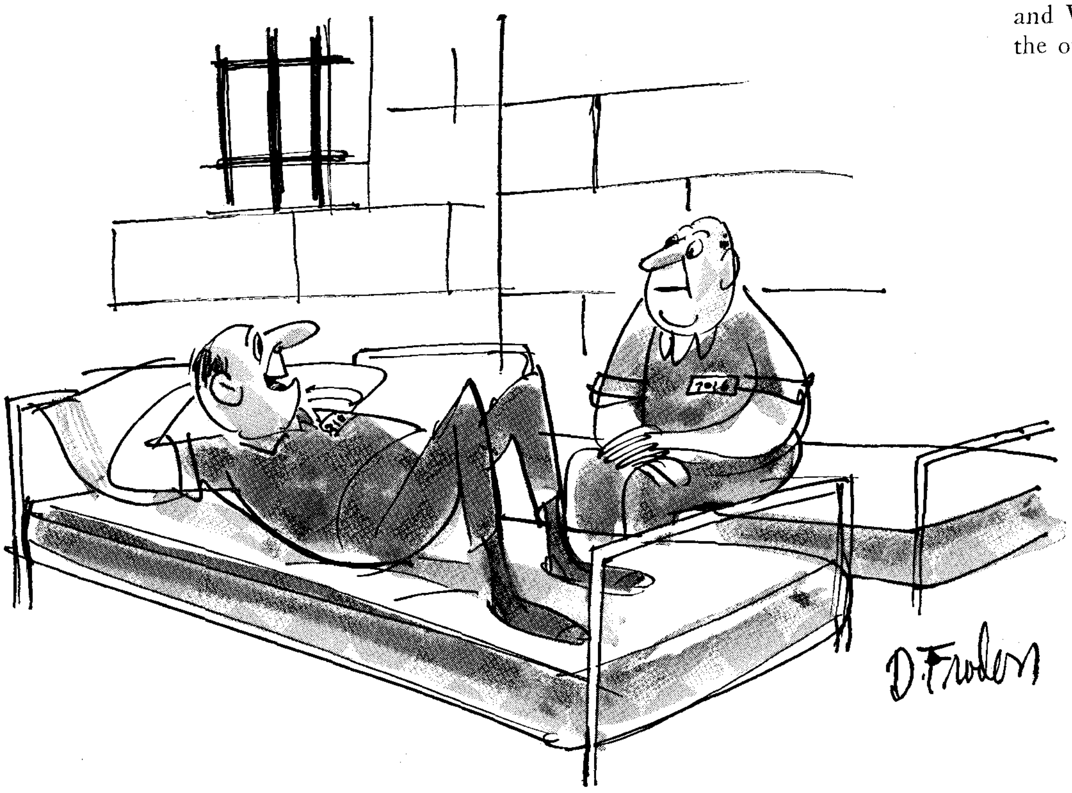
At this stage Charlie MacGauran is the only one who comes on a *celidh* to my grandmother's. There are two houses on the lane that leads from her house to the main road, but, for some reason, relations with these neighbors have been broken off. Charlie MacGauran is the only one who associates with us in the ancient and pleasant custom of the *celidh*. My grandmother's name is Anne MacCormack. Her children are (or were) MacCormacks, but to the people of our parish she is Anne Connolly.

Why does the discourse that I heard as I sat by the hearth in her house place itself beside the passage I read, so that one recalls the other?

It seems to me now that the one I listened to beside the burning turf and the one who wrote the notes that I have just read thought of living things symbolically. The Eagle for the purpose of discourse—perhaps only for the purpose of discourse—is a symbol as well as a being, and in discussing it one explored the symbol, the meaning given in the symbol. Perhaps this was the way of medieval culture. Leonardo was a man of the Renaissance, but he was also medieval. The widespread medieval culture lasted here and there into the middle of the nineteenth century. I listened to one tell about the Eagle that was the oldest creature in the world as, in some medieval household, a child might have listened to one who had the same lore of beasts as Leonardo da Vinci.

I must not give the impression I was a solitary child, one of these youngsters who have to be adopted into their elders' circle. I was eager to listen to their discourse, and I was receptive. But I had employments. I was included in a fairly large household that was my grandmother's. There were my mother, my two brothers, and a sister. There were my aunt, her husband, and their children, who were my contemporaries. And there was another, my mother's younger brother, who went and came as different employments took him here or there. When attached to the house, he slept in the loft or attic. We are farmers—that is to say, we rent acres, grow potatoes, cabbage, a patch of oats, have a pasture field for two cows, keep several pigs in a sty, but no one in the house takes an interest in farming in the way that some of our neighbors do.

Before this, thirty years before, let us say, there lived in the house a sister and two brothers—Anne Connolly, James, and William. The men, one and then the other, went to Australia, which in those days was certainly the antipodes—it took six weeks for a letter to get there. Compared with her brothers, the man Anne married had no legendary components. The brothers were still at home, and three children had been born by the time her husband died. His name was MacCormack; he seems to have been an immigrant into the place. I have no representation of my maternal grandfather, either verbal or by (as they called a photograph in those days) likeness. I never heard anyone say that this one or that one in the family was like him; I never heard an anecdote that gave a sense of the character he had—whether it was harsh or jovial, docile or domineering. And this is odd, for traditions and legends were rife in that countryside. I suppose he was just a quiet man. However,



"Can you name all nine Supreme Court justices?"

"Sock 'em again, Julia baby!"

there was one report about him that keeps a place in my imagination. In the County Wicklow, there is a great house with famous gardens, Powerscourt. My mother's father had worked there at the time the gardens were being laid out, for how long I do not know, nor whether as a workman or a superintendent. And so I am able to associate a fountain or a lily-covered pond with the man whose name my mother had.

Perhaps his obscurity was due to the fact that Anne Connolly's brothers were outstanding men. This was more true of James than of William. They figured in my mind as tall, handsome men. Of one, James, there was a photograph, sent from Australia. He looked like a French general of the period. His nephew, my mother's younger brother, looked like that, too, but in his character there was nothing soldierly. An old man I knew, in speaking of those granduncles of mine, used the heroic style that was natural in the speech of the time: "One of them could lift up his plough and carry it across the field; two of them could clear a fair." He meant by "clearing a fair" that they could battle their way through a crowded street. The words stayed in my mind and have been used in one of my plays.

I think that but for his association with James, William would have left only a bare name. As soon as he settled in Australia, he removed himself from the family; this James did not do. However, a passage I remember in a letter suggests that William was adventurous enough to go into the bush. (I have a vague idea that he went toward the gold fields.) In the letter he told of a Christmas dinner with a band of fellows, with an emu roasted in a pit. James wrote home fairly constantly, and I have memories of illustrated journals that came from him.

What was told about him was his uprightness. He never spoke anything but the truth. I confess that this made my granduncle seem too austere for me. There was one legend about him that was engaging. A lady who had been on a carriage drive told of someone she had seen as she drove along: "A gentleman gone mad was mowing a field." He was James Connolly. Here you have the folk hero. Fine looks and stature implied nobility in the background; he would engage in the usual countryside employments only if he had lost his mind.

I have mentioned that my grandmother was "out" with the two families that neighbored us. Not only did they never visit us nor we them, but we never spoke to them if we encountered members of either household in our goings and comings. They did not have to pass our house, but we had to pass theirs without a look into the yards or at the open doors. What reason there was for this ban we children did not know, but we observed it faithfully. Passing the first or second house with someone in the yard before the door, or actually on the lane, we made no acknowledgment of their presence. The consequence of this aloofness was that we rarely had evening visitors. The only one who came to the door with the time-honored "God save all here" was my grandmother's old crony, Charlie MacGauran.

He seemed a survivor—or I will say that to me his dress seemed old-fashioned enough to belong to a bygone time, the frieze coat in a shape that was known as "swallowtail." But it was more than that. He was a survival because he was the spokesman of a period that was further back than my mother's time. He talked of the burning of our nearby village. Like all stories that have the burning of habitations in them, his recollection of the burning of Ballinagh seemed epical. "The village of the Ford of the Steeds," he called it, and I had not known until then that the name of the little place had such epical overtones. The Orangemen were charged with that destructiveness. Perhaps there was a counteraction. A ballad that a member of our household had in which there was a memorable line—"And on the hill of Cleggan we'll plant our laurel tree"—may have celebrated a reprisal. The fact that he was the historian of this momentous event made the man who sat at Anne Connolly's hearth a venerable figure for me.

But it is right and proper I should look back on Charlie MacGauran as a man of note. He was, in fact, the last in that part of the country to have the office so important in rural Ireland, the shanachie—the local storyteller, the local historian. In times further back—my mother or my aunt told me this—there used to be a *mahil*, a cooperative piece of work, done on the farm or in the house. Sometimes the *mahil* in the house would be spinning. On a certain evening the girls would come to a designated house and do the spinning of the neighborhood there. To entertain them there would be the shanachie with his stories. And so one can say that storytelling in the Irish countryside survived as an economic adjunct. Well, Charlie MacGauran, though his office was now unrecognized, had been the shanachie of my grandmother's generation.

But in Anne Connolly's I never heard a regular story from him. Once, however, I was sent to his cabin with a present of candles. I imagine that candlelight was not a usual illumination; that the solitary householder did his evening chores by the light of the turf fire, with pieces of whin bush or bog deal to add something of a blaze. Boys and girls were gathered there—it may have been some special occasion—and after some bantering requests to him the old man signified his willingness to tell a story. And what was the story? One of a hundred of the same pattern—a king's son, an enchanter or a king's daughter, a steed that had some magical endowment. It was a story and that was sufficient. But looking back on the scene in after times I could judge that Charlie MacGauran's was a performance, and an accomplished performance. As he sat by the hearth, he held a stick or a staff in his hand. His raising it was a sign that he was about to begin. His face took on a firmer expression. When he came to a significant passage he would say suddenly and imperatively, "Hear me! Hear me!" The conventional descriptions that are in such narratives—in this particular one I remember there was a description of a ship putting out to sea—were given rapidly, with a distinctive rhythm. These were the "runs" that were to rest the storyteller and the audience.

In transferring a story of the kind I heard then to the pages of a collection, elements are lost, many elements—the quietness of the surroundings, the shadows on the smoke-browned walls, the crickets chirping in the ashes, the corncrake in the near meadow or the more distant crying of the snipe or curlew, and (for a youngster) the directness of statement or, simply, the evocation of wonder.

WHAT age was the head of our household when, with my mother, two brothers, and a sister, I came to live with her? Fifty or somewhat over it, I think. My grandmother had not reconciled herself to the loss of that attractiveness which, as I gathered from things said here and there, she was known to have possessed. Once, as I was leaving the pasture field with her, a man on horseback drew by to speak to her. I said something that brought in the word "grandmother" as the man rode off. "You must never call me grandmother," she told me angrily.

I remember her as a woman of whims. In houses such as hers it was usual for the family to recite the Rosary before bedtime. It was a pious routine. My grandmother's was not such a house. We'd have the Rosary not every night; not even on some particular night. We'd be sitting round the fire, a group of the household, when suddenly my grandmother would order us to kneel for the Rosary. Now, the floor was very uneven; kneeling there for any length of time was an ordeal. The "Five Glorious Mysteries," the "Five Sorrowful Mysteries," and we would be requested to meditate on the "Mystery of the Annunciation" or the "Mystery of the Parting of Mother and Son." But even if we had any faculty for it, there was no scope for meditation. We went into the decades of the Mysteries as into an ice-cold stream, our object being to reach the bank as soon as we could. There were moments of release when appeal was made to something nascently poetic in me. What had been arid flowered when I repeated the epithets in the Litany—"Tower of Ivory," "House of Gold," "Ark of the Covenant," "Gate of Heaven." Then we were at the end of the Rosary proper. But we still grounded our knees for my grandmother's whim. She might offer up petitions that would be as lengthy as the Rosary. How many souls in Purgatory would be remembered! How many relatives at home or abroad—uncles, cousins—would have their welfare dutifully prayed for! Sometimes the petitions would be numerous, and sometimes we would conclude the Rosary without one petition.

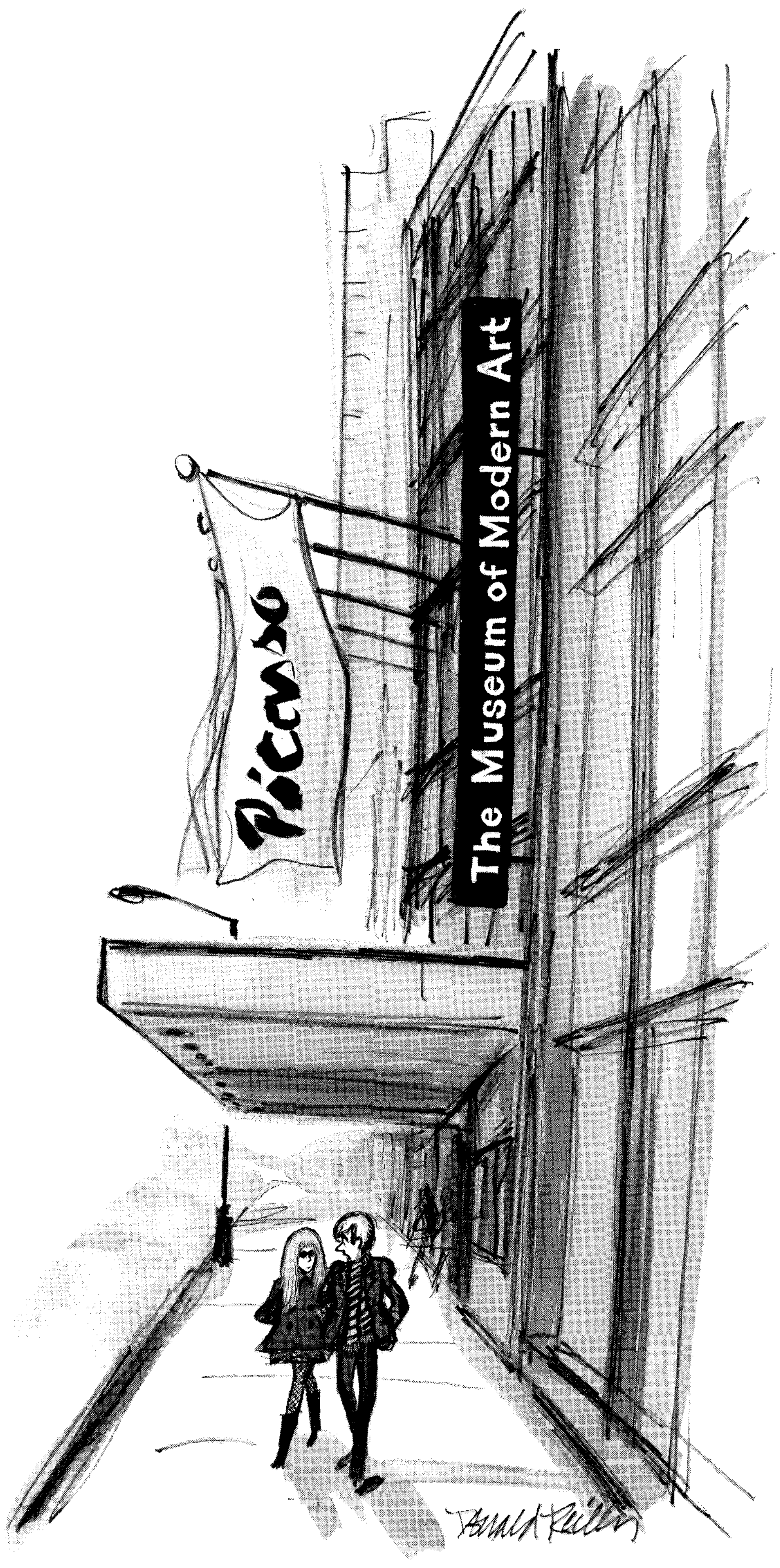
I have brought them to the same fireside, my grandmother and Charlie MacGauran. Alone with them, I am trying to learn some elementary lesson by candlelight. They have fallen into that ancient form of discourse, the *seanchus*—partly reminiscence, partly local history, partly traditional lore. The mound I had climbed the year before, the Moat of Granard, is mentioned. "They carried the clay in bags on their backs to build it," Charlie MacGauran relates. "Oh, you may be sure it was the Catholics who had to do it." The sentence stayed in my mind long enough for me to examine it with a mind that had some instruction in history. The Moat of Granard is a mound that goes back to prehistoric times. The man beside the hearth was speaking out of a memory—not far back, indeed—when the Catholics of Ireland were politically and socially oppressed. And he was also speaking out of an ancient tradition. The "Fir Bolg," the "Men of the Bag," had to build fortresses for their conquerors, transporting earth in bags to make ramparts. How did the tradition, I wonder now, come down to the man who sat by Anne Connolly's hearth? Did some scholar who had read manuscript history tell some predecessor of Charlie's about the Men of the Bag who were in Ireland before the Gaels, whose stock remained apart from the Gaelic or mingled with it? They did not get their name from carrying bags of earth—that, obviously, was a contemptuous term given them by a racial ascendancy, to express their servile position at one time. But "Bolg" may have been their own name for themselves, the name they had brought from the Continent—"the Belgae."

The tradition that existed in my grandmother's house was fragmented. There was a fragment that related the household to the people who had built the mounds—a belief in magic, charms, omens. My grandmother believed—but there are degrees in belief—that one might go on churning and churning and get no good of one's labor because some beldame three or four fields away was charming the butter into her own churn. There were omens one met on the wayside. A child walking in his sleep was not addressed by his proper name but by the name of someone outside the house, lest malignant powers get possession of him. Out of this particular stratum came a few items that have stayed in my memory. I have come with my grandmother into the barn where poultry are roosting. How well the sleepy murmur of hens and chickens fits in with the nightfall! And like the child in the folk story, I ask my grandmother what the murmur signifies. "They are telling where the Danes hid their treasures when they left Ireland." I couldn't have got an answer that would be richer in traditional implications. There was in it a memory of the Scandinavian incursions and occupations. Historically these were mainly Norse, and the Danes had little part in them. But then there were the De Danaan, who came into Ireland from the mysterious cities of Murias, Findrias, Falias, and brought things of worth with them. "De Danaan" could be assimilated to "Dane" (but only after the folk had lost the Gaelic name for Scandinavian—"Loch-lanach"). As the De Danaan were culture-givers, the valuable gift of poultry came from them. But the historic Danes, or Scandinavians, lost dominion in Ireland in King Brian's battle. They evacuated the country, according to folk tradition, first hiding their treasures. But every evening the hens roosting in the house or outside the house told where the treasures were hidden. The Danes had another secret whose loss is mourned for: the secret of making ale from heather.

The story that has to do with the well-advertised Heather Ale I heard at the fireside. When the Danes were being forced to yield up their estates and possessions in Ireland, a contingent from the native side came on two fugitives, a father and son. Naturally, what the natives wanted from them was the secret of making the Heather Ale. The old man was first interrogated. "I would be ashamed to betray it before my son," he told them. "Throw him over the cliff, and then I will let you know the secret." This they did. "Now," said the old man, "no one knows the secret but me. I was afraid my son would betray it." And so, not having the secret of modern ways of reaching the nerves and obtaining confessions, there was nothing for the triumphant party to do but dispatch him. Now we look out on our tracts of heather and deplore the fact that no one knows how to make the headiest of all drinks out of that abundant growth.

I do not know if Anne Connolly had a store of stories or if she had no more than what I heard occasionally. The odd thing was that when I came back to the house as an adult, my aunt, who had never gone away from the place, had none of the stories I remembered, and had not even a recollection of any of them. My grandmother had one that left an impression on me, and that I made a poem out of afterward. It belongs to the treasure-seeking group of stories, and the dream is a part of it. But I never found in any collection a story with the incidents that are in the one she told me as she was kneading the dough for bread: A man dreams three times of a treasure that is in the depths of a lake. He can draw it out with the aid of a horse that has not a single white hair. After much seeking he obtains a horse that seems wholly black. Then he goes to draw the treasure out of the lake. After being brought to the surface the treasure sinks back again, and the man realizes the horse has a white hair. Then, as he rides back in the dawn, he meets a woman mounted on a horse; she rides beside him. He does not speak to her nor she to him. So they go on until they come to the bohereen going up to his house. As he turns from the road they had gone on, she says to him, "As wise as the man who never told his dream."

I have asked a collector of folk tales belonging to that county about it. He had never come across it orally or transcribed, and was under the impression that originally it was a poem and had been broken down into a fireside story. —PADRAIC COLUM

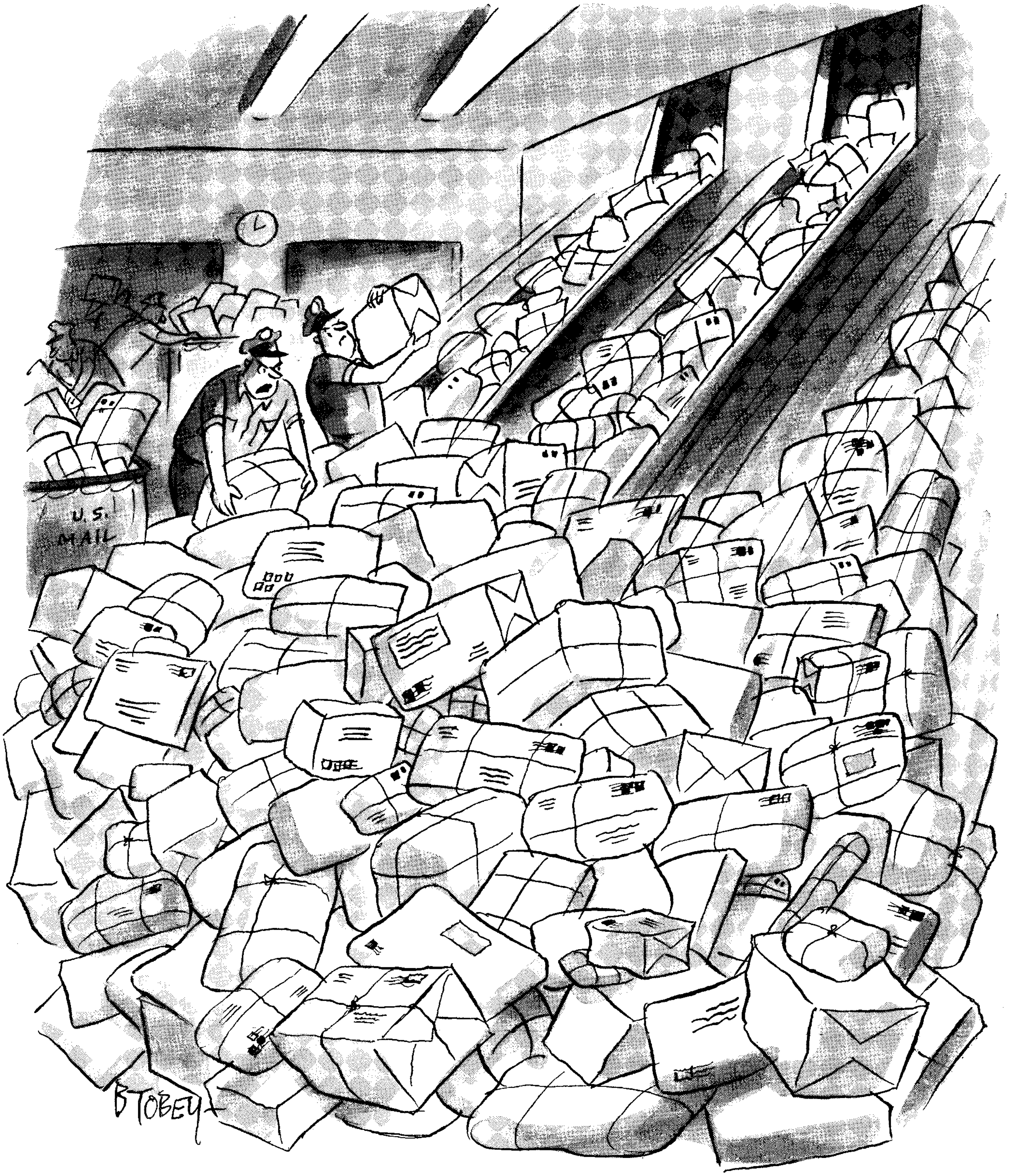

Picasso
The Museum of Modern Art

"Amazing! And he's older than my father!"

WALKING TO SLEEP

As a queen sits down, knowing that a chair will be there,
Or a general raises his hand and is given the field-glasses,
Step off assuredly into the blank of your mind.
Something will come to you. Although at first
You nod through nothing like a fogbound prow,
Gravel will breed in the margins of your gaze,
Perhaps with tussocks or a dusty flower,
And, humped like dolphins playing in the bow-wave,
Hills will suggest themselves. All such suggestions
Are yours to take or leave, but hear this warning:
Let them not be too velvet green, the fields
Which the deft needle of your eye appoints,
Nor the old farm past which you make your way
Too shady-lintelled, too instinct with home.
It is precisely from Potemkin barns,
With their fresh-painted hex-signs on the gables,
Their sparkling gloom within, their stanchion-rattle
And sweet breath of silage, that there comes
The trotting cat whose head is but a skull.
Try to remember this: what you project
Is what you will perceive; what you perceive
With any passion, be it love or terror,
May take on whims and powers of its own.
Therefore a numb and grudging circumspection
Will serve you best—unless you overdo it,
Watching your step too narrowly, refusing
To specify a world, shrinking your purview
To a tight vision of your inching shoes,
Which may, as soon you come to think, be crossing
An unseen gorge upon a rotten trestle.
What you must manage is to bring to mind
A landscape not worth looking at, some bleak
Champaign at dead November's end, its grass
As dry as lichen, and its lichens gray—
Such glumly simple country that a glance
Of flat indifference from time to time
Will stabilize it. Lifeless thus, and leafless,
The view should set at rest all thoughts of ambush.
Nevertheless, permit no roadside thickets
Which, as you pass, might shake with worse than wind;
Revoke all trees and other cover; blast
The upstart boulder which a flicking shape
Has stepped behind; above all, put a stop
To the known stranger up ahead, whose face
Half-turns to mark you with a creased expression.
Here let me interject that steady trudging
Can make you drowsy, so that without transition,
As when an old film jumps in the projector,
You will be wading a dun hallway, rounding
A newel post, and starting up the stairs.
Should that occur, adjust to circumstances
And carry on, taking these few precautions:
Detach some portion of your thought to guard
The outside of the building; as you wind
From room to room, leave nothing at your back,
But slough all memories at every threshold;
Nor must you dream of opening any door
Until you have foreseen what lies beyond it.
Regardless of its seeming size, or what
May first impress you as its style or function,
The abrupt structure which involves you now
Will improvise like vapor. Groping down
The gritty cellar steps and past the fuse-box,
Brushing through sheeted lawn-chairs, you emerge
In some cathedral's pillared crypt, and thence,
Your brow alight with carbide, pick your way
To the main shaft through stopes and rubbly tunnels.
Promptly the hoist, ascending toward the pit-head,
Rolls downward past your gaze a dinted rock-face
Peppered with hacks and drill-holes, which acquire
Insensibly the look of hieroglyphics.
Whether to surface now within the vast
Stone tent where Cheops lay secure, or take
The proffered shed of corrugated iron
Which gives at once upon a vacant barracks,
Is up to you. Need I, at this point, tell you
What to avoid? Avoid the pleasant room
Where someone, smiling to herself, has placed
A bowl of yellow freesias. Do not let
The thought of her in yellow, lithe and sleek
As lemonwood, mislead you where the curtains,
Romping like spinnakers which taste the wind,
Bellying out and lifting till the sill
Has shipped a drench of sunlight, then subsiding,
Both warm and cool the love-bed. Your concern
Is not to be detained by dread, or by
Such dear acceptances as would entail it,
But to pursue an ever-dimming course
Of pure transition, treading as in water
Past crumbling tufa, down cloacal halls
Of boarded-up hotels, through attics full
Of glassy taxidermy, moping on
Like a drugged fire-inspector. What you hope for
Is that at some point of the pointless journey,
Indoors or out, and when you least expect it,
Right in the middle of your stride, like that,
So neatly that you never feel a thing,
The kind assassin Sleep will draw a bead
And blow your brains out.

What, are you still awake?
Then you must risk another tack and footing.
Forget what I have said. Open your eyes
To the good blackness not of your room alone
But of the sky you trust is over it,
Whose stars, though foundering in the time to come,
Bequeath us constantly a jetsam beauty.
Now with your knuckles rub your eyelids, seeing
The phosphenes caper like St. Elmo's fire,
And let your head heel over on the pillow
Like a flung skiff on wild Gennesaret.
Let all things storm your thought with the moiled flocking
Of startled rookeries, or flak in air,
Or blossom-fall, and out of that come striding
In the strong dream by which you have been chosen.
Are you upon the roads again? If so,
Be led past honeyed meadows which might tempt
A wolf to graze, and groves which are not you
But answer to your suppler self, that nature
Able to bear the thrush's quirky glee
In stands of chuted light, yet praise as well,
All leaves aside, the barren bark of winter.
When, as you may, you find yourself approaching
A crossroads and its laden gallows tree,
Do not with hooded eyes allow the shadow
Of a man moored in air to stain your forehead,
But lift your gaze and stare your brother down,
Though the swart crows have pecked his sockets hollow.



". . . gloves too small and shirts too large. Ties you can't wear and books you don't want to read. Stereo records for guys with mono, and mono records for guys with stereo. Travelling clocks for people who aren't going anywhere. Toys that don't work, and puzzles that drive you crazy."

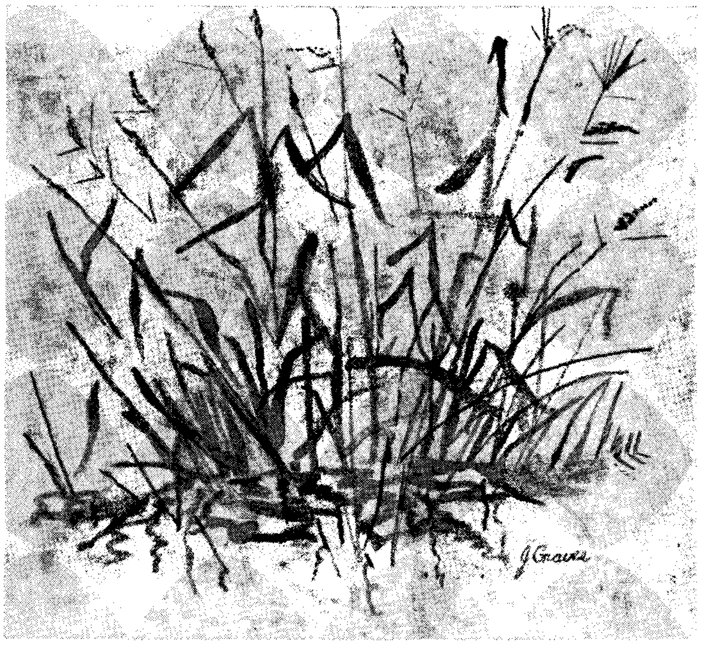
• •

As for what turn your travels then will take,
I cannot guess. Long errantry perhaps
Will arm you to be gentle, or the claws
Of nightmare flap you pathless God knows where,
As the crow flies, to meet your dearest horror.
Still, if you are in luck, you may be granted,
As, inland, one can sometimes smell the sea,
A moment's perfect carelessness, in which
To stumble a few steps and sink to sleep
In the same clearing where, in the old story,
A holy man discovered Vishnu sleeping,
Wrapped in his maya, dreaming by a pool
On whose calm face all images whatever
Lay clear, unfathomed, taken as they came.

—RICHARD WILBUR

A REPORTER AT LARGE

RICING



THE road climbed up through the spruce and aspen woods to the top of another rise, and below was another creek in a cloud of morning mist, and another wooden bridge across it, and, off to the left, another glimpse of the lake. A car was parked on the far side of the bridge, and an Indian in a baseball cap was leaning against the hood. He watched us come bumping down the hill. There were three of us in a Chevrolet pickup truck, with an aluminum canoe in back, and the lake was Lower Rice Lake, in the White Earth Chippewa Indian Reservation in northwestern Minnesota. My companions were Charles Bullard, assistant area forester for the Minneapolis area office of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and Richard Sheehan, a special consultant to the Minneapolis office on public information, and we had come up to the White Earth Reservation to see the opening of the wild-rice harvest. The Indian meant that this was the place we were looking for. He was a tribal-council ricing warden.

We crossed the bridge in a rumble of planks and pulled up at the warden's car. The warden was a big man with a heavy face, and he wore a silver badge: "Special Police." He looked at the truck and then into the cab—at Bullard at the wheel, and then at Sheehan, and then at me. Only Indians were permitted to rice on Lower Rice Lake, and we weren't Indians.

"It's O.K., Warden," Bullard said. "We're not ricing. I'm with the B.I.A. We just came up to look at the crop."

The warden nodded.

"Where do we go?" Bullard said. "Where are they going to put in?"

The warden looked at him. "Bungo's Landing," he said.

"And where is that?"

"First left."

"Thank you, Warden," Bullard said, and put the truck in gear.

We moved off down the road.

"What was he so sour about?" I said.

Sheehan laughed.

"About being a warden on opening day," Bullard said. "He'd rather be out ricing."

THE way to Bungo's Landing was a rutted lane. A few yards down the lane lay the lump of a run-over porcupine. The lane wound for half a mile through scraping brush to a grassy clearing filled with thirty or forty parked cars. Most of the cars were dusty old Fords or Chevrolets with dented fenders and big tail fins, and all of them had canoe racks fixed to their tops. A narrow track led down from the clearing through more brush and a cattail marsh to an old log pier and a confusion of Indians and canoes. There were men and women in the crowd, and boys and girls, and even a few small children. Beyond the pier was a stretch of open water, and beyond the open water was a great expanse of green that looked like a field of ripening wheat. It spread away a mile or more across the lake to the wooded eastern shore and off to the north and south as far as I could see. That was the rice.

We drove through the clearing and down the track to the edge of the pier, and Bullard backed the truck around and Sheehan and I got out and unloaded the canoe. Some of the Indians turned and watched us, and one of them came over to the truck. He was eating a candy bar, and he had a warden's badge on his jacket. Bullard seemed to know him.

"How does it look?" Bullard said.

"It looks real good," the warden said. "It looks so good the council had me here on watch all night. Some of these guys, you'd be surprised how they try to get out there ricing ahead of time."

Bullard smiled. "They say night ricing is always the best," he said.

"I know they do," the warden said. "And it's true. The rice falls better at night. The dew and the damp seems to loosen up the heads. That don't make it legal, though."

"No," Bullard said. He gazed at the lake. "It's going to be breezy out there," he said.

"I know it is," the warden said. "I only hope it don't get up and really blow—not before noon, anyway. We stop at noon today. A lot of the heads are just about ready to shatter. A good hard wind could lose us a lot of rice." He finished his candy bar and wiped his hands on his pants. "I better get back to my boat. It's almost time to start."

"Are you ricing, too?" Bullard said.

The warden laughed. "I didn't stand around here all last night for nothing," he said. He laughed again and turned away.

"We'd better get going ourselves," Sheehan said.

"All right," Bullard said. "Just as soon as I get rid of this truck."

Bullard headed the truck back up the track to the clearing, and Sheehan and I carried the canoe out to the sagging end of the pier and slid it into the water. Then we went back and got our lunch and the paddles and the pole. The pole was for moving through the rice. It was twenty feet long, with two metal duckbill plates the size of hands flared out on hinges at one end. Wild-rice lakes are very shallow, but they have soft bottoms of mucky peat that is often six or eight feet deep, and the duckbills on the canoe pole were to give it a purchase in the muck. The Indians were all on the water now, and waiting. There were two Indians in each canoe. One stood with a pole in the stern, and the other sat on the center thwart with a pair of wooden drumstick flails. The Indian with the flails was the ricer. Most of the ricing teams were men, but there were also men and women, boys and girls, mothers and sons, and even pairs of girls. The only Indians left on the pier were four little boys. One of the boys was as blond as a Swede. I looked for the warden and found him in a canoe with a tall man in glasses slouching on a pole in the stern. Back in the woods I could hear a woodpecker knocking. The sky overhead was high and clear and very blue, and the sun was beginning to warm. It was going to be a sparkling day. The warden raised his hand. The polers gave a heave and the canoes began to move. I looked at my watch. It was exactly nine o'clock.

BULLARD was right about the breeze. It was a gusty breeze blowing out of the south, and we felt it as soon as we left the pier. Sheehan was poling, and Bullard and I had the paddles, and the three of us had to work to make it across the open water against the broadside breeze. I was sweating when we finally yawed into the shelter of the standing rice. One of the ricing canoes had come this way, and we moved into the rice along its bent and broken trail. There was no sign of the boat itself. It could have been anywhere in the acres of rice up ahead. There was no sign of any of the ricers. There was nothing but water and rice and sky. The rice stood three or four feet above the water, and the water was brown but clear, with a glint of yellow light, and I could clearly see the reedlike stalks emerging from the bottom muck a couple of feet below. The rice was less dense than it looked to be from the shore. There were thick stands and thin stands and sudden little openings where no rice grew at all. But even the thinnest stands were too thick for paddling, and I was glad to sit back and let Sheehan push us along with his pole.

So was Bullard. He lighted a cigarette and looked up at the passing rice. That was what he was here for. The White Earth Reservation is one of the biggest reservations in Minnesota, and wild rice from the many reservation lakes is the main cash crop of the Indians. Bullard broke off a hanging head of rice and held it out—eight tight inches of green-hulled grains ripening into purple at the top of the cluster. "I call that good-looking rice," he said.

"It doesn't look a lot like rice," I said. "It looks more like wheat or oats."

"I know what you mean," he said. "As a matter of fact, wild rice isn't really a rice. I mean, it isn't related to cultivated rice. They're entirely different plants."

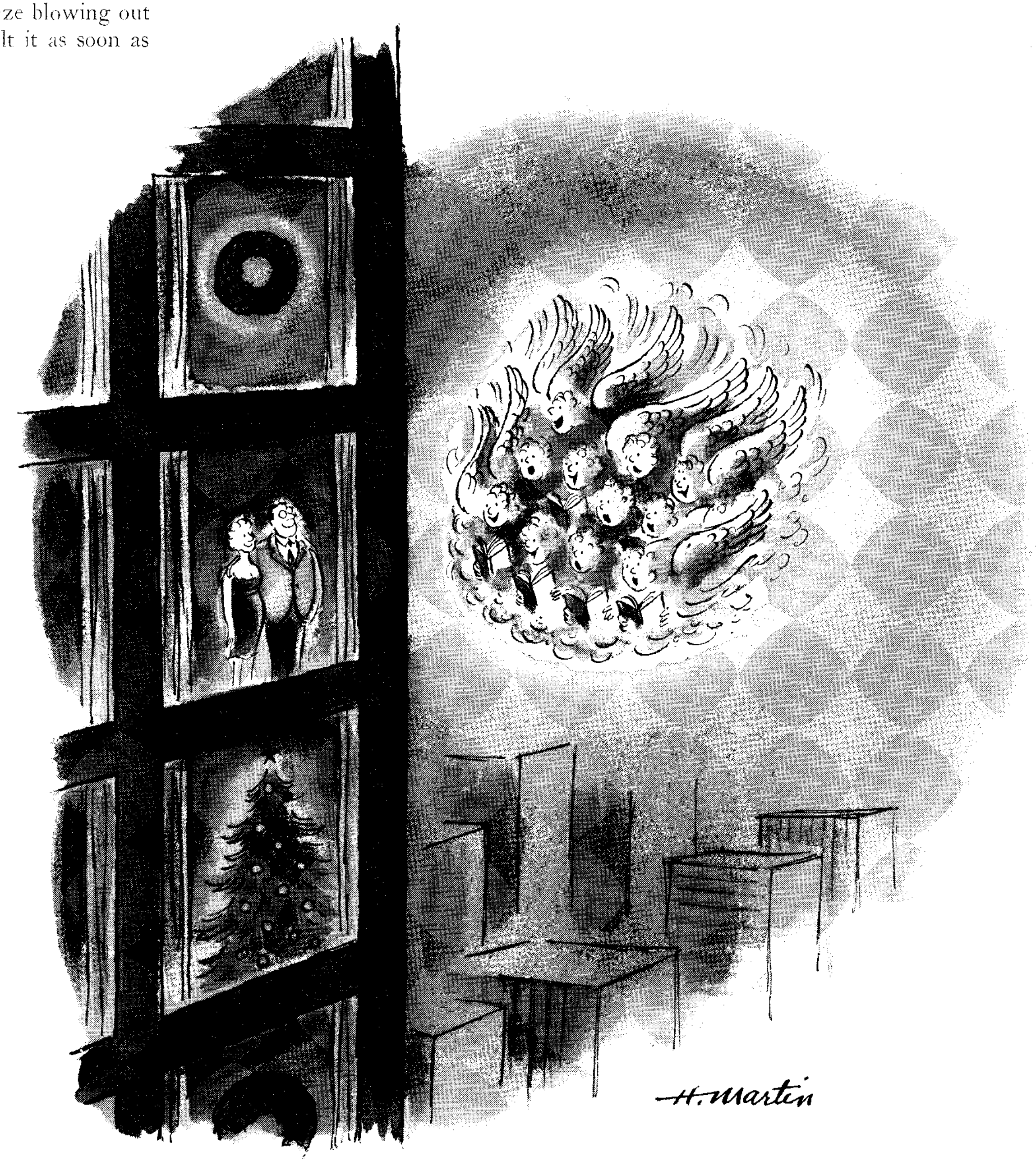
"They're entirely different genera," Sheehan said. "Cultivated rice is *Oryza sativa*. Wild rice is *Zizania aquatica*."

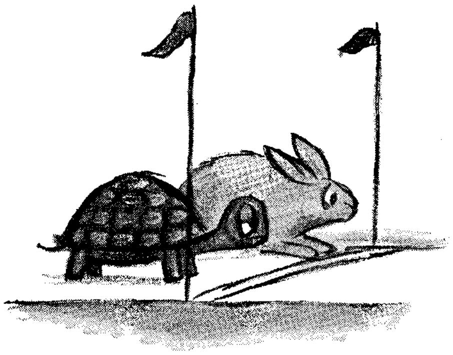
Bullard tossed the *Zizania aquatica* head away. "The only thing they have in common is they're both aquatic grasses that produce an edible seed," he said. "It was the white man that started calling this stuff wild rice. I guess because he found it growing in water. The Indian word for it means 'good berry.' "

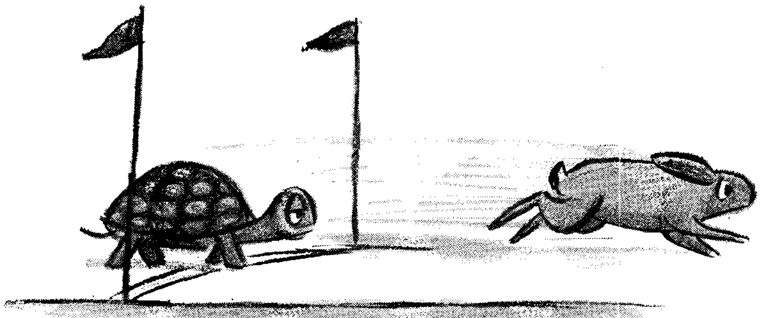
"They called it *manomin*," Sheehan said. "*Manomin* is the Indian name." He rested on his pole. "Do you want to keep on this way? There's another boat off there to the left. I can see the top of the pole."

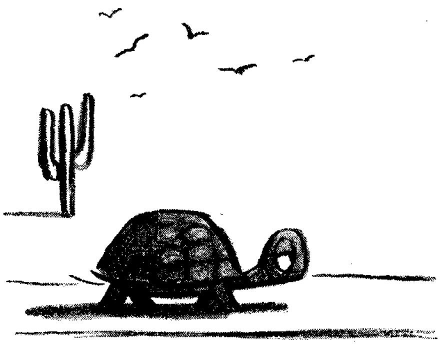
"This way is O.K.," Bullard said.

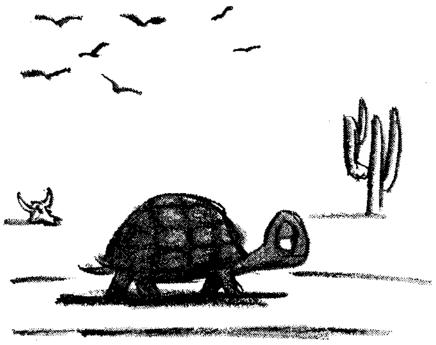
Sheehan bent back to work, and we moved on through a heavy stand of











rice. He knew how to use the pole. I sat and watched him. He didn't drive the canoe along by might and main. He eased it along by thrusting the pole into the water with his hands near the middle of the shaft and then walking them up to the top. I turned back to the trail ahead. The rice we were passing through now was the tallest rice I had seen. Some of the stalks were five feet high. And it was alive with little tan moths. They were on the rice and in the air and fluttering on the skin of the water in a wild, end-of-summer excitement. The stand began to thin, and a pondlike opening appeared. There was a clash and clatter of wings. Seven little ducks sprang up together from the open water and rocketed away across the rice. They were teal—blue-winged teal. I could see their bright wing patches shining in the sun like a mirror reflection of the sky.

"They like wild rice, too," Bullard said. "They depend on it. At this time of year, it's probably the main food of teal and wood duck and mallards and the other puddle ducks. It's also important to some of the shorebirds, and even to songbirds like rusty blackbirds and bobolinks and redwings. And the birds get their share of the crop. They get as much as the Indians do."

"How much is that?" I said.

"About ten per cent," he said.

"Ten per cent?" I said. "The Indians only get ten per cent of the crop? What happens to the rest of it?"

"It goes into the lake," he said. "It either shatters in the wind or the ricers accidentally knock it into the water. The Indian way of ricing isn't very efficient. They lose ten times as much as they get. Look at the amount of rice the boat alone breaks down. But a lot of people say it's still the best way. They say the rice that's lost isn't wasted. It not only feeds the ducks—it seeds the next year's crop."

"It's also the only legal way," Sheehan said. "The use of any kind of mechanical harvester on the Indian lakes and public waters is prohibited by law in Minnesota, and there are similar laws in Wisconsin and the Canadian wild-rice provinces. But Minnesota has the strictest regulations, and it's the one that matters most. It produces almost ninety per cent of the total wild-rice crop."

"The ricing law is based on tradition," Bullard said. "Indian tradition. It's the way the Indians want it. Mechanical harvesters have been used on private paddies for years. They work like a kind of combine on pontoons. They take two or three times as much rice as the traditional way, and if the operators know their job they can be quite selective. They can be every bit as selective as the best hand ricer. I mean, they can harvest just the ripened hulls and leave the rest of the head for later, when it's ripe. And they seem to leave plenty of rice for seeding. I'm not so sure how much they leave for the ducks. I do know this. They'd be a lot more efficient if wild rice wasn't wild—if it was like a cultivated grain and had a firm head that didn't shatter as it ripened. Wild rice is a complicated problem. But I think we'll keep on ricing by hand until somebody perfects a non-shattering strain of rice."

"It must be about the last hand industry left," I said.

"I wouldn't be surprised," he said.

Sheehan was looking off across the fields of blowing rice. "There's a boat just up ahead," he said.

The boat was the boat whose trail we were following. It was a homemade wooden ricing boat with a woman ricer and with a teen-age boy in dark glasses at the pole. The woman had on a red hunting cap and a man's blue denim shirt worn backward and buttoned up the back to keep out the itchy chaff. As we came up behind them, they looked around. Ricers usually keep their distance. The woman and the boy looked startled, and then impassive.

Bullard smiled and raised a friendly hand. "We're not ricing," he said. "I'm with the B.I.A. We're just looking around."

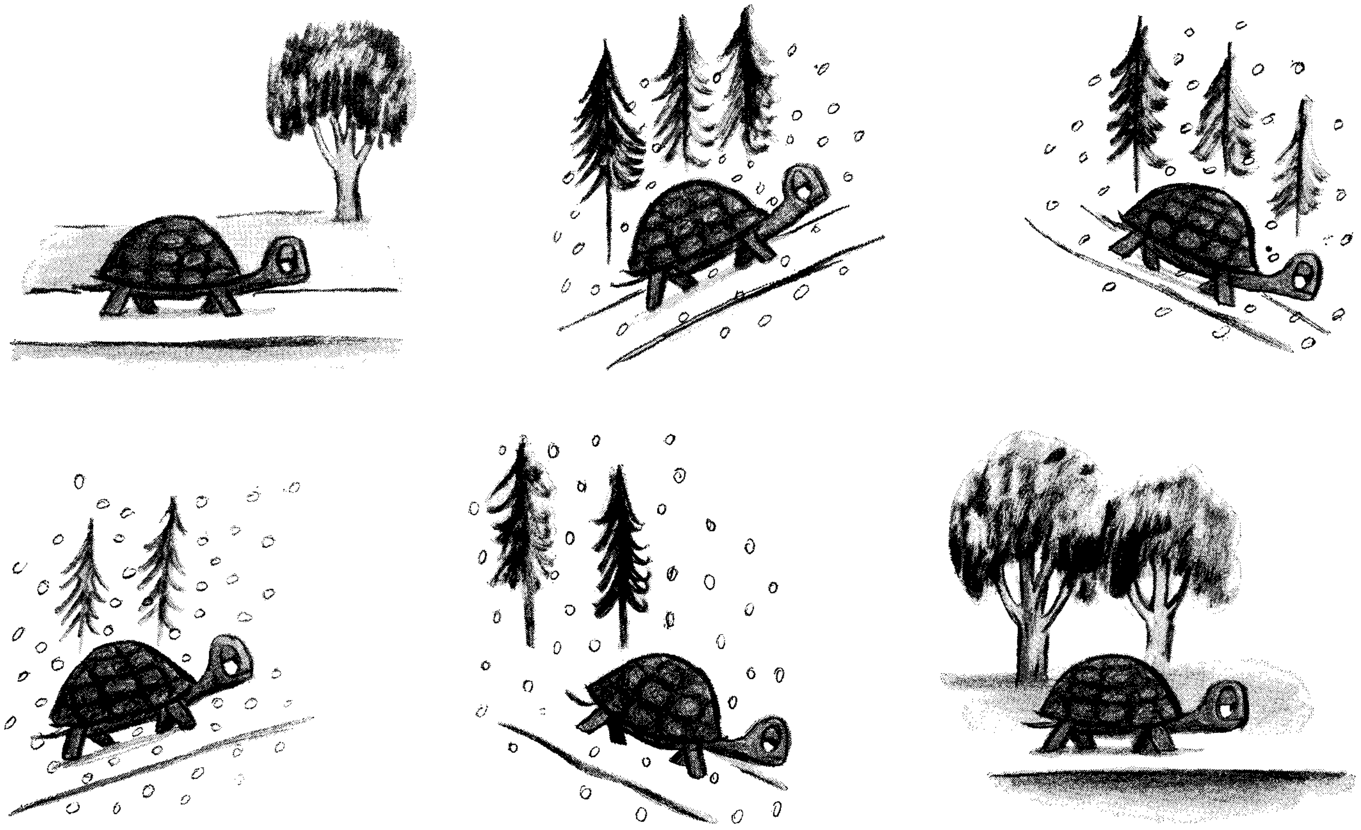
"Hi," the woman said.

The boy said nothing.

"What do you think of the rice this year?" Bullard said.

"Pretty good," the woman said.

The boy shoved hard on his pole. The boat moved on and away, and the woman took up her flails. She caught four or five stalks of rice with her right-hand flail and pressed them over the gunwale of the canoe and tapped the gathered heads with the other flail. The ripe purple hulls and some of the green hulls shattered away from the heads and fell into a soggy



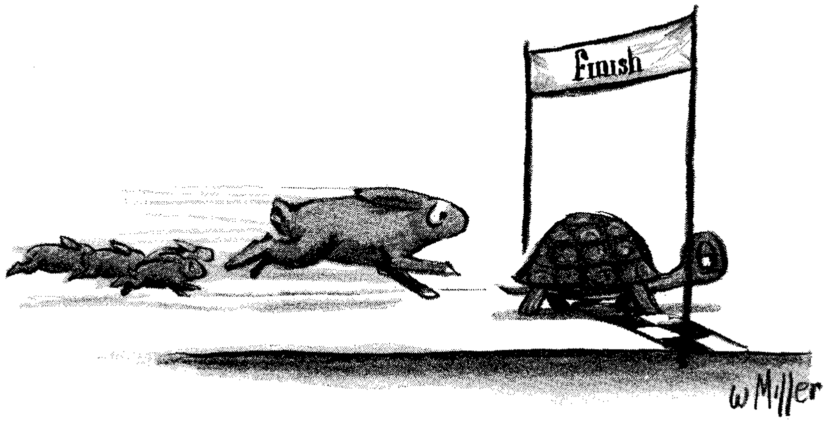
green heap of hulls and stems at her feet. Then she turned and gathered together a cluster of stalks on the other side of the boat and tapped the heads, and another shatter of hulls dropped into the heap. I watched her swing back to the passing rice on the other side. She moved with grace, but it didn't look like easy work.

Bullard was watching her, too. He made a wry face. "Well," he said. "She's only got till noon." He sat back. "O.K., Dick. Let's go find that other boat you saw."

We let the woman and the boy pull away. Then we left their trail and cut into an unbroken stand of rice. The moths were everywhere here. We crossed another patch of open water. It was patterned with lily pads like a garden pond. The rice closed in again. Sheehan pushed us along between the overhanging stalks. Most of the heads were dead ripe, and they shattered at the touch of the boat. The scratchy hulls blew in my face and down my neck. The woman ricer had the right idea with her shirt buttoned up the back. We began to gather a litter of shattered rice. I stirred the litter with my foot. There were fallen moths mixed in with the rice.

"I see what they mean about shattering," I said. "We're going to have some rice by the time we go in."

"We should have bought a license," Bullard said.



"You know something?" Sheehan said. "That breeze is picking up. I can feel the difference in the way the boat handles. Even in this real thick rice."

"You want to take a break?" Bullard said.

"I wouldn't mind a cup of coffee," Sheehan said.

The lunch bag with the coffee was stowed under my seat. I twisted around and bent over—and the boat gave a lurch. Sheehan jabbed with his pole, and the boat settled back. "Hey," he said. "Watch it." He sat carefully down and carefully laid the long pole away. "You're in a canoe."

Bullard laughed, but I only nodded. I was thinking what it would feel like to fall into that bottomless muck. It would be a long, slimy crawl back to the pier. Moving gingerly, I reached for the lunch bag again, and got out the coffee. It was in a thermos bottle with three cap cups. I poured the coffee and passed two cups to Bullard, and he passed one on to Sheehan.

Bullard took a drink of his coffee and laughed again.

"That reminded me of a dog I had one time," he said. "My wife and I were out duckhunting in a canoe like this, and we had this young dog along. She was a brown Lab. We were sitting out there in the middle of the river, and a flight of mallards came over. I got my gun up and shot one, and he came tumbling down, and the dog gave a jump to retrieve him—and over we all went. But I'd trained my wife pretty well. She remembered to hold her gun clear. She held it over her head when she went under, and then came up and waded to shore and never got a drop of water on it.”

“Oh, boy,” Sheehan said. “Where was that, Chuck?”

“It was on the Mississippi,” Bullard said.

“The Mississippi?” I said. I stared at him. I knew something about the Mississippi. I had lived in St. Louis. It wasn’t a river that you could wade across. “Your wife waded to shore from the middle of the Mississippi River?”

“What?” Bullard said. “Oh. This wasn’t the Mississippi River you’re thinking about. This was here in Minnesota—just south of where the river rises. The Mississippi where we were hunting isn’t much more than a stream.”

It was around ten-thirty when we finished our coffee. The ricing day was half over. We moved on through dense, unbroken rice, with the sun high and bright overhead. It had been unmistakably autumn driving up to the lake in the frosty early morning, but now it was almost summer again. Down in the rice and out of the breeze it was hot. We were still deep in the heavy rice when we found the ricers we were looking for. The breeze brought us the sound of their voices, and we heard them before we saw them. They sounded like girls, and they were—two girls in their middle twenties. They watched us come up, and the ricer smiled and waved. She was a short, fat girl with dark-red hair. The other girl had her hair tied up in a black net scarf, and she wore rhinestone glasses and a big blue sweatshirt. She looked at Bullard. “You’re the B.I.A. man,” she said.

“That’s right,” he said. “How’s the rice?”

“Oh, it’s good,” she said.

The ricer put down her flails and lighted a cigarette. “We’ve been out three days,” she said. “We’ve been on Hay Creek and down on Mud Lake. But this is the best rice we’ve seen.”

“And, thank goodness, no worms,” the other girl said. “I hate those worms. They bite.”

“Rice worms?” Sheehan said.

“I don’t know,” she said. “They’re green and about a quarter of an inch long. And they bite.”

“We haven’t seen any, either,” Bullard said. “What are you girls ricing for—to sell? Or just for yourselves?”

“Are you kidding?” the ricer said. “We’re ricing to sell. It’s too expensive to keep.”

“Gosh, yes,” the other girl said.

“Well,” Bullard said. “It looks like you’ve got about thirty pounds there already.”

“Oh, I hope so,” the ricer said.

Our boats began to move apart. The other boat was drifting with the breeze. It drifted slowly away, with the girl in the stern using her pole only for steering. Sheehan pushed us off half into the wind, toward the wooded eastern shore. There were splashes there of yellow and orange among the dingy greens. The sugar maples were already turning.

“Nice girls,” Bullard said. “But I wish they knew more about ricing. Did you take a look at their rice? It was mostly trash.”

“It didn’t look like the rice in that other boat,” I said.

“No,” he said. “But that wasn’t any too clean. See if you can’t find us a couple of men, Dick—a couple of real ricers.”

There were three boats in sight on the eastern side of the lake. The rice grew shorter here, and Sheehan could see the poles and the heads of the polers across the waving fields. One of the boats was far to the right of us, working to windward toward the southern arm of the lake. The others were off to the left. We swung left with the breeze and moved up the lake in its steady thrust. The nearer boat was a red canoe. It was working slowly along behind a thin screen of rice at the edge of a patch of open water, and the ricers were both men. We slipped across the open water. There was something familiar about the man with the flails. We came closer, and he turned his head. He was the warden we had seen on the pier.

“How you doing?” Bullard said.

The warden smiled. “We’re getting some rice,” he said.

“So I see,” Bullard said.

So did I. We had come up alongside the boat and were moving with it a few feet off its flank, and I could see their load of rice. The rice came up and over the warden’s knees. I also saw something else. I saw what Bullard had meant by trash. This rice was very different from the rice in the other boats. It had a different texture and a different color. It was almost entirely composed of hulls, and most of the hulls were the dead-ripe purple hulls.

Bullard sat looking at the rice. “You must have a good two hundred pounds there,” he said.

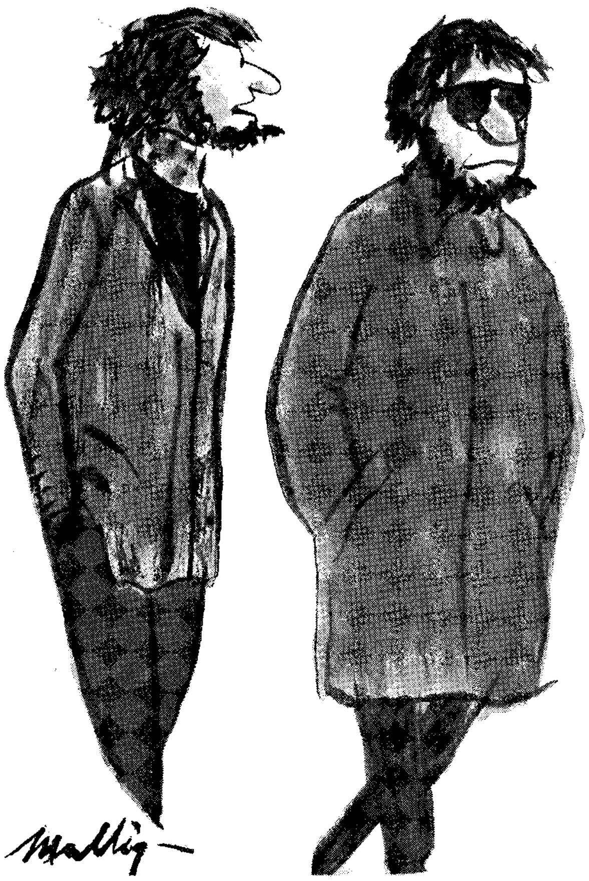
“We’ll get more than that,” the warden said.

“It’s good-looking, too,” Bullard said. “Good and clean.”

“I know it is,” the warden said. “The reason is we’re not following anybody. When you get there first, you get the best, and the other guy gets the green. Of course, you got to know how. A lot of these guys, it don’t matter where they are. The way they rice you’d think they’re chopping wood.”

“I believe you,” Bullard said. “I’ve seen them.”

“They pound it,” the warden said. “You don’t want to pound it. All you want to do is brush it. That’s the only



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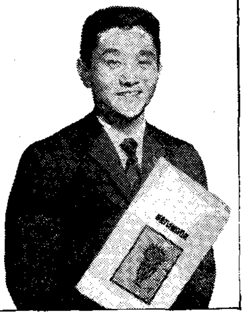

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way to only get the purple. You want to slice it like you're shaving off a stick."

"The way you're doing now," Bullard said.

"Yes," the warden said. "Like that."

OUR boat was the first to return to Bungo's Landing. It wasn't noon yet, but we wanted to be there when the ricers came in. The four little boys were still on the pier, and they came down and stood and watched us land.

"You don't get any rice?" one of the boys said.

"We weren't ricing," Bullard said. "We were just looking at the rice."

The boy looked at him. He didn't say anything. Then he turned and looked at the other boys, and the other boys looked at him. None of them said anything.

"Well," Sheehan said. "Let's get this boat up out of the way."

We lifted the canoe out of the water and carried it up the pier and beached it in the grass at the side of the track. There was a good view from there of the landing and the open water and the waving rice beyond, and we were out of the breeze, in the lee of the cattail marsh. We sat on the boat and ate our lunch and drank the rest of the coffee and watched a hawk rocking slowly over the marsh, and then the ricers began to come in. They made a pretty sight. At first, there were only the long poles slanting up against the endless green of the rice. Then the heads and shoulders of the polers appeared. And then the boats came nosing out of the rice and across the open water, with the ricers working hard at the paddles. We finished our lunch and walked down to look at the ricers' rice.

As the boats came in, they found a place on one side or the other of the pier. There were eight or ten boats with rice as clean as the rice the warden had, but the rice in many of the boats was trashy rice, full of stems and leaves and stiff, green immature hulls. The first ricers in were already down on their knees in their boats sacking up their rice in big cotton bags. Some of them discarded the most conspicuous trash. The bags were old feed bags—"NIBCO Pure Grain Feeds," "Midland Vita-Can Ration," "Bridle Brand Selected Race Horse Oats." There was chaff in the air, and many of the ricers were coughing and hawking and spitting. A car came backing down the track. It stopped at the pier, and an Indian in a sleeveless shirt with a pierced heart tattooed on his upper arm got out, and he and another man tipped a canoe up onto the canoe rack in a rain of trash and bilge water, and heaved two bags of rice into the trunk.

Bullard turned and watched them drive away. "Maybe we ought to move on up to the clearing," he said. "The buyers should be there by now. I want to see what they're paying."

We followed the car up the track.

"What do they usually pay?" I said.

"It depends on the size of the crop," Sheehan said. "Last year, the price went up to a dollar sixty-five a pound."

"They won't get that this year," Bullard said.

Another car came down the track. We stepped back into the brush to let it pass, and then went on in its settling dust. Two trucks with spring scales fixed to their tailgates were parked together in the middle of the clearing. The first truck had a hand-lettered paper sign on the door: "Patson—Rice Buyer." Patson was a white man with a gray crew cut and a little black mustache. He was talking to an Indian woman in a long black dress and sneakers.

"No," he said. "I live down in Menahga."

"O.K.," the woman said. "How much you paying?"

"A dollar forty-five," he said. "That's forty-five cents too much, but I don't care about that."

The woman laughed.

"Seriously," he said. "This is a big crop, and the price isn't going to be high. Nobody's going to get rich this year."

The woman laughed again. "I don't get rich last year," she said.

Bullard and Sheehan had walked on to the other truck. They were standing in a group of ricers at the tailgate, and I joined them there. One of the ricers was the man with the tattooed heart. The truck was a big, boxy, slat-sided grain van. There were four bags of rice piled up on the tailgate, and just inside the van was a man sitting on a stool with a ledger in his lap and a metal cashbox at his feet. The buyer was standing with Bullard and Sheehan and the others. He was an Indian—a tall man in rimless glasses and a shiny gray straw fedora.

Bullard introduced me. "Meet Bernard Martin," he said. "Bernie's one of the big buyers around here. He's also chairman of the White Earth Reservation Business Committee."

Martin put out his hand. "Glad to know you," he said.

A voice behind us said, "Hey, Bernie." It was the woman in the black dress and sneakers. "What you paying, Bernie?" she said.

"Oh," Martin said. "Hello, there. Why, we're up to a dollar forty-five today."

"O.K.," the woman said. "I tell him."

A car drove up from the landing as she moved away, and two men got out and unloaded three bags of rice. They dropped them on the ground near the scale. I looked over at Patson. He was standing there all alone.

"You seem to be doing all the business," I said to Martin.

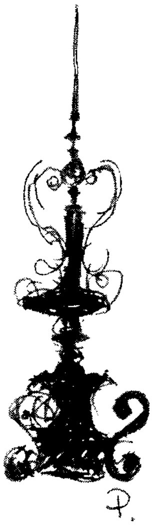
He shrugged. "They know me," he said. "And I try to give them a break. I don't open the sack and look at the rice unless I can feel the sand and gravel and junk like that inside. That doesn't happen too often. I got two rules. I dock them a pound if the sack is wet. If it's so wet the water runs out, then I dock them two or three pounds." He turned to the ricers with the three bags of rice. "Hello, there. We're up to a dollar forty-five today."

The ricers exchanged a glance, and nodded.

"O.K.," Martin said. He picked up one of the bags and hung it by the string around its neck on the hanging hook of the scale. The two ricers stood rigid, watching the indicator sink and leap and settle. "Twenty-three pounds. O.K.?" The ricers nodded. Martin slung the bag on the tailgate and looked up at the man with the ledger. "Twenty-three," he said.

The second bag was heavier. One of the ricers had to help Martin get it on the hook. It weighed fifty-six pounds. The third bag weighed forty-nine pounds. Martin looked at the scale and put a cigarette in his mouth. "Forty-nine pounds," he said. "But what the hell—I'll call it fifty. You guys always get good rice."

"O.K., Bernie," one of the ricers said.



"Fifty," the man with the ledger said. "Twenty-three, fifty-six, and fifty, at a dollar forty-five a pound. That's one hundred and eighty-seven dollars and five cents." He opened the cashbox and counted out the money, and Martin handed it on to one of the ricers.

"Where are you guys ricing tomorrow?" he said.

"Down in the Refuge," the ricer with the money said.

"Well, maybe I'll see you there."

There were many ricers coming up from the landing now, and there were canoes on the roof racks of many of the parked cars. A few of the ricers stopped and spoke to Patson, but all but two or three of them came on to Martin. Most of the ricers had two good-sized bags of rice. I saw the two girls we had met on the lake with a bag of rice that looked as if it might weigh forty pounds, and the woman and the boy, and, leaning against a tree and looking sourly on, the warden from the bridge. The woman and the boy were in a Plymouth station wagon, and the boy was at the wheel. He pulled up at the van, and the woman leaned across him and put her head out the window. "What you paying?" she said. "Dollar forty-five?"

"That's right," Martin said.

The woman shook her head. She sat back and the boy jammed the car into gear, and they drove off through the clearing and out toward the country road.

"She didn't like the price," I said.

"There're quite a few like that," Martin said. "They're always betting on the come. They like to hold out for more money. Sometimes they get it. But this looks like a big crop year, and the price may not go up. It could go down."

"It sure could," Bullard said.

"You think wild rice will be cheaper?" I said.

"You mean at the store?" he said. "I doubt it. There's never that much rice. And it goes through too many different hands. The ricers and the buyers, like Bernie here, are only the beginning. The ricer sells to the buyer and the buyer sells to the processor and the processor sells to the food company—like Uncle Ben or one of those—and the food company sells to the food jobber and the food jobber sells to the store and the store sells

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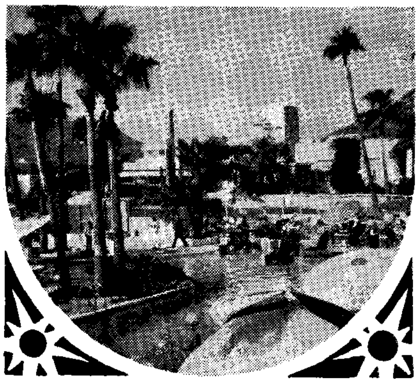

to you. That's why the ricer gets a dollar forty-five a pound and you pay ten."

"It's eleven in New York," I said.

WE stood and watched the buying. We couldn't leave until the crowd thinned out enough to let us drive down to the landing and pick up our canoe. The last in was the last out. But the afternoon sun was hot, and the cars and the dust and the crowding ricers made it even hotter, and after a while we moved around to the side of the van and sat down in a square of shade. Down on the lake, the wind was blowing hard. It was no longer just a breeze. The rice was whipping and thrashing. It was impossible to tell where the boats had been. It all had a trampled look.

"Bernie must be quite an operator," Sheehan said. "I was talking to his clerk. Do you know how much cash they carry in that box? They drove in here today with twenty thousand dollars."

"They spend it, too," Bullard said. "I don't know if they will today. I only counted about forty boats. But I've seen them pay out that much money in a single afternoon."

A man came around the side of the van. It was the warden. He saw us and smiled and held up a handful of money. "Three hundred and fifty-some bucks," he said. "Not bad for a couple of guys for three hours' work."

"Congratulations," Bullard said.

The warden went smiling on across the clearing.

Bullard cleared his throat. "It *is* good money," he said. "The only trouble is that two or three weeks of ricing is all the real cash that most of these people ever see all year."

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

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LIFE IN CALIFORNIA

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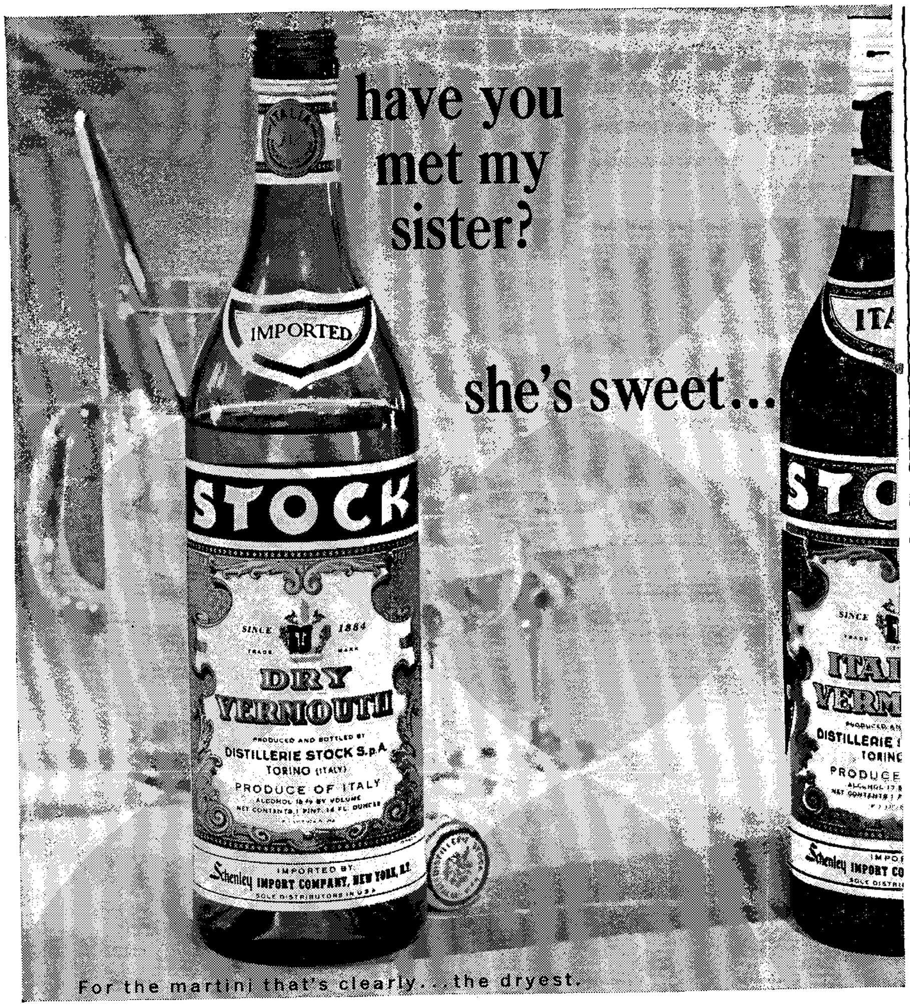

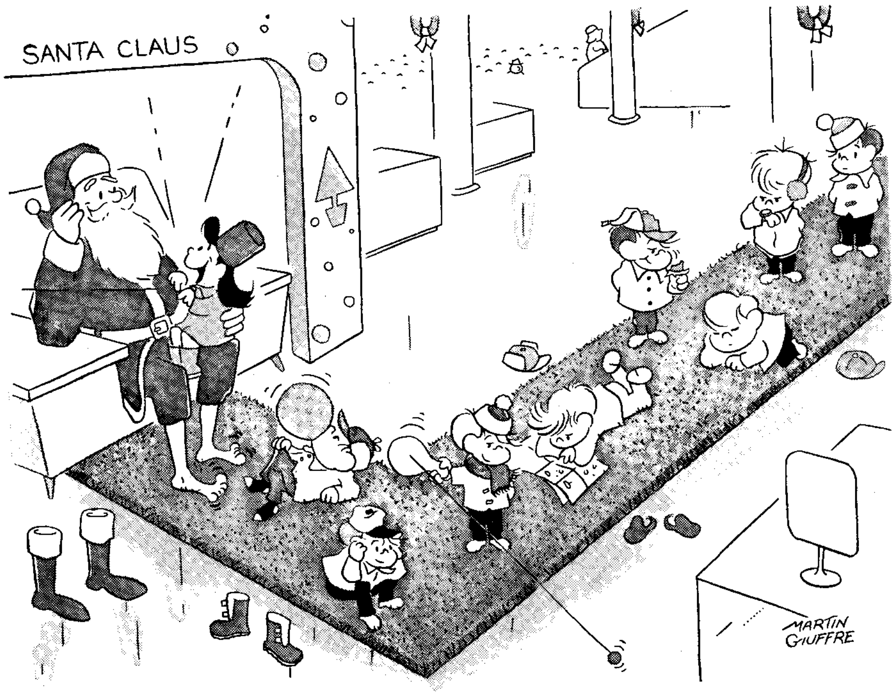

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THE THEATRE

THE WOODSMOKE CHRONICLER

HERMAN SHUMLIN is both the author and the director of "Spofford," at the ANTA, and in his dual capacity he has come up with that rare item on Broadway these days—an easygoing comedy that becomes increasingly attractive as it goes along. Mr. Shumlin's play is based on material garnered from "Reuben, Reuben," a novel by Peter De Vries, and if at times the exposition is a bit too leisurely to arrest our attention completely, the enterprise as a whole is quite satisfactory. A good part of the charm of "Spofford" is due to the performance of Melvyn Douglas in the title role of a sixty-four-year-old chicken farmer who lives in a town called Woodsmoke, Connecticut, and is troubled by the ever-widening social gap between the natives of the place and the encroaching commuters. Spofford is literate, loquacious (sometimes overly so), witty, and reflective, and in portraying him Mr. Douglas is called upon to explain his views on life and its confusions in asides to the audience while simultaneously participating in scenes that demonstrate what has led him to his conclusions. Mr. Douglas does this admirably, and before "Spofford" is more than a few minutes old he has convinced us that he really is a philosophizing chicken farmer with an uncommon knack for analyzing the folkways of suburbia. As part of the business of explaining Spofford's interest in sociology, we are shown how his lovely granddaughter (Penelope Windust) was jilted by the son of a rich commuting family (Jeffrey Weiss), and how the girl's mother (Tresa Hughes) was so disturbed by the occurrence that she refused to sell any more chickens to the latecomers to Woodsmoke. Determined to find out just what makes commuters function, Spofford sets about investigating them, installing himself in their midst as a gardener, baby-sitter, waiter, and handyman. He discovers, in passing, that they indulge in all kinds of shady doings, and he is particularly delighted to find that the flashy lady (Audra Lindley) whose son rejected his granddaughter is having a steamy affair with a Scottish poet named Gowan McGland, who might be an avatar of Dylan Thomas. This poet, depicted by Jerome Dempsey, is a funny creation—an alcoholic satyr impelled to make passes at any female he encounters—and Mr. Dempsey does everything possible with the role. Besides becoming involved with the poet and the various commuters who flock about him, Spofford, a widower, also becomes involved with his daughter-in-law's mother, who is a marvellously platitudinous widow with a stout determination to force Spofford into marriage. Pert Kelton is the widow, and a comical character she is. Mr. Douglas and Miss Kelton have quite a carnal romp at one point in the proceedings, and it is hilarious. Eventually, to get back to the plot, such as it is, Spofford becomes pretty sympathetic with the commuters he has had under scrutiny, among them a decorative matron (Barbara Britton), and begins to talk their language. The word gets out that he is writing a book about them, and this leads to assorted benefits for him that we won't go into. Mr. Shumlin seems at home in the De Vries territory, and he has been faithful to the style of the novelist. This makes for a pleasant couple of hours.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

EDITORS' NOTE: With this column, John McCarten has asked to sign off as the writer of the Broadway section of our Theatre department, in order to devote all his time to other writing for *The New Yorker*. (His first new project takes him to Ireland.) He will be succeeded in January by Brendan Gill, at present our film critic. Edith Oliver will continue to cover Off Broadway for our Theatre department. Succeeding Mr. Gill will be Penelope Gilliatt and Pauline Kael, who in 1968 will cover films in alternating periods of several months each.

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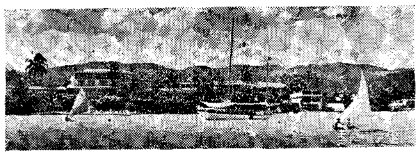

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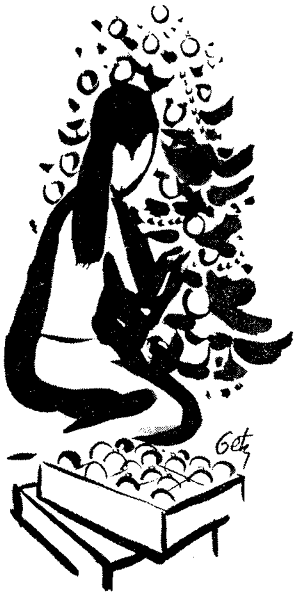
THE MAGI HANGUP

ONE thousand eight hundred and seventy dollars. That was all. And seven hundred of it in nickels. Nickels saved one and two at a time by spreading his sandwiches with mayonnaise that wasn't "real," by the purchase of Levi's brutally stamped "seconds," by fuelling his hopped-up Yamaha with low-test regular, and by oh so many pride-deflating devices that Clarence wondered if he could ever again hold his head high in any but the shabbiest of coffeehouses. Nine times he counted the money. One thousand eight hundred and seventy dollars. Not a dollar more. And tomorrow—Christmas!

Clarence glanced over at his wife's guitar, started to reach for it, then stopped. Surely this was the time to sing "The No Bread Blues." But just as surely this was *not* the time. Playing it would not increase the one thousand eight hundred and seventy dollars by a single sou. Now its thin notes would only add to his pain. And this was the Christmas when Clarence had so wanted to get something special—really special—for Clarissa. His Clarissa. Oh, the weeks that had gone into thinking of something suitable—something truly worthy of the honor of being owned by his wife of just three months! It had been a simple wed-in in Central Park. Under a spreading chestnut tree—the date, September 24th; the weather, perfect. Everything according to plan except for the untimely falling of first one soot-exhausted chestnut, then another. With unwavering resolution, he pushed the thought aside.



As he paced the floor, Clarence caught his reflection in the mirror. He stopped and ran a comb through his hair—the magnificently full head of hair that fell just below his shoulders, rippling and shining like a waterfall of pure, luminous gold. Glorying in the reflection, Clarence grimaced only slightly as he recalled the scene that had taken place last week between himself and the university's beetle-browed dean. Clarence had refused to be shorn, and the dean had retaliated by "expunging" him—that was the way he'd put it—from the senior class, "until such time as you choose to return to classes looking like a recognizably normal, well-trimmed American male." Now Clarence bravely turned to other matters, but not before a few tears had fallen to his sandalled feet.

Clarence's hair, however, was but one of the two possessions in which he and his wife took fierce pride. The other was Clarissa's twelve-string supersonic double-cutaway guitar—perfect except for its embarrassingly bourgeois, unelectrified state. But it would remain an embarrassment only until that time when Clarence could earn the amount needed for the crowd-exciting two-channel amp, with 90-watt peak, patented baffle, crossover network, and master control, they had seen in the window of a music supply store on St. Marks Place. The price was two thousand dollars, federal and city taxes included. And here it was, the day before Christmas, and Clarence had but one thousand eight hundred and seventy dollars toward Clarissa's guitar-electrification project. A hundred and thirty clams short!

Earlier that day, Clarence had gone to the store and promised to pay twice the amount he was short before the fifteenth of January if only the proprietor would let him take the amplifier now. But the man knew Clarence and refused. It was payment in full or no dice.

And then it dawned on Clarence. Why hadn't he thought of it before? Hadn't he seen an advertisement in the *East Village Other* for the Greater Precision Instruments Corp.? Yes, he remembered now. "Wanted—fine hair for use in delicate industrial instruments," it read.

On went his Hindu bead collar. On went his sleeveless denim vest. On went his boots. A bit of hair jelly on his hair, then a quick spray of Command, and Clarence was on his way. Whistling his favorite fifteenth-century madrigal, he hurried down the street. A light, delicate snow was transforming the parking meters into a veritable wonderland. He quickened his step. The solution was so perfect for Clarissa that the sacrifice could be borne. With short hair, he might have to return to class, but at least Clarissa would be able to play along with her records of the Screaming Ends, and that rich, happily hippy sound would not only liberate his sensibilities but might also help him with his evening studies.

Clarence stopped whistling when he came to the door of the Greater Precision Instruments factory. He paused for a moment in the wet street, feeling the familiar, luxuriant weight on his neck and ears. Then he took a deep breath, entered the building, and carefully shook the snow from his hair. "Hair purchases?" he said to the receptionist in a steady voice. "I want to sell my hair."

The receptionist looked up, then caught her breath sharply. "Oh, no," she gasped. "Not *your* hair."

"It's my wife," said Clarence resolutely. "Something for my wife."

Tears came to the girl's eyes. "Your need must be very great," she whispered. "You are a brave man."

"It is Christmas," said Clarence simply.

THE snow felt cold on Clarence's crew-cut head, but he hardly noticed it. The highly prized amplifier was now his, and would shortly be Clarissa's. Outside their pad, he silently hid the bulky parcel in the hall, then opened the door and stepped inside. "Hi, baby!" he called. "It's me."

Clarissa quickly ran some white lipstick across her lips and, still carrying the leek she was peeling, danced toward him from the sink. But on seeing Clarence she let out a gasp and stared as if he were something she had discarded in Scarsdale.

The smile on Clarence's face disappeared. "Clarissa!" he said. "Don't look at me that way."

Clarissa shook her head from side to side, as if telling herself that what she saw wasn't true. "*They!*" she cried bitterly. "They've got this big authority game going, and like you sold out to them."

"I sold my hair," he said, "but I didn't sell out, baby." He hesitated momentarily, groping for the rest of his answer. "Like I sold it because they were buying. And I needed the bills to get you—"

Clarissa threw the leek to the floor. "If it was better phrased," she shouted, "I'd call it liberal rhetoric!" Apparently startled at the sound of her own voice, she lowered it slightly. "But pretty soon you'll start wearing socks. And like the next thing, I'll be washing them, and before long . . . before long

When you plan your holiday soirée include The Nut.
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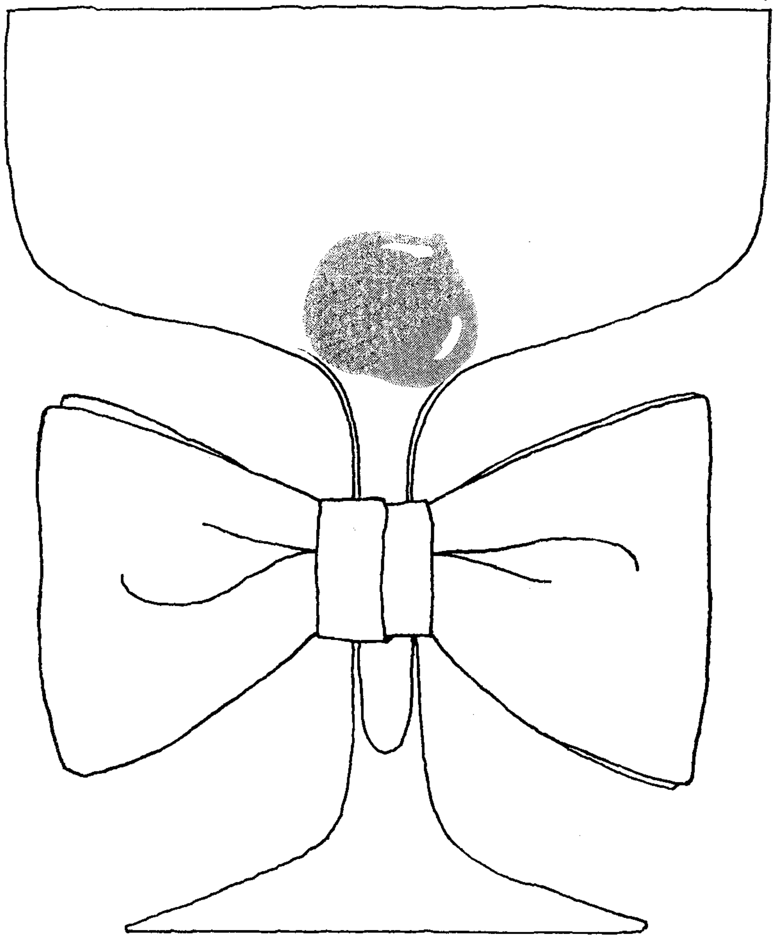

Amongst the *haut monde* these days, it's *de rigueur* to dress up a holiday cocktail party with the most regal nut of all, Macadamia from Royal Hawaiian.

More *à propos* than an almond, more piquant than a pecan, more crunchy than a cashew, more fun than a filbert, more party than a peanut.

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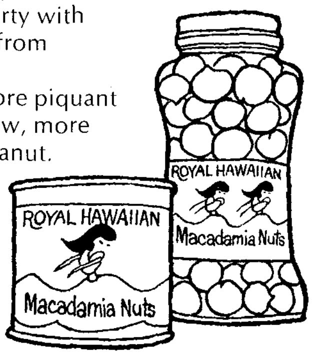

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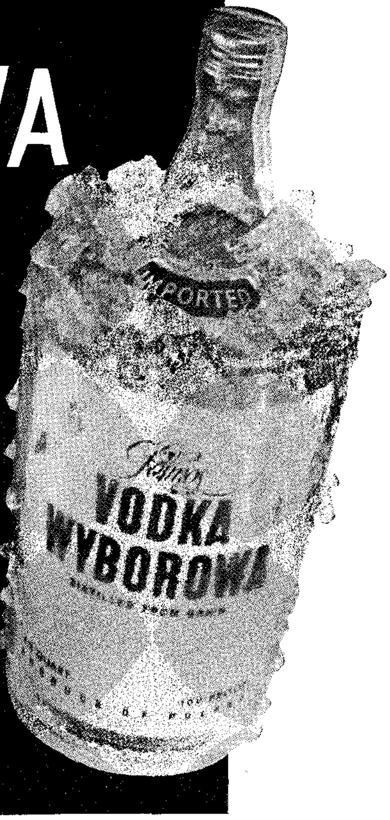

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you'll end up going back to school, back where the girls are the ones with long hair." She began sputtering, searching for words. "And then, then . . . then what'll happen to our heightened catharsis of experience?"

Clarence envied her way with words, her uncompromising ideals. He could see that this was not the time to reason with Clarissa. Maybe tomorrow. He'd think of it tomorrow—on Christmas Day. "Let's wish each other a merry Christmas," he said softly. "A very merry Christmas." It was a little like Tiny Tim's speech, and Clarence hoped it would work in an apartment full of posters of the Grateful Dead. Remembering the beautiful amplifier, he went to the hall and retrieved the parcel. In a moment he had it open. The chrome, glistening like Christmas-tree lights, reflected her tear-filled eyes.

Clarissa smiled briefly, but then the smile vanished. "I sold it," she said. "Like just this afternoon I sold it. Sold it so you could get a tutor and graduate with your hair on. But now you don't need a tutor, and you don't need me."

Clarence put his arms around his sobbing wife. "I don't want no tutor," he said. "But I do want you. And we can take that money and buy back your guitar."

"Take the money and buy back your hair!" shouted Clarissa as she pushed Clarence away and ran to the window. Sullenly, she stared out at the snow, which was now falling more heavily.

Clarence joined her at the window, but the arm he tried to put around her shoulder was quickly brushed away. He glanced across the street at the snow-laden Psychedelicatessen sign, then down at the wet pavement below. "It's turning to slush," he said. "Everything's turning to slush."

—William Cox

•

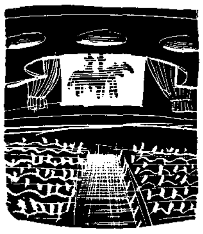
What's Cooking in Washington?
Follows the full text of an article by Yuri Zhukov, Political Observer, published in *Pravda* on October 4, 1967.

"It's cooking something in Washington," say veteran American newspapermen in their slang every time when U.S. leaders start suddenly making speeches about peace and lights go on burning in the Pentagon windows till late into the night and White House experts stay the clock round in their basement.—*From the Review of the Soviet Press, issued by the U.S.S.R. Mission to the United Nations.*

Zhukov should be writing for *Time.* He has the touch.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Crime and Punishment



THE American architect Thomas Hastings once said, “Style is the problem solved,” and this engaging (and debatable) epigram leaped to my mind as I watched the movie version of Truman Capote’s celebrated nonfiction novel “In Cold Blood.” On reading the book, I had wondered how it could be brought to the screen; as a best-seller, this was sure to be its fate, but how difficult to solve for the second time, and in a different medium, problems that Mr. Capote, with characteristic boldness and delicacy, had enjoyed the pioneer’s privilege of choosing the wisest solutions to! Moreover, the problems to be solved in the making of a movie would be the more arduous because Mr. Capote had already taken advantage of such movie devices as quick cross-cuttings from scene to scene and intricate dovetailings of time; the degree to which the book was successfully cinematic was precisely the degree to which any movie based on it was likely to prove disappointing. Worse still, the extreme explicitness with which the author handled the crimes that were the occasion for “In Cold Blood”—four particularly horrible murders committed by a pair of particularly loathsome punks—was necessary to his “novel” as a work of art, but to translate this explicitness into movie terms seemed certain to exaggerate it and so render unbearable what had been, in words on a page, at the outermost edge of the bearable. Nor can I conclude this catalogue of forebodings without mention of the gravest awkwardness of all: how to convey on film the author’s invisible darting back and forth from one perch of emotion to another in respect to his grim protagonists; now he regards them as if from far off, with the dispassionate eye of someone recording for the first time many things of interest (the climate of Kansas, the nature of murder, the art of police detection, the philosophical background of capital punishment), and now he regards them close up, out of a shared, unsentimental intimacy that leaves the astonished reader at a distance.

Richard Brooks, who directed “In Cold Blood” and is the author of its screenplay, has solved his problems and achieved his style with exemplary skill. The movie is a just equivalent of the book. It is as painful but not more painful; ignoring the current vogue for the wanton depiction of violence in movies—I am thinking of pictures like “Point Blank” and *not* of “Bonnie and Clyde”—Mr. Brooks makes the murder of the four Clutters a much less vivid event than it was in the book, and has had the tact to place it in the framework of a flashback. A book by its nature is more ample than a two-hour movie, and Mr. Brooks has necessarily sacrificed much of the fascinating minutiae of life in Holcomb, Kansas, that Mr. Capote observed and set down with such relish, but “In Cold Blood” was shot on location—the house in which the crimes are committed is in fact the Clutter house—and the note sounded throughout is not that of Hollywood but of a scrupulous documentary.

This documentary effect is greatly enhanced by the two young men who play the murderers—Robert Blake as Perry Smith and Scott Wilson as Dick Hickock. Each in his own way is superbly mindless and menacing. (How could a travelling salesman ever have stopped to pick up such a scrofulous pair? But we know one did, and nearly paid with his life for his silly good deed.) John Forsythe is the attractive and dogged detective Alvin Dewey, and Charles McGraw does well in a small part as Perry’s father. The director of photography is Conrad Hall, and his glimpses of the lonely bleakness of a Western prairie, the tawdry shine of a Western Main Street are exact and terrible. One remembers Frost’s “I have it in me so much nearer home/To scare myself with my own desert places.”

“LIVE FOR LIFE” is Claude Lelouch’s first full-length movie since his deservedly successful “A Man and a Woman,” and it is a disaster. Mr. Lelouch tells the story of a TV commentator who combines an incessant pursuit of news around the world with incessant womanizing. We are supposed to consider him a charmer, but what he immediately reveals himself to be is a middle-aged, pathetically inept liar, who lives in morose boredom with a wife he no longer loves, and whose affairs appear to be largely a matter of making an automatic response to a new face, a new scent, a new hotel bedroom. The infinitesimally

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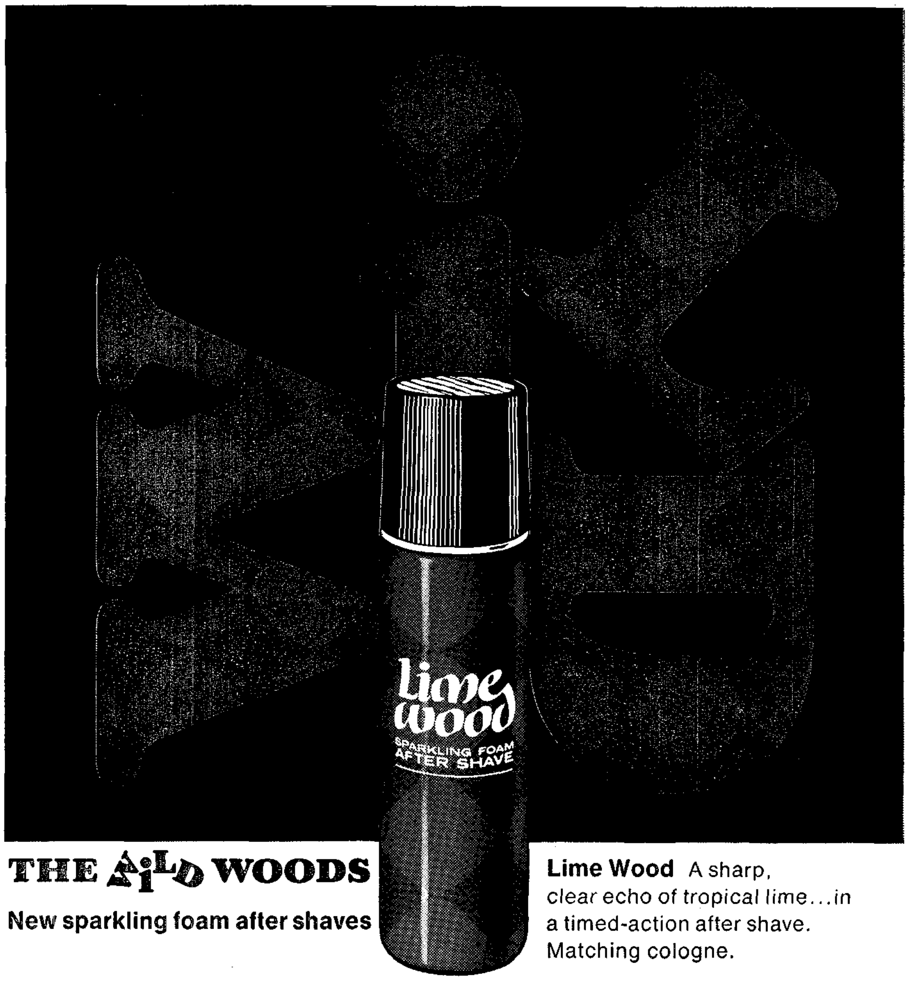

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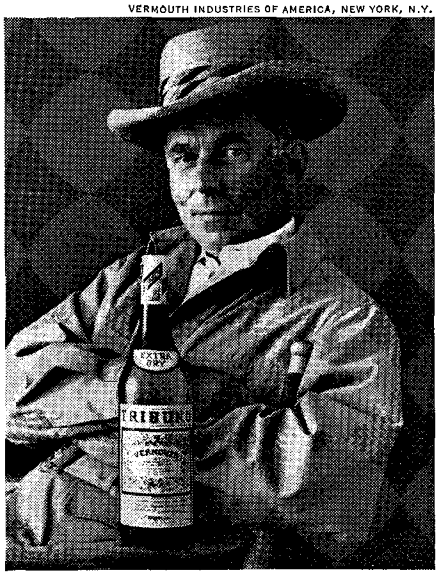


"happy" ending of the picture is a lie not by Mr. Lelouch's hero but by Mr. Lelouch himself, for the commentator can never be happy and can never be the occasion for happiness in others. Yves Montand, who plays the commentator, and Annie Girardot and Candice Bergen, who play his wife and his latest mistress, have found no way to keep him from seeming an odious figure. Nor is he all that is odious about "Live for Life," for Mr. Lelouch has had the tastelessness to mingle his scenes of dreary lovemaking in Paris and Amsterdam with actual footage shot by him and others in Vietnam of men, women, and children dying and dead. We know from Mr. Lelouch's share in that curious quasi-documentary, "Far from Vietnam," shown at the New York Film Festival this fall, how strongly he feels about the war in Vietnam, but that he should attempt to make his squalid little got-up scenes of fun in bed serve as a means of passing moral judgment on real events taking place in a real country under the most tragic circumstances—! No, this is worse than tasteless; it is contemptible.

"VALLEY OF THE DOLLS" is a thoroughly maladroit soap opera, whose innumerable iridescent suds are blown up ten times bigger than life and therefore become, even when they are meant to be tragic, laughable. The picture was directed by Mark Robson from a screenplay by Helen Deutsch and Dorothy Kingsley, who were working from—but not far enough away from—the best-seller by Jacqueline Susann. Many of the cast come from TV, and perhaps I would have enjoyed them more if they had been but a few inches high. . . . "The Hippie Revolt" is a handsomely photographed documentary about the Haight-Ashbury set, but it was shot last summer, and is therefore embarrassingly dated. Isn't Haight-Ashbury one with Nineveh and Tyre, and aren't the hippies one with Ozymandias, to drop a name that none of them would have recognized?

—BRENDAN GILL

•

MOST IMPRESSIVE UNDERSTATEMENT OF THE WEEK

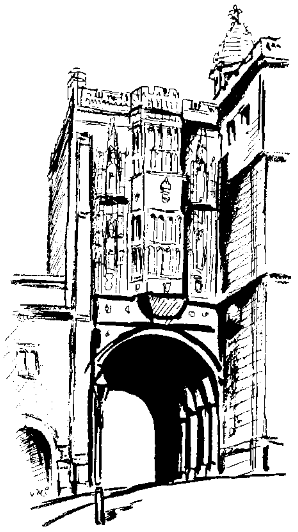
[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Hartford Courant*]

FASLANE, SCOTLAND (UPI)—Lieut. Commander T. L. Fallowfield replied with classic understatement when asked recently how the crew fared aboard the British nuclear submarine Valiant during a 12,000-mile underwater voyage home from Singapore.

LETTER FROM LONDON

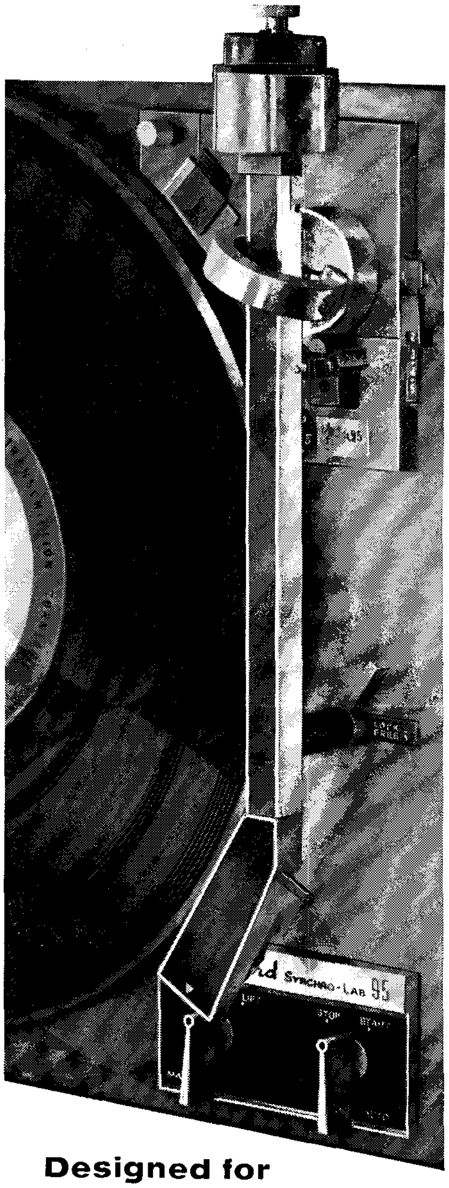
DECEMBER 14

ON the face of it, London looks full of money and of prosperous crowds thinking of nothing much else but getting ready for a free-spending Christmas. Many people suspect that next year's festival will not be so lavish. At the moment, however, trade is booming everywhere, in the cheerful street markets as well as in the West End shops, crammed with elegant or toothsome luxury imports from all over the world, still at pre-devaluation prices. At twilight, when the wintery Thames faithfully reproduces a free Whistler nocturne of palest blues and silvers, the traffic elsewhere is regularly snagged into chaos by the cruising cars of sightseers come in to admire the also gratis but less lovely glittering spectacle of the decorated streets. The famous jewellers' windows are brilliant in more worldly fashion, with spendid gewgaws on which well-dressed shoppers, perhaps searching for a good devaluation-hedging bet, gaze thoughtfully. It is, incidentally, the busy season for burglars, who have lately shown themselves intelligently alive to the changed scale of values that followed the fall of the pound by going out not only for diamonds but for rather choice paintings, drawings, and even pieces of antique furniture, which seem harder, more reliable currency than money amid today's rude shocks and alarms.



Behind this surface brightness of London there is, of course, a great deal of nervousness and gloomy conjecturings about the future among all kinds of people. The Government has just given warning hints that the merry jingle of cash registers will be followed by a chilly new year of fresh austerities, to back up the effects of devaluation by pinching the too buoyant home market, and, above all, to convince the world that Britain has the determination to seize the opportunities offered by her monetary drama. Londoners who read the European papers realize that devaluation alone has not carried conviction. There have been obvious Ministerial efforts to add some sobering footnotes to Mr. Wilson's too reassuring broadcast on the day after the pound died.

Now the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Roy Jenkins, has spoken in the House of Commons of an inevitable "temporary" fall in the standard of living, and of a hard time ahead for all—remarks to which his left wing reacted with apparent shock and an unimportant little flurry of votes against the Government. To cushion the jar for Labour's faithful working-class supporters, it is being stressed as an immediate bright spot that unemployment should begin to fall rapidly once British goods, cut-priced by devaluation, start flowing abroad, as is hoped. Though the City and industry welcomed Mr. Jenkins as a known champion of expansion, there is much jumpy speculation as to how he will frame his first budget, in April. A sharp cutback in the programs of various Government departments, not yet specified but certain to cause anguish and revolt in the Labour Party ranks, is forecast as an even earlier bruising encounter between the urgent realities of the situation and the nation, whose first real encounter with Roy Jenkins this will be. On the whole, ordinary citizens got to know him best, though not very well, as an able, humane Home Secretary, whose ideas on prison reform were thought "soft" by many old-guard Tories, who may now be in for a surprise. The admirers who have followed his steady upward career from the circle of youngish intellectuals who gathered around the late Hugh Gaitskell think that he is more likely than anyone else in sight to bring off what the much respected *Financial Times*, joining in the general press applause over his appointment, described as "the long-delayed British economic miracle." The enormous liberation of hope that burst forth to greet the new Chancellor was indeed astonishing, and in a way almost pathetic, as though acknowledging the need in political life, and the real public hunger, at this endangered moment for a man with courage, excellent clear brains, and opinions that are not narrowed distortingly by the doctrinaire Party line. A frequently heard remark in Tory circles is that Roy Jenkins is "really a Liberal"—doubtless infuriating to the Liberal Party, which



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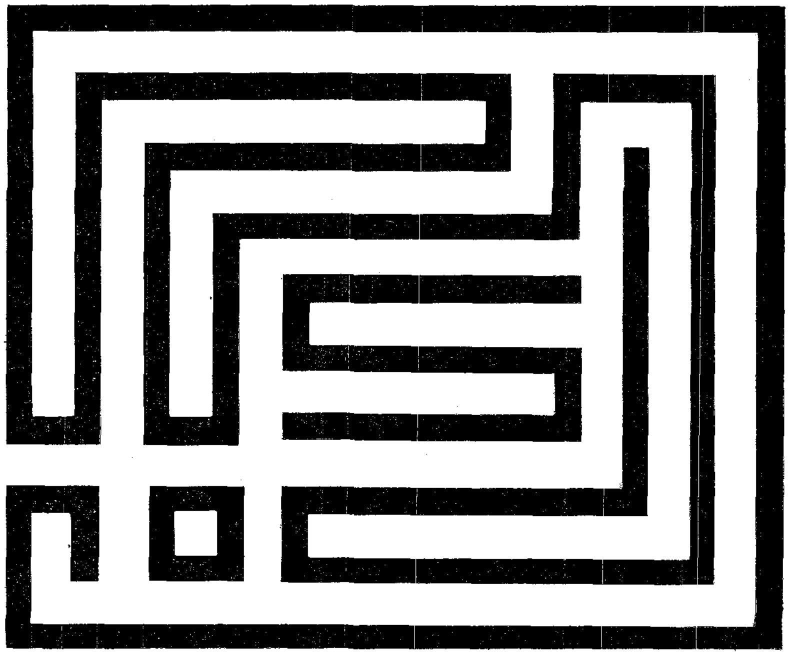

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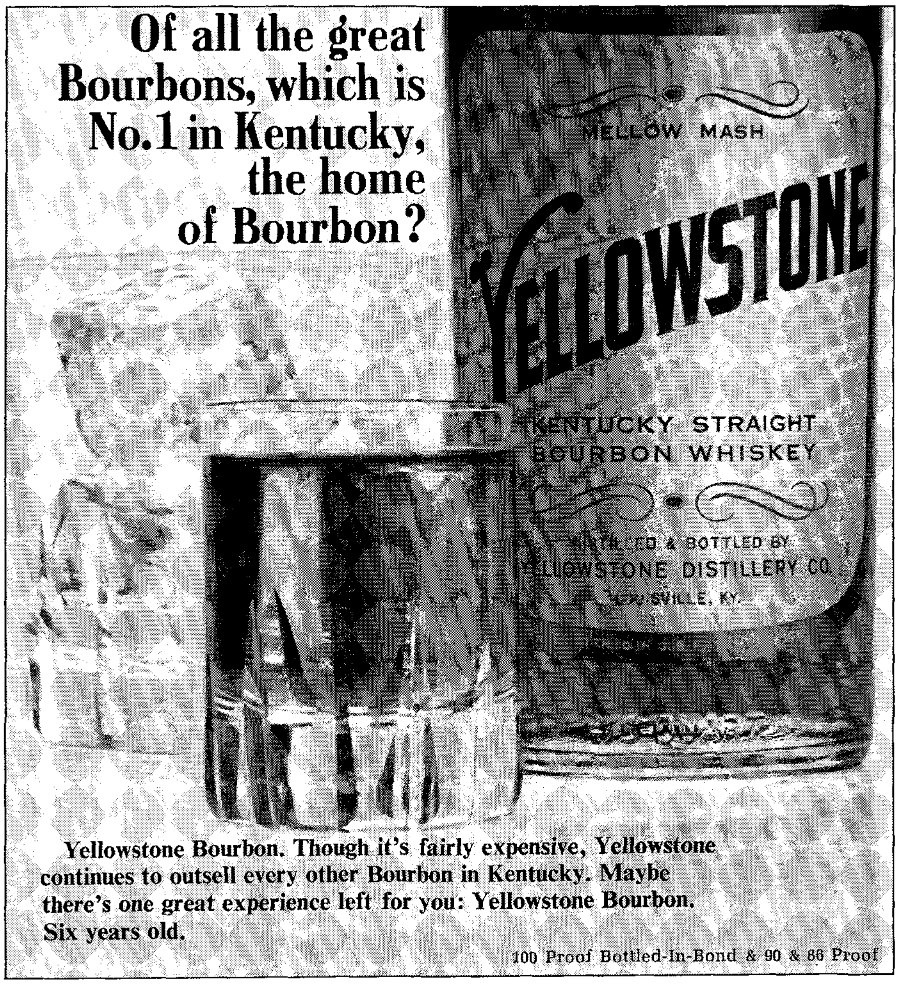

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is having its own troubles at the moment, following several depressing by-election results, and cannot welcome any such attractive counter-contender for wobbling voters, however much the description fits in, more or less, with the dark suspicions of Labour's left-wingers, who do not love him. He is one of the first-class intellects that not infrequently have emerged from the Welsh coal-mining valleys to add their dynamics to the British political scene. A formidably brilliant debater, he could not, to be truthful, sound less Welsh and more coolly Oxonian English. He has always been an ardent pro-Europe man, differing sharply and tenaciously on that issue with his leader and friend Hugh Gaitskell in the 1962 crisis over the Common Market, which split Parliament and the country. The unprecedented approval of the new Treasury appointment—Chancellors, after all, are seldom anybody's dream characters even at the start of their jobs, before they begin to hurt—has extended to the Prime Minister for promoting to a high office so near his own the member of his team whom most political observers, and a number of sharp-eyed citizens, too, regard as a dangerous rival to himself. It certainly seems to many relieved people in the Labour Party a shrewd stroke of leadership, which gives them a new double chance—to pull off the economic miracle and to win the next election, which, at the disillusioned moment, they would lose handsomely.

MR. WILSON's admirably calm reply to the latest negative from the Élysée Palace, made at a journalistic luncheon in London, was also widely approved by the newspaper audience next day. Coming right on top of devaluation, General de Gaulle's final refusal to allow the Common Market five to start negotiations with Britain as long as he is there as the seemingly immortal sixth man was a knockout blow, no less so because it had been expected. Only the anti-Market minority in Parliament and the country was pleased by the news, which it thinks will win a lot more nettled support for the view that Britain ought to start looking around for an alternative—if there is one. As a result of the veto and of France's astounding gold maneuvers, anti-French feeling has been plentiful and bitter in the press and in the comments of readers. The Prime Minister's polite rejection of the General's vague suggestion of some kind of associate

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Q. What are Freedom Shares?

A. They are the new U.S. Savings Notes — a companion product to the Series E Bond.

Q. Who may buy Freedom Shares?

A. Any individual who purchases Series E Bonds regularly through a formal plan — either Payroll Savings where he works or Bond-a-Month where he banks.

Q. What is the interest rate on Freedom Shares?

A. 4.74% compounded semiannually, when held to maturity of 4½ years. The rate is less if redeemed prior to maturity; and they may not be redeemed for at least one year.

Q. Does this same rate now apply to E Bonds?

A. No. E Bonds continue to return an average of 4.15% when held to their seven-year maturity.

Q. What do Freedom Shares cost?

A. They are issued in face amounts of $25, $50, $75, and $100. Purchase prices are $20.25, $40.50, $60.75, and $81.00.

Q. Can Freedom Shares be bought by themselves?

A. No. They must be bought in conjunction with E Bonds of the same or larger face amounts.

Q. Can I buy as many Freedom Shares as I want, as long as I buy E Bonds of the same or larger amounts?

A. No. On Payroll Savings, Freedom Share deductions are limited to $20.25 per weekly pay period, $40.50 per bi-weekly or semimonthly pay period, $81.00 per monthly pay period. On Bond-a-Month, the limit on Freedom Share deductions is $81.00 per month.

Q. How will the Freedom Shares be registered?

A. Registration must be identical with the E Bonds bought in combination.

Q. Are Freedom Shares subject to taxation?

A. The same as E Bonds. Interest is subject to Federal income tax, which may be deferred until maturity or redemption (whichever comes first). Interest is not subject to state or local income taxes. Current values are subject to estate, inheritance, gift, and other excise taxes, both Federal and state.

Q. Will Freedom Shares be extended beyond maturity, as E Bonds have been?

A. No. Under existing law, there is no provision for extension.

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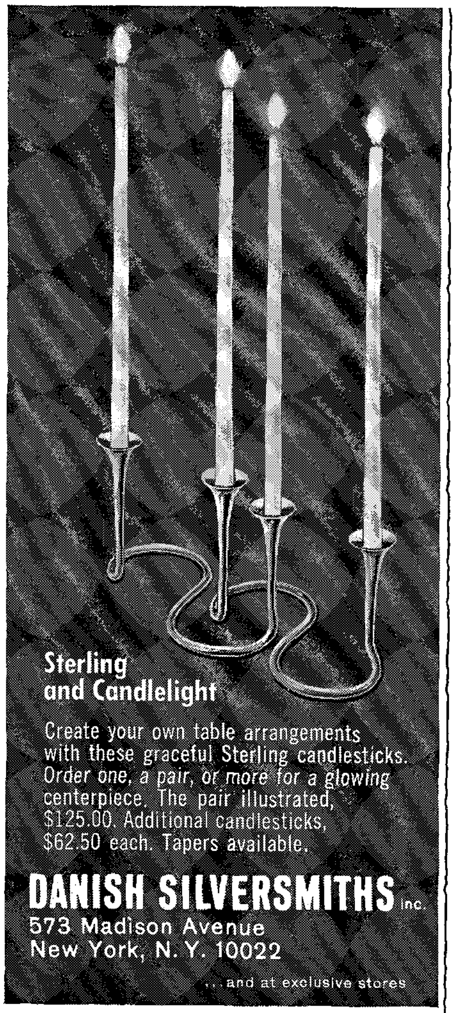
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membership as well as of the notion that Britain should withdraw her application altogether, and the carefully unrancorous tone of his whole survey, seemed good to the public, with whom he has been anything but popular of late. Many people looking at TV Monday evening gazed, therefore, a little ironically at the ceremony of the Anglo-French supersonic Concorde airliner (tactfully to be spelled the French way) being towed along at her début to the world like a beautiful, symbolic white bird while bands tootled both national anthems and the Minister of Technology, Anthony Wedgwood Benn, spoke the amiable civilities that have lately been missing on this side of the salt, estranging English Channel.

Mr. Wilson also pleased, for once, large numbers of the infuriated travelling public by intervening to settle the recent go-slow on the railways, which was billed to be national chaos on the Armageddon scale but unexpectedly bogged down into two days of annoyance and delays for London's suburban commuters, who were the principal sufferers. It was the most idiotic labor dispute on record, and tells a lot about the difficulties that beset the modernizers here when they come up against cobwebby corners of traditionalism. The row, as dazed Londoners gathered, was about where the guard on freight trains is to sit in future—whether he is to have his own hallowed little boxcar at the rear end, as he has always done, where he can slam on the brakes and wave warning lamps in an emergency in the good old way, or whether he will sit up front in the locomotive. In November, the British Railways Board worked out an agreement with the National Union of Railwaymen to scrap the now obsolete brake vans at a saving of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year—a mere nothing in comparison with the railways' whacking hundred-and-fifty-million-pound deficit but a step in the right modernizing direction. The second railway union is the small, proud Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen, once the craft élite of the railway world and the respected monarchs of their own little kingdoms, where the names of the drivers and their firemen used to be inscribed on copper plaques, but today dwindling near to extinction since diesel succeeded steam. A.S.L.E.F. now said that it had not been consulted in the November talks and would not have any N.U.R. fellows travelling on its engines at any price. Though it seemed to turn on who would sit where, as though it were some absurd protocol of an ambassadorial dinner party, the go-slow that A.S.L.E.F. soon called was really one part injured pride and three parts fear. Its members are worried, and with reason, that the N.U.R. guards cooling their heels on the locomotive may learn enough to get themselves promoted to drivers' jobs, which carry good pay. The sacred traditional progress from cleaner to fireman (both redundant jobs now) to driver has gone, and the union fears that it must be swallowed up, too. The commuting public was not sympathetic to this line of thought as it prepared to struggle in to work on the first morning. To help the expected army of motorists converging on London, the police made parking at meters free for the duration, plastered miles of streets with "No Waiting" signs, so that traffic would flow better, and named emergency car parks all over town, including one or two in generally sacrosanct places, such as the Broad Walk in Kensington Gardens. As it turned out, the go-slow seemed to go off at half cock, many A.S.L.E.F. drivers having apparently showed up for work in spite of orders. On Monday, driving in London was like being in a pleasant dream, with thin traffic and plenty of free parking spaces, and on Tuesday night the union men were inside No. 10. What they brought out was a pride-salving promise that they would be consulted in any future settlements. The seating problem, the exasperated public noted, had been dropped. More labor disputes are looming, less ridiculous but also less amenable, probably, to such quick, painless settlement.

The frightful foot-and-mouth epidemic, ravaging large sections of the country's richest, most densely stocked farming lands, from the Lake District over to Lincolnshire and as far south as Gloucestershire, has now turned into a full-scale national disaster. It has spread gloom among townsfolk as well as among the stricken farmers. This is the worst outbreak since the disease reached these shores from Europe in 1839—John of Gaunt's fortress built by nature against infection having found its moat an effective barrier until then. In the eight weeks since the particularly virulent virus got to work, around three hundred thousand beasts have been compulsorily slaughtered and burned, including famous pedigree herds, whose loss to the breeders' export programs is incalculable. The Government policy is for every animal that has the disease, or is even only a contact, to be slaughtered, rather than to vaccinate, as European countries do. Vaccination is thought to be too costly, not yet really effective, and also a danger, as it can mask the symptoms in infected cattle. The national bill for compensation to farmers is mounting, and so is criticism of the Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Frederick Peart, who finally acted on the clamor to ban imports of meat from the Argentine, where the disease is endemic and which was thought to be a source of infection maybe. But what makes this gruesome visitation so sinister is that no one knows how it comes—on the wind or borne by migrant birds or on human shoes or on car tires or on the pads or hoofs of the non-cloven-hoofed animal kingdom. "It falls out of nowhere like flakes of snow," one farmer was quoted as saying, and it can jump, too, clear across a county, without any known contact. Horse racing and foxhunting have been stopped, and the Minister has been asked to ban football matches, and even to forbid fishing, in case anglers peacefully ambling along the riverbanks take home more than mud on their boots. The Irish Republic has asked its nationals please not to come home for Christmas. The Royal Smithfield agricultural show came off as usual the other day at Earls Court, but for only the second time since it started, in 1799, there were no living animals at it—none of those vast tablelands of Galloway steers, those rosy champion porkers, those curled and aristocratic-nosed fat sheep to astound the eyes of the visiting Cockneys. There were no farmers, either, but only farm machinery, which was a poor, cold substitute.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

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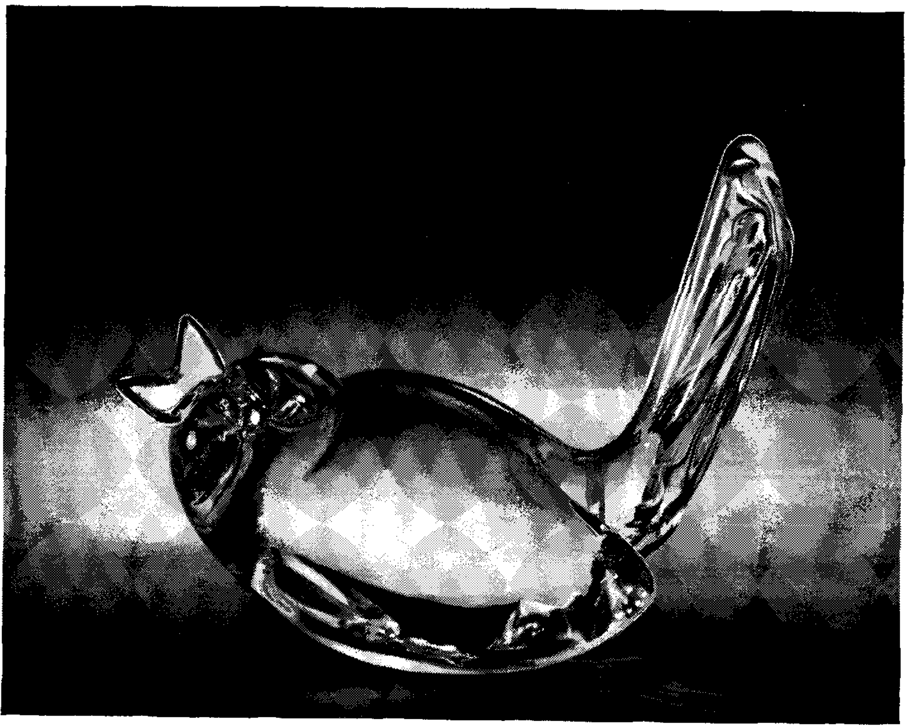

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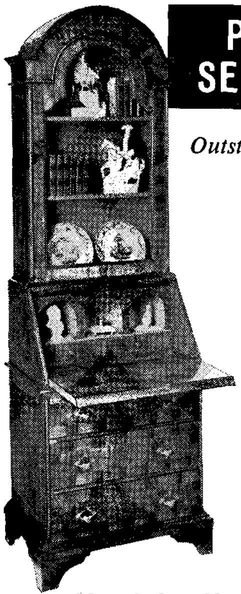

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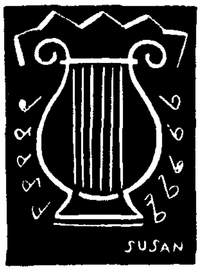
MUSICAL EVENTS

Carmen Wronged

IT has become a habit of the Bing administration at the Metropolitan Opera—exaggerated since the move into the new house—to import a famous director from the European theatrical world and have this famous director fall on his face by producing a travesty. Such was the case with Jean-Louis Barrault at last Friday night's new production of "Carmen." I shall dismiss as unlikely the idea that he was deliberately poking fun at a great masterpiece—perhaps the greatest in all French music. But his production often gave that impression. No doubt Mr. Barrault is an expert in his own métier, but it is obvious that he does not understand opera. Altogether, what was set before Friday night's audience was the worst staging of Bizet's chef-d'œuvre that I have ever seen, and I am not forgetting the productions at the New York Hippodrome under Alfredo Salmaggi—which were always at least decent. Mr. Barrault's first act suggested a music hall rather than an opera house. It began with an obtrusive and quite objectionable ballet, which included not only the people dressed as dancers but the military, who pirouetted about like a group of chorus boys in a performance of "The Chocolate Soldier." The children's chorus—usually one of the most charming touches of this act—was apparently felt to be incomplete without a female ballet dancer prancing in front of it. (The whole idea of the children's chorus is to present a note of innocence, after which the grim erotic drama is played out.) Then the refugees came out of the cigarette factory, fleeing from Carmen and her knife. But they were not fleeing; they were kicking their heels high in the air, as if they were celebrating the Queen of the May. Finally, Carmen's victim, the stabbed girl, was carried gracefully out and deposited on the floor, where she lay in a sort of sensuous languor, to be picked up again, just as gracefully and languorously, and carried off the stage. At this point, many in the audience broke into unrestrained laughter, which seemed the appropriate reaction. Meanwhile Micaela had made her entrance, not as the shy country girl she is supposed to be but as a coquettish young thing, eager to flirt with any soldier. Hardly a character could move onstage without a group of ballet dancers moving behind him and mocking his actions. The other acts were not quite as offensive, but they had their moments—a sort of soft-shoe routine done by the principal gypsies in Act II, and so on and on. Never did Mr. Barrault do anything to intensify the drama. He even had his Carmen making superfluous, self-conscious gestures. The final act was done without tension, and the stabbing was done as if Carmen and José were accepting a mutual invitation to dance.



The costumes were realistic, but the set before which all this took place was symbolic. It resembled the audience part of a Roman arena—a stepped construction of gray stone in semicircular shape. The dubious distinction of creating it goes to somebody named Jacques Dupont. For the first act, it was ridiculous; for the second, awkward. In Act III, it gave the uncomfortable impression that the dramatis personae were acting out their roles in a hollow in the middle of a gigantic Swiss cheese. It is disheartening to contemplate the fact that the Met will probably be stuck with this conception of "Carmen" for the next decade. It will be a drag on any future Carmen's performance. Mr. Dupont's intention, I gather, was to present the whole opera in a surrounding symbolic of a bull ring—an idea that was both pretentious and naïve. If any opera calls for realism—real people, places, and emotions—it is "Carmen." I hope that somebody will visit Bizet's grave to see whether the ground has been disturbed from below.

There was, of course, some music and singing, too. Zubin Mehta conducted nervously, as if he were angry with what was going on. The Carmen was Grace Bumbry, and I must say that she is without question one of the fine ones. She is pretty. She has a voice of great scope, beautifully produced and shining with the gloss of youth. Her musical style is faultless, and she showed herself to be a good actress in spite of the direction she had. Jeannette Pilou was the Micaela—pleasant in sound except when she forced high notes and caused them to spread, something wholly unnecessary in Micaela's role, which is not a difficult or showy one. Nicolai Gedda did a good deal of barking and seemed overly preoccupied with details in his "Flower Song," but elsewhere he sang and acted well enough. Justino Díaz made a very good Escamillo, Morley Meredith was an outstanding Zuniga, and Ron Bottcher an excellent Morales. The lesser roles, too—those done by Lilian Sukis, Marcia Baldwin, Gene Boucher, and Charles Anthony—were given their full due. Good artists always strive to do their best, even in the most unhappy circumstances. Despite their efforts, this "Carmen" was listless, epicene, silly, and without dramatic impulse. Even the score suffered, because everything Mr. Barrault presented onstage was at odds with the music. The Metropolitan Opera is an institution with a proud record. This record hit a new low on Friday night.

ON Tuesday evening of last week, Thomas Scherman and the Little Orchestra Society did us a favor by finally bringing us, in concert form, New York's first performance of Leoš Janáček's famous opera "The Makropulos Case." Its libretto, based on a play by Karel Čapek (the author of "R.U.R."), is a curious one. The Emperor Rudolf II of Austria, according to this libretto, wanted to live forever, and got his court alchemist, Hieronymus Makropulos, to create an elixir that would enable him to do so. Then he grew fainthearted and demanded that Makropulos try out the elixir on his own daughter. The daughter fell ill, and the Emperor had Makropulos executed as a charlatan. But then the daughter recovered, and lived for three hundred and forty-two years, first as Elina Makropulos, then as Eugenia Montez, Elsa Müller, Ellian MacGregor, Ekaterina Myskina, and finally as Emilia Marty, a famous opera singer. Under the last name, she intervenes in a lawsuit over a will left by the father of one of her illegitimate offspring, and succeeds by various ruses in putting the legacy where it belongs—in the hands of a ninth-generation descendant of this offspring. Meanwhile, she is bringing about the recovery of the manuscript that gives the formula for the elixir (she has been after it all the time, with the idea that she could renew her long life span). But when she finally gets the formula, she decides she doesn't want it after all. Neither does anybody else. And so our heroine dies, after seeing the formula burned, having decided, apparently, that living forever is boring and that even one ordinary life is enough. There are incidents I have not described, but this is the gist

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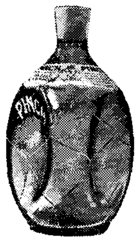

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of the thing. The music, like nearly all of Janáček's music, is enchanting, and there is a moment of high drama as Emilia Marty decides against life. It is, to be sure, delicate drama, underlined with musical restraint by Janáček. But it is nevertheless capable of moving its audience, and one leaves the auditorium with bits of nostalgic melody and highly original orchestration ringing in one's ears. There are many characters in the opera, but the leading role overshadows them. It was done the other night by Nadezda Kniplova, a Czech singer whom I admired in the Hamburg State Opera's production of the same composer's "Jenufa" last summer. She again showed herself to be an accomplished actress and the possessor of a big, expressive voice. There was another Czech in the cast—Ivo Zídek, who sang the role of the legatee adequately. The others were Americans, gallantly singing in Czech: Nico Castel, Joan Lindstrom, Chester Ludgin, Melvin Brown, Emile Renan, Howard Fried, Anne Graff, and Raymond Murcell.

PROBABLY there are a good many New Yorkers who, like me, have been dilatory about seeing "The Play of Daniel" and "The Play of Herod," those two re-creations of twelfth-century religious opera, first presented four years ago by the late Noah Greenberg and the New York Pro Musica, which have been appearing in various churches around this time of year. Last Wednesday night, I went to the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, on West Forty-sixth Street, to see "The Play of Herod," which I found an utterly charming experience. It concerns the Adoration of the Magi, the Slaughter of the Innocents, and the Flight into Egypt—all presented in the sort of costumes it probably had when first done at the abbey church of Fleury, in medieval France. The score is played on the instruments of the period and ranges from Gregorian chant to organum and a few departures into primitive counterpoint. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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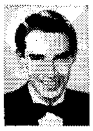

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HAVE you ever considered becoming a celebrated person? If this is your wish, your best plan is to have been born in New York City. Next best is to claim London as your birthplace, followed by Chicago, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Paris, Vienna, San Francisco, and Budapest. I developed this theory after studying the 1967 *Information Please Almanac*, which lists the names and birthplaces of more than thirteen hundred and fifty Celebrated Persons. (I also developed a terrific headache, because there is no cross index or summary of birthplaces, so each time I came on a new one, like Brian Aherne's, which is King's Norton, Worcestershire, England, I had to check it against all the others to come up with solid, meaningful figures.) Celebrated Persons come from all over the world, so it was quite a surprise to learn that one hundred and eighty-nine of them, or exactly fourteen per cent, were born in New York City. New York has only four and a half per cent of the U.S. population, so a hundred and eighty-nine celebrated sons and daughters is good going.

This figure, incidentally, includes all five boroughs of New York. Breaking it down, thirty-four Celebrated Persons gave Brooklyn as their birthplace, one listed the Bronx, one specified Staten Island, one Flushing, three Astoria, and a hundred and forty-nine simply gave "New York City." Nobody listed Manhattan, Richmond, or Queens. This is curious, because it seems to me that each of these hundred and forty-nine *had* to be born in one of the boroughs. If they were born in the Bronx, why didn't they say so, like lovely, plainspoken Diahann Carroll? If Clifton Fadiman, Mae West, Aaron Copland, and Florence Eldridge had enough civic pride to give Brooklyn as their birthplace, why didn't Phil Rizzuto, Molly Picon, Jonas Salk, and Walter Lippmann tell us which borough they were born in? What's wrong with Manhattan, Walter—if, indeed, it was Manhattan? Look at Ethel Merman (Ethel Zimmerman), who lists Astoria, New York, as her birthplace. There's candor for you!

Getting back to my theory, we must ask why New York has produced such an extraordinary number of Celebrated Persons. It's big, sure, but so are Chicago, which has given us only thirty-seven, Los Angeles, which has twenty-one, and Philadelphia, twenty. A partial answer may be that New York tends to attract Celebrated Persons, and that they are likely to give birth to Celebrated Offspring. This would account for such New Yorkers on the list as Will Rogers, Jr., Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., William Randolph Hearst, Jr., Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Jane and Peter Fonda, David Nelson, and Keenan Wynn, as well as David, Winthrop, Laurance S., and John D. Rockefeller III. In fact, Celebrated Persons with names ending in "Jr." or "III" are seldom born any place *except* New York. On the other hand, Ricky Nelson was born in Teaneck, New Jersey, very close to his father Ozzie (Oswald)'s birthplace of Jersey City, so my sub-theory about offspring doesn't always hold up. Neither do my speculations explain why unrelated persons of the same surname tend to be born mainly in *or* outside New York City. For example, both of the Shaws on the list, Artie and Irwin, as well as three of the four Millers—Arthur, Gilbert, and Henry—were born in New York, while the six Williamses—Andy, Emlyn, Esther, Gluyas, Ted, and Tennessee—came, respectively, from Wall Lake, Iowa; Mostyn, Wales; Los Angeles; San Francisco; San Diego; and Columbus, Mississippi. Williamses tend to be half from California. The poor Moores, however—Archie, Garry, Henry, Marianne, and Terry—don't even have one state in common.

Next to New York, London has produced the most Celebrated Persons—fifty-four, including Queen Elizabeth II, who is an interesting exception to the Law of Juniors mentioned above. Fifty-four seems about right, but what's wrong with Boston? The cradle of our culture has provided only six Celebrated Persons, including one Lowell (Robert)—the same total as St. Petersburg (Leningrad) and only two more than Kiev. This certainly should tell us something about Boston. We usually think of Texas as being a colorful, exciting, celebrity-conscious sort of place. Well, how many Celebrated Persons have come from El Paso, Fort Worth, Dallas, and Houston (combined pop., 2,250,-

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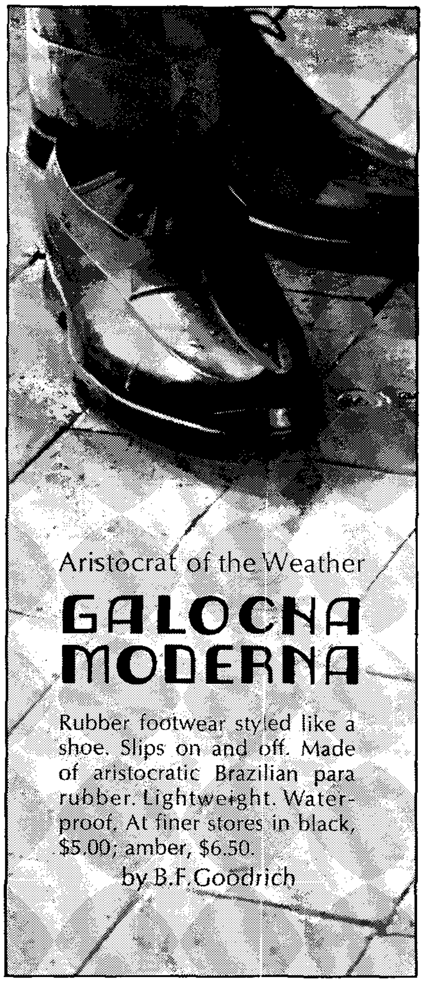
After New York, Los Angeles is the best place for a celebrated American actor to be born, which Richard Chamberlain, Jackie Coogan, Jackie Cooper, and others can be thankful for. A more crowded actors' home is London, which has given us, among others, Sir John Gielgud, Dame Edith Evans, Terry-Thomas, and Stewart Granger, whose real name is James Stewart. The James Stewart whose real name is James Stewart was born in Indiana, Pennsylvania. John Huston was born in Nevada, Missouri. Anne Baxter was born in Michigan City, Indiana. Musical people are more interesting than actors anyway. Howard Keel is from Gillespie, Illinois, while Dizzy Gillespie is from Cheraw, South Carolina.

YOU can't always tell about the name of a Celebrated Person. Peter Ustinov, for instance, sounds like the name of somebody from St. Petersburg (Leningrad). He's from London. George Sanders is from St. Petersburg (Leningrad). (Joseph Cotten is from Petersburg, Virginia.) Susan Strasberg sounds like a Viennese name; she's from New York. (Lawrence Welk is from Strasburg, North Dakota. Robert Goulet is from Lawrence, Massachusetts, and so is Leonard Bernstein. See what I mean about musicians?) Billy Wilder, by contrast, is from Austria, while William Wyler, another director, is from Mulhouse, France. Leopold Stokowski is from London. Red Schoendienst at least tried; he's from Germantown, Illinois.

You'd figure that somebody with a name like Audrey Meadows would be from somewhere in the Midwest. She was born in Wuchang, China. Olivia De Havilland was born in Tokyo. Julie Christie was born in Chukua, Assam, India. Merle Oberon is from Tasmania. John Daly is from Johannesburg. Ronald Reagan is from Tampico—Tampico, Illinois, which must be a comfort to him. On the other hand, Isamu Noguchi is from Los Angeles, and so is Pancho Gonzales. Victoria de los Angeles is from Barcelona. President De Valera is from New York. The Duke of Edinburgh is from Corfu. King Olaf V of Norway is from Sandringham, England. The Duchess of Windsor is from Blue Ridge Summit, Pennsylvania. There's no use guessing birthplaces; you have to *know*.

I want to take back what I said



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about musicians' being more interesting than actors. Every Celebrated Person is interesting when it comes to birthplaces, even actors. Rochester (Eddie Anderson) comes from Oakland, California, while Hugh O'Brian (Hugh J. Krampe) was born in Rochester. Julius La Rosa is from Brooklyn, Peter Brook is from London, and Julie London is from Santa Rosa, California; you can arrange these any way you want. I also want to take back my rude remark to Walter Lippmann, because plenty of Celebrated Persons don't even list the city or town where they were born. Jimmy Dean is from "near" Plainview, Texas; Soupy Sales is from Franklin County, North Carolina; Dean Rusk from Cherokee County, Georgia; and Liza Minnelli can't even remember the county she came from—her birthplace is California.

LET'S go back to cities. It's hard to explain why one city will produce a lot of Celebrated Persons and another city hardly any. San Francisco, for instance, has thirteen. Phoenix, Arizona, has only one, and forty-three million people voted for him to stay there. This is a world record. Independence, Missouri, only one-seventh the size of Phoenix, has given us twice as many Celebrated Persons—Margaret Truman and Ginger Rogers. Harry was born someplace else.

I mention cities like Phoenix not to embarrass civic leaders of these communities, though that may be unavoidable. But you don't solve a problem by shoving it under the rug. The thing to do is to roll up your sleeves and start in. Don't be discouraged by your shoddy records, El Paso and Phoenix. There is still hope. A city that won't be beaten can't be beaten. Lift up your eyes to Pittsburgh, which has given us ten Celebrated Persons, or to Washington, D.C., also the birthplace of ten, including Maury Wills, who once stole a hundred and four bases in one season, which is also a world record. Study the climate of these cities. Study their way of life. Try to be more like them. Officials of smaller towns can also take heart. If New Rochelle, McKeesport, and Red Bank can come up with a pair of Celebrated Persons each, there is hope for you all.

Now the question arises: What can you, as private citizens, do about this? Well, you can't do much about yourself. If you haven't made the list by now, chances are you never will. But there are unborn children to consider. If you would like to be the parent of a Celebrated Person someday, it's time to take stock. Check the records. For those of you who are now residing in a community with a low celebrity index, a change is clearly indicated. If, for example, you live in Miami, Denver, or Honolulu, give your children-to-be the chance you never had and move to New York, Chicago, or Los Angeles. These are the cradles of Celebrated Persons. It is to them we must look for the George Jessels, the Walter O'Malleys, the Gene Krupas, and the Marge Champions of the future. If you act now, one of them may be yours.

—WILL STANTON

• •

TRELLIS

Again, ramshackle skeleton,
You spare the house what is about to happen.

Out of nowhere, up from the bleak ground,
My greedy twinings overcome your frame,

Climb, put blue suns forth, suicidally thicken,
And, spoiled at summer's end no doubt

By so much wooden acquiescence, brag
Of having woken a response in you.

Who can say? A night is coming, I remember,
When I share your body with frost. A second,

And I withdraw into myself for winter.
Never mind. I'll bloom next year.

You only, love's uncomprehending object,
Will be replaced after a season or two.

—JAMES MERRILL

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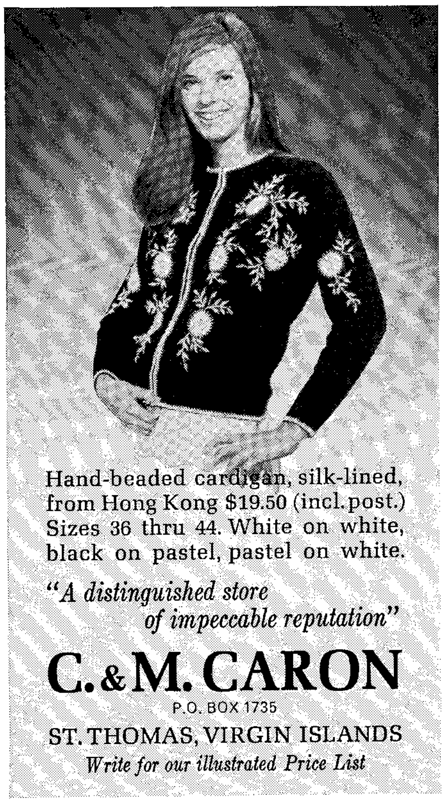

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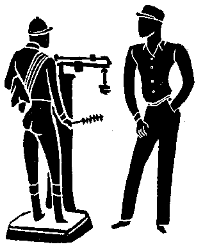


RACING at Aqueduct finally came to an end last Friday. The weather, which had been at its spoilsport worst earlier in the week, mellowed into almost springlike warmth, and it was pleasant to sit in the stand and watch the show. I doubt, though, if things turned out to the satisfaction of the more than thirty-one thousand horseplayers who tossed more than four million dollars into the tote. Not a favorite won all afternoon. The main event was, of course, the Sysonby Handicap, at seven furlongs, in which R. Thomas wore down the front-running Sun Gala in the stretch and beat him by a neck. Jim J. was third, three lengths behind. The five other starters were strung out down to the eighth pole. Earlier in the autumn, R. Thomas and Sun Gala ran a dead heat in the Sport Page Handicap, at six furlongs. This time, R. Thomas's disadvantage in the weights was three pounds less, and that made the difference. And if you're collecting coincidences, Sun Gala also finished second in the Swift Stakes on the opening day of the season at the Big A, back on March 13th. The crowd took a lively interest in whether Jerkens or Jacobson would be the leading trainer on the New York tracks for 1967. Going into the day's card, Jerkens had sixty-one winners and Jacobson sixty. Each had four horses in three races that afternoon, and neither had a winner. (All of Jacobson's were in the money; only one of Jerkens' was as good as fourth.)

OFFHAND, I'd say that the season was financially successful. Attendance for the New York Racing Association's two hundred and thirty days—two hundred and six of them at Aqueduct—was 6,550,262, and $656,067,676 was bet in the mutuels. The Wheatley Stable and the Ogden Phipps horses, trained by Eddie Neloy, did all right, too, though they didn't quite make two million dollars this year. The last figure I saw was $1,773,164. Vitriolic, Buckpasser, and Queen of the Stage contributed most of the $1,109,845 earned by the racers who carried the colors of Mr. Phipps, and the Wheatley Stable total was $663,319—slightly more than half of its 1966 take. Successor was its big disappointment. Mrs. Edith Woodward Bancroft's Damascus was beyond doubt or question everybody's Horse of the Year, and should be again in 1968, barring the unforeseen. Recently, however, Frank Whitely, who trains him, intimated that Damascus would run only in weight-for-age races. This would be regrettable. There aren't half a dozen such events in the country, and they'd all be walkovers. Besides, the purses wouldn't put him in the million-dollar bracket, close as he is to it now. Just a hardhearted old stickler for form, I believe a horse never proves how good he really is until he runs in handicaps and gives big weight and a beating to his opposition. Buckpasser did it. In the Suburban, for one, he gave twenty-one pounds to Ring Twice and twenty-four to Yonder, and ran as astonishing a last furlong as I've ever seen.

THOUGH last week was a time for looking forward as well as back, the only prediction I will make is that we'll be going to Belmont Park next season. I certainly haven't seen another Damascus or Buckpasser among the two-year-olds. Perhaps something will turn up at Hialeah or Santa Anita. By the way, the Santa Anita meeting will run from the day after Christmas through April 6th, the big handicap coming on March 9th. Two days later, most likely, Aqueduct will open, but that date hasn't been announced and probably won't be until after the first of the year. The Santa Anita Derby will be run on March 30th, four weeks after the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah and five weeks before the Kentucky Derby at Churchill Downs.

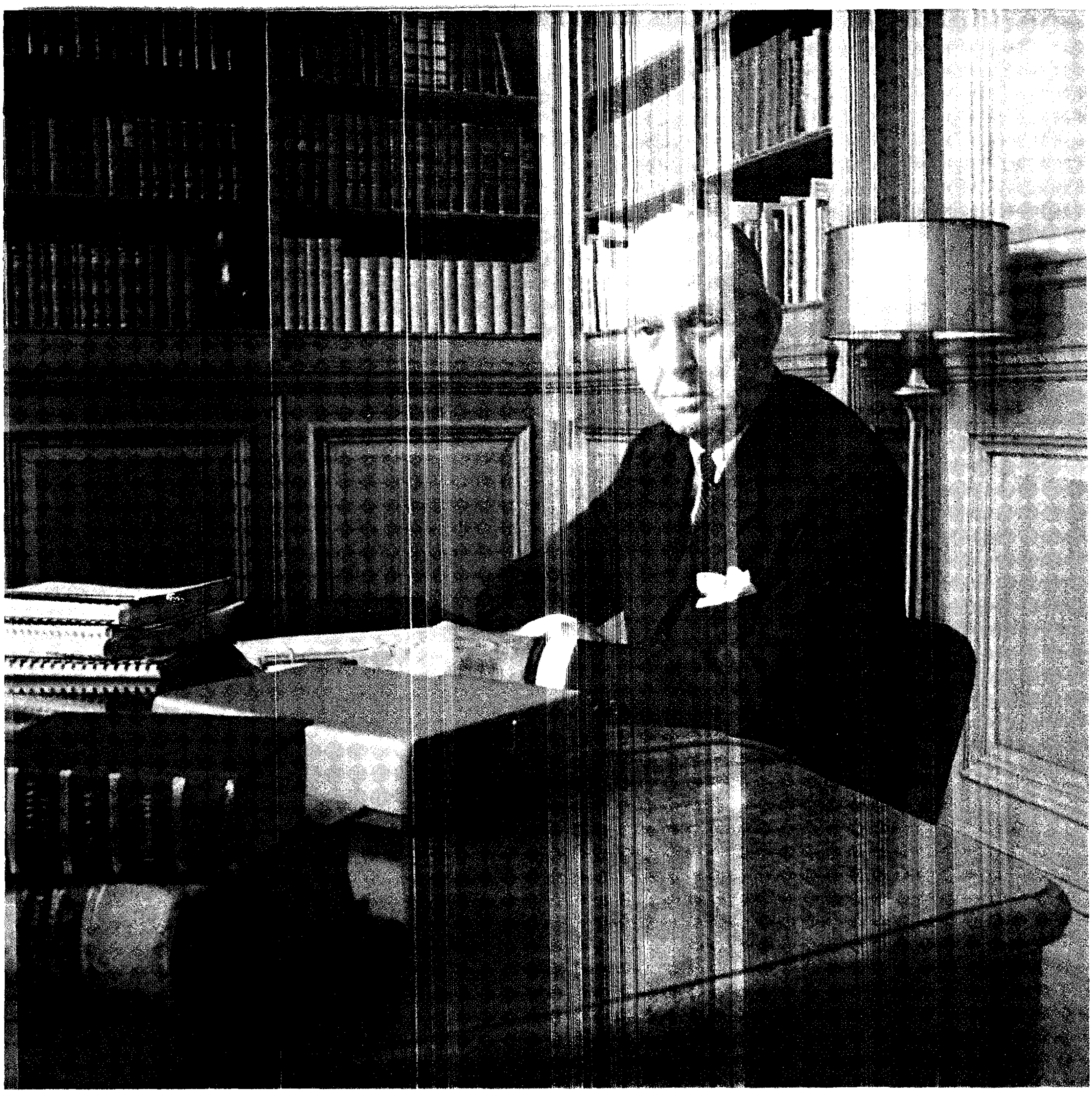
COLONEL TANTIVY MARTINGALE joins me in wishing you three hundred and sixty-six lucky days in 1968. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Top-level executive changes were announced yesterday by Harris, Upham & Co., Inc., one of Wall Street's oldest and largest brokerage concerns.

Henry Upham Harris, 67 years old, was elevated to chairman from president. Henry Upham Harris Jr., his son, 41, was elected president. George Upham Harris Jr., his son, 41, chairman, who will be 70 in January, remains a director and member of the concern's executive committee. He is the senior Henry Harris's brother.—*The Times.*

All one big, mixed-up family.



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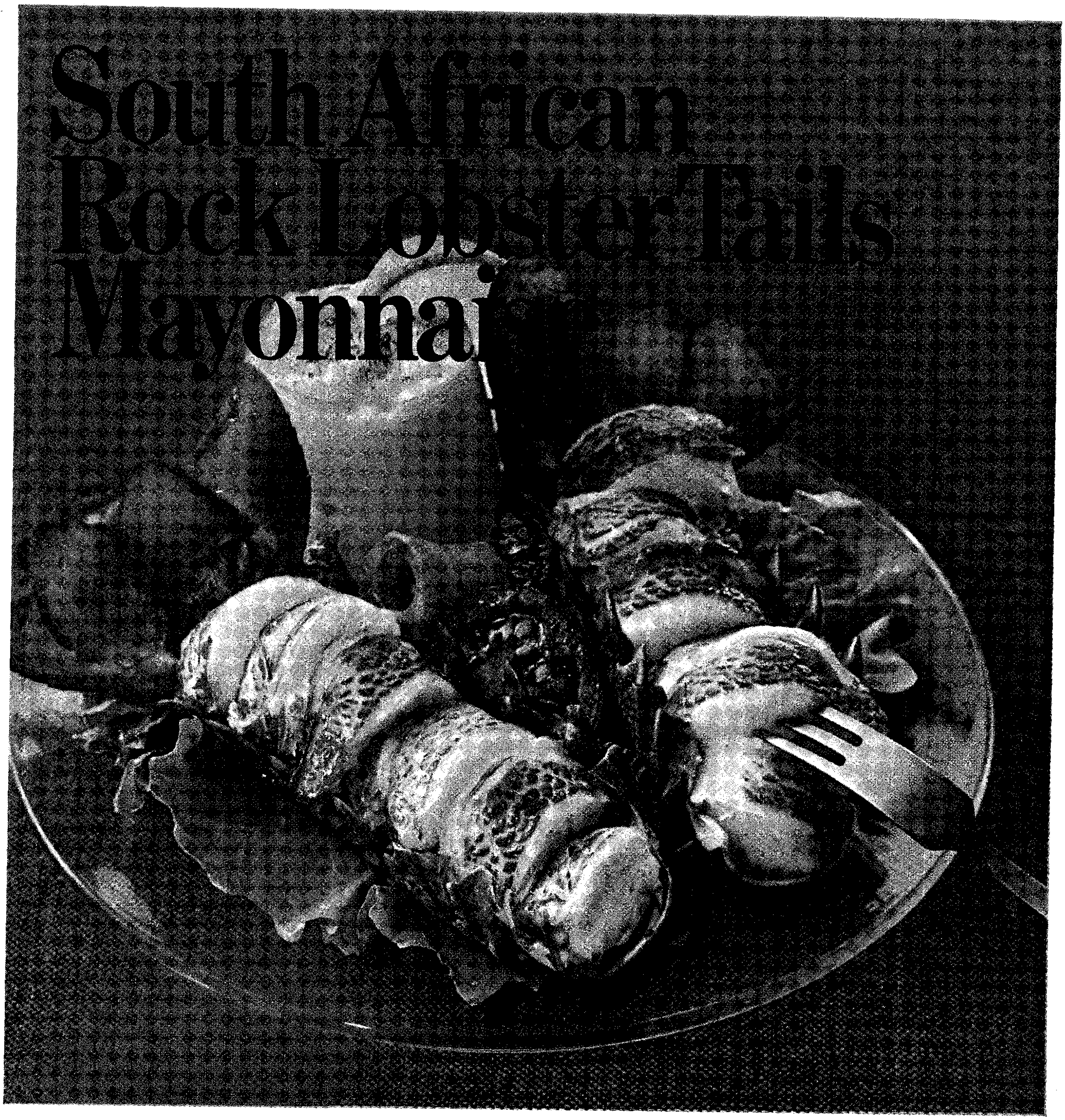

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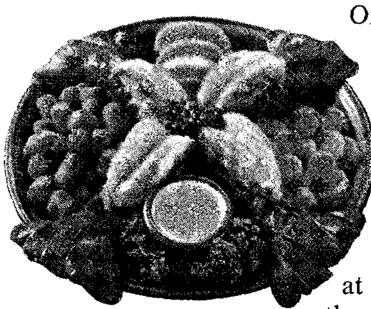

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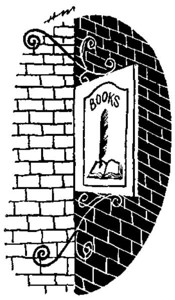
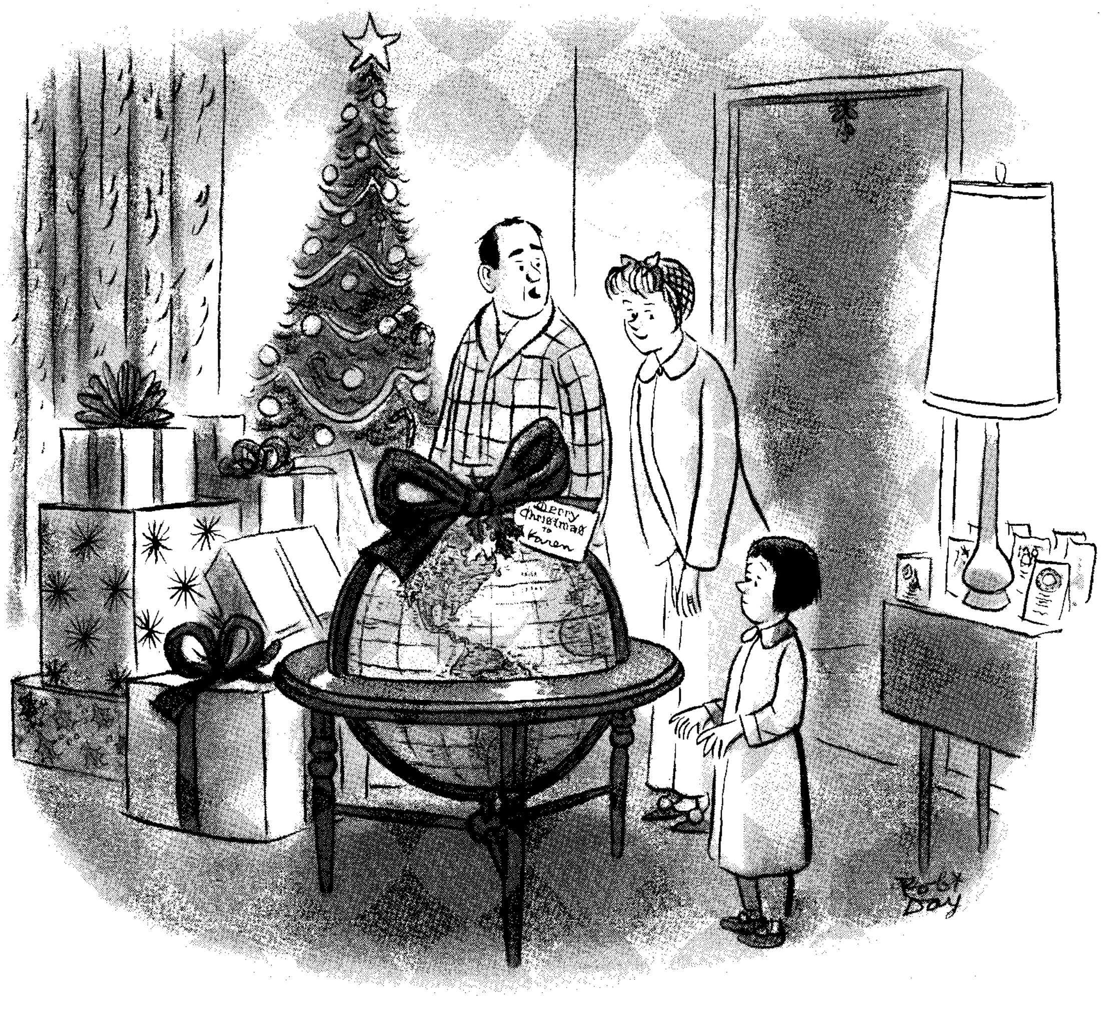
BOOKS

Mr. and Mrs. Woolf



AUTOBIOGRAPHIES, if they are well written, have a single tone throughout, almost a tone of voice, that suggests a person of a certain age, usually rather advanced, who, in the process of learning about life over a considerable span of time and of leaving his mark on the world, has lost not only his illusions but his hair and waistline. Sir Edmund Gosse relives old emotions passionately, Gibbon holds his off at arm's length. Leonard Woolf waited so long—he was well into his seventies when, discouraged with the reception of the third volume of a study of the effects of communal psychology on history, he put this ambitious project aside and began his autobiography—and proceeded so deliberately through the first two volumes ("Sowing" and "Growing") that it seemed quite possible he would not manage to cover the part of his life one most wanted to read about, which was his marriage. Nevertheless he did, in "Beginning Again." And the personality that has gradually emerged is of a man whose vision of life is unclouded by sentiment; who is uncomplaining and unself-pitying; who is an introvert with an extrovert's love of games; who is sometimes arrogant but utterly free from snobbishness; who has a tendency toward reserve, toward withdrawal, and so is inclined always to stand somewhat outside any given occasion; whose attachment to animals and interest in their minds is like Colette's; who is never indifferent to, or less than candid with, his friends; who suffers fools more gladly than wise men; who might be called a Puritan except that he has an unpuritanical love of pleasure and—or so he insists—no sense of guilt whatever; whose sense of rectitude is not rooted in religion but is partly aesthetic and partly the expression of his own nature; who is committed to the cause of improving the lot of mankind but doesn't expect very much of human beings in general; who sees no over-all meaning and no controlling hand in the universe but is by no means without hope; whose patience is the patience of trees and rocks.

The fourth volume of Mr. Woolf's autobiography—"Downhill All the Way" (Harcourt, Brace & World)—covers the years 1919-39. As is true of anybody on the side of the angels, he devoted a considerable part of his time and energy to the support of what turned out to be lost causes, but the pessimistic title seems to me to fit the procession of historical and political events better than it does his own life, which was full of accomplishment. More and more, what he did and what he wrote were in some way related to politics and public events, as he himself became more actively immersed in them. He agreed reluctantly to stand for Parliament, knowing he would be defeated and knowing also that the life of a backbench M.P. was futile and boring. For thirty years he was the secretary of a committee the purpose of which was to try to get the Labour Party and its leaders "to understand the complications and urgency of what was happening in remote places and among strange peoples about whom they were profoundly and complacently ignorant." He sat for seventeen years on an arbitration panel that heard cases involving the British Civil Service, which does not strike. He edited the *International Review* and the *Political Quarterly*. For seven years he was the literary editor of the *Nation*. He wrote a great many reviews and leading articles for various Liberal periodicals. He published (and he is never a sloppy, insubstantial writer) half a dozen books. It is my particular bias as a reader not to enjoy reading about economics and political science. My eye-



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lids grow heavy the minute I read that So-and-So worked for the Fabian Society. But what Mr. Woolf has to say in these areas—for example, about the vindictive self-righteousness that is the occupational disease of judges; how, although the upper ranks of the Labour Party have always been full of intellectuals, Labour has always shared "the general British suspicion and misprision of the intellect and of those who use it in everyday life;" how the perpetual tragedy of history is that things are always being done ten or twenty years too late; how wars are not made by kings, governments, and statesmen but are, instead, fought for beliefs and desires widely accepted in the community—and his opinions in general I find invariably interesting.

This is to a large extent because there is so much life in the writing. As some people do not age emotionally at the same rate their bodies age, with the result that at sixty they are really thirty-seven or forty-nine, so Leonard Woolf the writer is of a noticeably different age from that of the man whose photograph appears on the dust jacket. If one didn't know better, one would surely conclude that this description of his first meeting with Sir Leslie Stephen, in Thoby Stephen's rooms at Cambridge, was dashed off by a lively, talented young man in his twenties:

> It is remarkable and humiliating to discover how imbecile a not very imaginative, or even an imaginative, remark can sound when one shouts it down an ear trumpet into the ear of a bearded old gentleman, six foot three inches tall, sitting very upright in a chair and looking as if every word you said only added to his already unendurable sorrows.

This is not always true, of course, for the autobiography eventually deals with experiences quite beyond the understanding of that young a man, and the writer who wrote "To live perpetually in a kaleidoscope of which the kaleidoscopic changes are always more or less the same bores and depresses me" is as old as Egypt. But it is true that walking around in the body of the elderly man, sharing his very blue eyes and mournful face, is the young man at Cambridge, made euphoric by his discovery of all that is encompassed in the life of the mind, susceptible to the pull of absolutes, and sharing with a number of people he likes a sense of profound intimacy based on the fact that they are all passionately interested in the same things and pursuing the same ends, and always ready to laugh at themselves and at the universe, and even at those things in the universe they take most seriously.

ROUGHLY a third of the volume is taken up with politics, and another third with the Hogarth Press, which is worth going into, I think, because among publishing houses it is probably unique and because its place in the lives of Leonard and Virginia Woolf is not always properly understood. I remember hearing once that Mrs. Woolf wrote her novels in the garage, sitting on the running board of a car, because the house was entirely taken up by the Hogarth Press. And I have also heard it said that he *made* her wrap books. Neither story is correct; it was a common venture.

Mr. and Mrs. Woolf started the Hogarth Press in 1917, on a capital of £41 15s. 3d. At the time, they were living in Hogarth House, which was half an eighteenth-century mansion in Richmond, and this suggested the name. They were both interested in printing, and it had occurred to him that it would be a good thing if she had a manual occupation to turn to in the afternoons that would take her mind completely off her writing. They tried to go to a printing school, and were refused; printing was only taught to a limited number of trade-union apprentices. So they bought a hand press small enough to stand on a kitchen table, and some type, and with the help of a sixteen-page pamphlet taught themselves to print. Their first published work was thirty-two pages long, with these words on the title page: "TWO STORIES WRITTEN AND PRINTED BY VIRGINIA WOOLF AND L. S. WOOLF HOGARTH PRESS, RICHMOND 1917." Her story was "The Mark on the Wall" and his was "Three Jews." They bound it themselves. They printed a hundred and fifty copies and sold a hundred and thirty-four, to eighty-seven people, all but five or six of them friends and acquaintances. Katherine Mansfield and Middleton Murry became interested in what they were doing, and she offered them, for their second publication, a long short story.

> When I look at my copy of "Prelude" today, I am astonished at our courage and energy in attempting it and producing it only a year after we had started to teach ourselves to print. For we printed only in the afternoon and even so not every afternoon; it is a 68-page book and we printed and bound it entirely with

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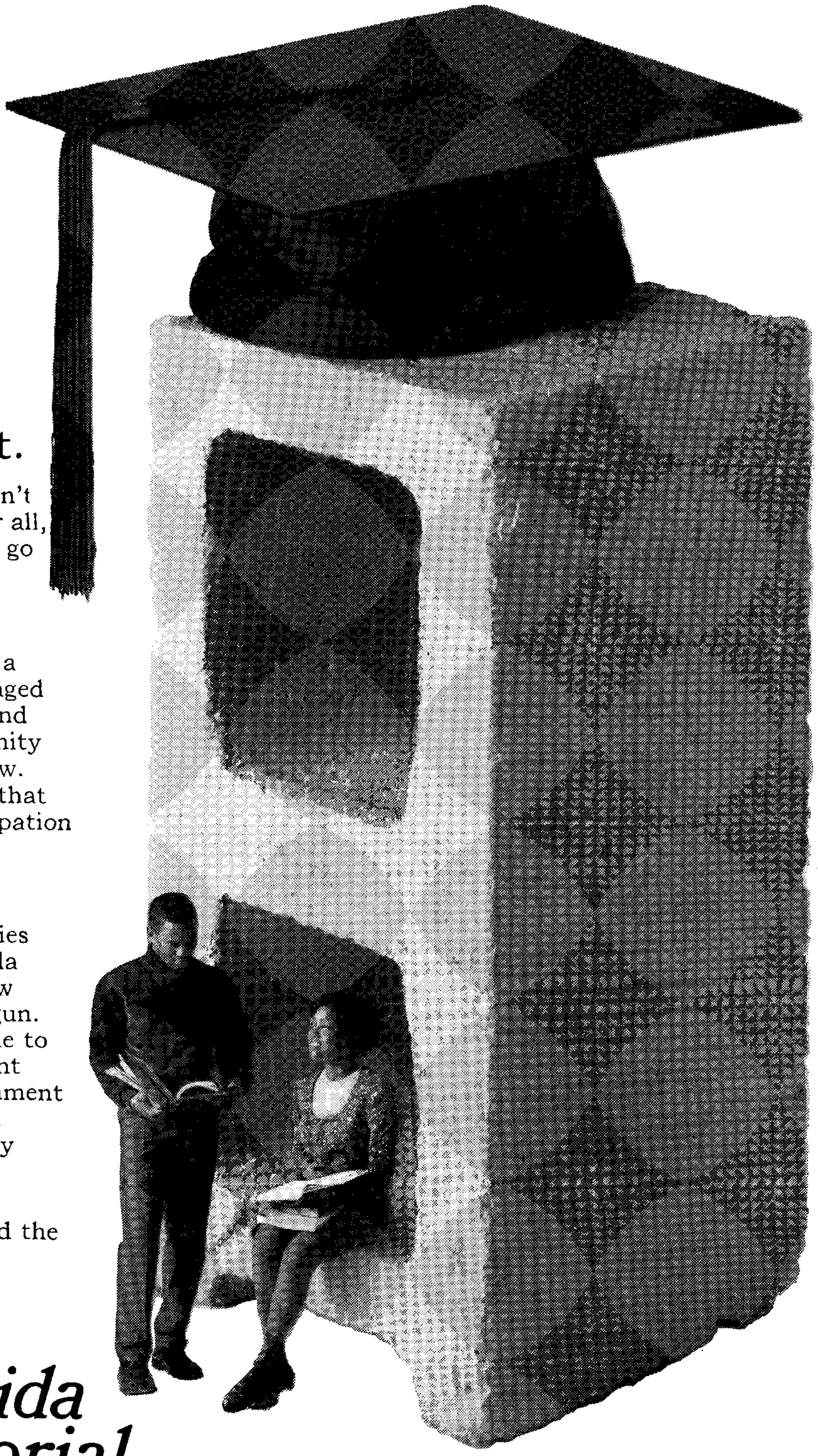

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our own hands. The edition must have consisted of nearly 300 copies for, when it went out of print, we had sold 257 copies. Virginia did most of the setting and I did all the machining, though I did set when there was nothing to machine.

All this is told in the preceding volume, "Beginning Again." In the present volume there is an account of how they went on printing—the 1919 "Poems" of T. S. Eliot, and, in 1920, a short story by E. M. Forster and Gorky's "Reminiscences of Tolstoi," which Mr. Woolf translated with S. S. Koteliansky. They saw at once that it was an important book and that if they published it they would have to print at least a thousand copies, which they could not manage themselves, so it was farmed out to a professional printer, and it had an immediate commercial success. From that time on they were devilled by a for the most part unsolvable dilemma.

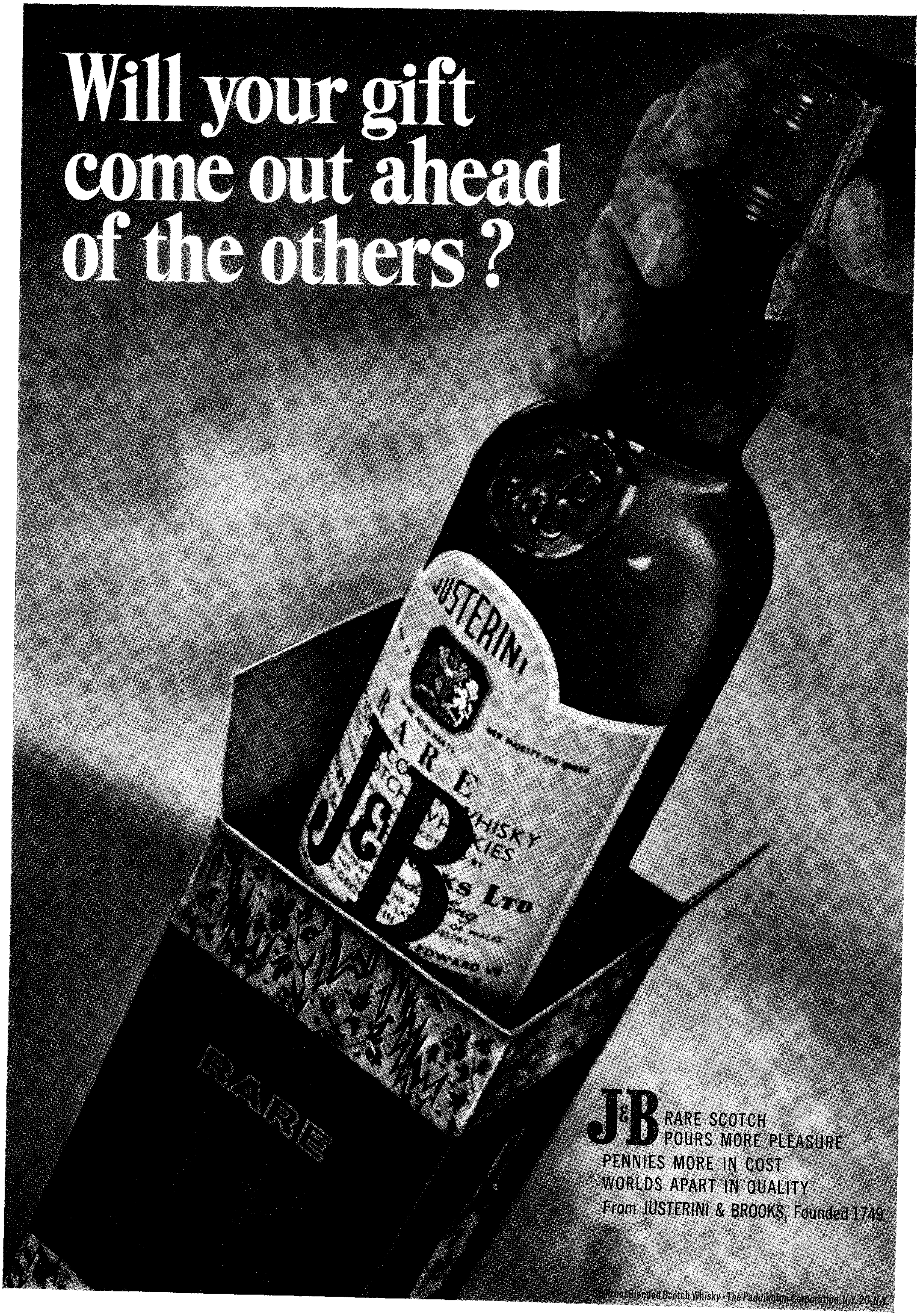
Neither of us wanted to be professional, full-time publishers; what we wanted to do primarily was to write books, not print and publish them. On the other hand, our three years' experience of printing and publishing had given us great pleasure and whetted our appetite for more. In 1920 I felt in my bones that the Hogarth Press, like the universe and so many things in it, must either expand or explode or dwindle and die; it was too young and too vigorous to be able to just sit still and survive.... So we decided to allow the Press to expand, if it could, into a proper publishing business.

They continued to print a good number of books themselves, including "The Waste Land" and Forster's "Pharos and Pharillon." Other works—Bunin's "The Gentleman from San Francisco" (translated by Koteliansky and D. H. Lawrence) and "Stavrogin's Confession" (the chapter that Dostoevski deleted from "The Possessed" and that Mrs. Woolf translated for the Hogarth Press, again with Koteliansky)—were farmed out. Running the Press in their spare time, without a staff, on lines invented by him, they printed books in the larder, bound books in the dining room, interviewed printers, binders, and authors in a sitting room. And for many years he kept accounts and the records of sales, in a way that from a chartered accountant's view was unorthodox but that was nevertheless accepted by the Inspector of Taxes.

In 1924, they gave up the house in Richmond and took a lease on a house in London. They put the Hogarth Press in the basement, the ground floor being already let to a firm of Dickensian solicitors. And because by this time the publishing venture was more than the two of them could manage, they hired a clerical staff of three bookkeepers and typists, and a travelling representative. They also tried out a succession of young men who were to take over some part of the management, distribution, accounting, advertising, and so on, with the idea that one would eventually become a partner in the publishing house. This never worked very well for very long. The young men were usually brilliant and had other irons in the fire, and in any case they were being asked to perform an impossible feat:

> ... namely to publish best-sellers with the greatest professional efficiency for an amateur publisher in a basement kitchen. I still think that the technical efficiency of the Hogarth Press in the years 1924 to 1939 was extremely high, much higher in matters of importance than that of many—I almost wrote most—large and small publishing firms. For instance, for all those years, when we were publishing from 20 to 30 books a year, selling in the first six months of their existence anything from 150 to 30,000 copies, we practically never—I think I could truthfully say never, but no one would believe me—ran out of bound copies and were unable to supply an order. This was the result of meticulous daily, sometimes hourly, supervision, checking, organization.

The net income (Mr. Woolf has a fondness for drawing up lists of figures—her income, his income, how much they paid the cook and the housemaid, etc.) of the Hogarth Press during these years varied from £3 in 1924 to £2,442 in 1938. The very high level and the handsome appearance of the books they published are matters of common knowledge. The most difficult of all their undertakings, he says, was the publication of the four (eventually five) volumes of Freud's "Collected Papers," which was not commercially feasible unless the edition could be sold in the United States as well as in the British Commonwealth. Other publishers shook their heads over the venture. Freud was not then the figure that he is now, and, furthermore, he had been generous and casual about assigning copyrights, and it was far from easy to discover who owned the American rights to certain of his books, let alone to obtain them. He had given the American rights to many of his books to his friend A. A. Brill, whose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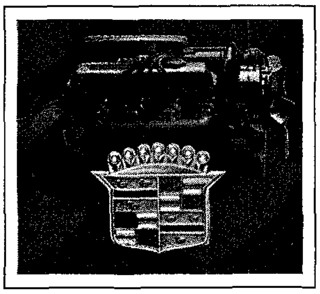

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I feel no call to praise the famous men whom I have known. Nearly all famous men are disappointing or bores, or both. Freud was neither; he had an aura not of fame but of greatness. The terrible cancer of the mouth, which killed him only eight months later, had already attacked him. It was not an easy interview. He was extraordinarily courteous in a formal, old-fashioned way—for instance, almost ceremoniously he presented Virginia with a flower. There was something about him as of a half-extinct volcano—something sombre, suppressed, reserved.

THE remaining third of the book is taken up with his marriage. In "Sowing" he remarks:

> Anyone who has ridden many different kinds of horses knows the horse who, when you go up to him for the first time, has superficially the most quiet and demure appearance, but, if after bitter experience you are accustomed to take something more than a superficial glance at a strange mount, you observe at the back of the eye of this quiet beast a look which warns you to be very, very careful. So too the observant observer would have noticed at the back of the two Miss Stephens' eyes a look which would have warned him to be cautious, a look which belied the demureness, a look of great intelligence, hypercritical, sarcastic, satirical.
>
> In the case of Sir Leslie Stephen's beautiful and formidable younger daughter, Virginia, there was a further reason for caution. She had had a minor breakdown in her childhood, and in 1895, after her mother's death, a major one, during which she had delusions and heard voices and tried to commit suicide by jumping out of a window.

It was not in Leonard Woolf's character to give way to caution. When he came home on leave from Ceylon, in the spring of 1911, he went first to Cambridge and looked up his friends there, and then other friends in London. Three weeks after he had arrived in England, he dined with Vanessa and Clive Bell, in Gordon Square. He was alone with them at dinner, but afterward Virginia Stephen, Duncan Grant, and Walter Lamb came in. It was one of those occasions on which a person encounters his destiny. What he felt was that he had found a society wonderfully different from anything he had known before, and marvellously exhilarating, because of the sense of intimacy and the complete freedom of thought and speech—much wider than he had known as a Cambridge undergraduate—and because it included women. For the next six months he lived a life of "unmitigated, pure, often acute pleasure, such as I had never had before and have never had again." The outward weather obligingly matched the weather in his soul: the sun was always blazing. By the end of the year he knew that he was in love with Virginia Stephen, and in May of the following year she agreed to marry him. Shortly afterward the weather changed, and he never again lived day after day under a cloudless sky. The emotional strain of the engagement brought on one of the severe headaches that were a warning signal, and she went for a time into a nursing home. After talking with doctors and nurses, he came to the conclusion that they ought not to have children. For the next thirty years, studying her mind with the greatest intensity, patient, tough, unyielding, he stood between her and their mortal enemy.

In 1914-15, Mrs. Woolf had another serious breakdown. It passed through various stages; the sleeplessness, the racing thoughts and voluble talking gave way once more to delusions, and she again heard voices and was a danger to herself and to other people. All this lasted several months, but in my memory, three years after reading his account of it, it has shrunk to a single scene. For she would not eat. Left to herself, she would have eaten nothing whatever and starved to death. So he sat by her, for an hour, for two hours, waiting, and every once in a while he would ask her to eat something, and touch her arm or her hand. Sometimes she did.

In the present volume he again takes up the matter of her insanity, but from a much greater distance, not as the thing itself but as the ever-present threat.

> The routine of everyday life had to be regular and rather rigid. Everything had to be rationed, from work and walking to people and parties. Despite all our precautions, her diary shows how often in the first few years after the war she was ill or threatened with illness. . . . We knew exactly what the treatment should be; the moment the headache came, she had to go to bed, and remain there comatose, eating and sleeping, until the symptoms began to abate. That was the cure; the difficulty was always

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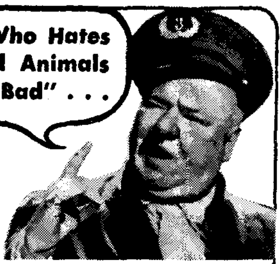

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to perform the actions which the cure required: unfortunately one does not sleep—or even eat—because one knows that sleeping or eating is the one thing which will cure one of a shadow across one's brain.

A famous Harley Street physician whom they consulted said to her, on parting, "Equanimity—equanimity—practice equanimity, Mrs. Woolf." It is unlikely he had read any of her novels, or he would not have been such a fool as to suggest such a thing, good advice though it was. In any case, with regard to her writing she never learned to practice it. I cannot resist quoting in its entirety this bravura description of her working habits:

Like most professional writers, if she was well, she went into her room and sat down to write her novel with the daily regularity of a stockbroker who commutes every day between his house in the suburbs and his office in the neighbourhood of Throgmorton Street. Her room was very different from a stockbroker's office. She was an untidy writer, indeed an untidy liver, an accumulator of what Lytton Strachey used to call "filth packets," those packets of old nibs, bits of string, used matches, rusty paper clips, crumpled envelopes, broken cigarette holders, etc., which accumulate malignantly on some people's tables and mantelpieces. In Virginia's workroom there was always a very large, solid, plain wooden table covered with filth packets, papers, letters, manuscripts, and large bottles of ink. She very rarely sat at this table, certainly never when she was writing a novel in the morning. To write her novel of a morning she sat in a very low armchair, which always appeared to be suffering from prolapsus uteri; on her knees was a large board made of plywood which had an inkstand glued to it, and on the board was a large quarto notebook of plain paper which she had bound up for her and covered herself in (usually) some gaily-coloured paper. The first draft of all her novels was written in one of these notebooks with pen and ink in the mornings. Later in the morning or in the afternoon, or sometimes at the beginning of the next morning, she typed out what she had written in the notebook, revising it as she typed, and all subsequent revisions were made on the typewriter. A curious thing about her was that, although she was extremely sensitive to noise and was one of those people who "jumped out of her skin" at a sudden noise or unexpected confrontation, she seemed usually, when writing, to acquire a protective skin or integument which insulated her from her surroundings. Her room tended to become not merely untidy but squalid. She reached the final stage of organized disorganization and discomfort when we moved from Richmond to 52 Tavistock Square in Bloomsbury. At the back of the house was what had once been an immense billiard room. We used it as a storeroom for the Hogarth Press and there imbedded among the pyramids and mountains of parcels, books, and brown paper sat Virginia with her disembowelled chair, her table, and her gas fire.

There were four distinct stages in the writing of a novel, and during the first, which was a "quiet and intense dreamlike rumination when she drifted through London streets or walked across the Sussex water-meadows," and the third, a period of "intense, analytical critical revision of what she had written," the practice of equanimity was at least imaginable. During the second stage, the actual writing (which she once described thus: "Having reeled across the last ten pages with some moments of such intensity and intoxication that I seemed to stumble after my own voice, or almost after some sort of speaker"), it was not imaginable. And even less during the fourth, the period of torturing self-doubt, of exhaustion and despair, that set in the moment she finished the first draft of a book and that continued till the last reviewer, critic, friend, or acquaintance had voiced his opinion. It was during such a period, after she finished "The Voyage Out," that the breakdown of 1914-15 occurred, and with every novel that came after it the threat was equally great. "I have come up here," she wrote in her diary, "trembling under the sense of complete failure—I mean 'The Waves.' "

Dear God . . .

And the very center of the crisis was the moment when she brought the manuscript for him to read, before showing it to anyone else. What he said was usually what he really thought, and what most people now think: that "Jacob's Room" is unlike any other novel, that the people are ghosts moved hither and thither by fate, that it is very interesting and beautiful. That "Mrs. Dalloway" was her best book up to that date; that it had more continuity than "Jacob's Room" but was difficult, owing to the lack of visible connection between the two themes. That "To the Lighthouse" is a masterpiece, and an entirely new kind of thing, a psychological poem.

On two occasions, after reading the manuscripts of "Flush" and "Orlando," what he said was, roughly, the truth, but it was not the whole truth: "L. takes 'Orlando' more seriously than I had expected. Thinks it is in some ways better than the 'Lighthouse': about more interesting things, and with more attachment to life and larger. . . . He says it is very original." What he actually thought was that it was a highly original and amusing book with some beautiful things in it—a *jeu d'esprit.* But the time came when he had to tell an outright lie. Again I am quoting from the diary:

> Miracles will never cease—L. actually liked "The Years"! He thinks it so far—as far as the wind chapter—as good as any of my books. I will put down the actual facts. On Sunday I started to read the proofs. When I had read to the end of the first section I was in despair: stony but convinced despair. I made myself yesterday read on to Present Time. When I reached that landmark I said, "This is happily so bad that there can be no question about it. I must carry the proofs, like a dead cat, to L. and tell him to burn them unread." This I did. And a weight fell off my shoulders.

No doubt the weight that was removed from her shoulders was added to his, for he was a fiercely truthful man. But there are times when it is a matter of life and death to be truthful, and other times when it is just as necessary to be untruthful, and every adult is sooner or later required to distinguish between the two of them. Though we have Leonard Woolf to thank for the four masterpieces that were added to English literature during the years 1919-39, and one more, it seems hardly proper to say so. He didn't do it for us. In "A Writer's Diary" there is an entry for September 26, 1920, that, oddly, and perhaps characteristically, is not listed in the index, for which he must have been responsible: "Perhaps at the bottom of my mind, I feel I am distanced by L. in every respect." It is not a belief that he subscribed to.

HE is fifty-eight at the end of this volume, and the downhill drag that is so noticeable in the historical events of the period has already begun to show itself in their personal life, in a series of deaths, each so unexpected and outrageous, he says, that the effect is like a blow on the head or the heart. Lytton Strachey died of cancer, in 1932, and Carrington, his beautiful and enigmatic housekeeper, killed herself out of grief for him. Roger Fry died as a result of a fall in his room. Julian Bell was killed driving an ambulance in the Spanish Civil War. In July, 1939, Mr. Woolf's mother died, and though she was a very old woman and their characters and minds were hopelessly different and he was, he thinks, her least loved child, he felt her death as a second severing of the umbilical cord.

One afternoon during the late summer of 1939, when he was planting Iris reticulata under an apple tree in the orchard at Rodmell, he suddenly heard his wife's voice calling to him from the sitting room window, "Hitler is making a speech." He shouted back, "I shan't come! I'm planting iris and they will be flowering long after he is dead." On this note of affirmation, immediately following the melancholy listing of friends and relations who died and when and how, the book ends. There is, the reader knows, one further blow—the greatest of all—still to come. It lies outside this period of his life but he nevertheless mentions it earlier in the book. The effect—as of an old man who, having been unable not to bring up the subject of a death to which in twenty-six years he is in no way reconciled, brushes the tears away with a single movement involving the back of the hand and goes on talking about something else—may be entirely accidental; it is nevertheless very touching.

> On February 26, 1941 she finished "Between the Acts" and, as had happened four years before, she fell into the depths of despair. On March 28 she drowned herself in the Ouse.
>
> I must return to the subject of our income....

—WILLIAM MAXWELL

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

TYNAN RIGHT & LEFT, by Kenneth Tynan (Atheneum). More than four hundred pages of opinions of plays and films, and observations of people and places, by the theatre critic who is at present the literary manager of Britain's splendid National Theatre. The plays, for the most part, were presented in London in the past ten years (you wish you could go right out and buy tickets), the films are of all nationalities, the people, with one exception (Cyril Connolly), are connected with the theatre, and the places range from France (on an eating tour of the *Michelin's* three-star restaurants) to San Francisco (on a freewheeling culture safari). There is no detailed table of contents, which would have been useful, and the index can be disconcerting: the first reference to Truman Capote is to a parrot of that name. Mr. Tynan is a clever writer, and in his observations of people and places his cleverness sometimes overwhelms the substance. But when his subject is the theatre or the films (as it is for more than half the book), his cleverness acts as a fulcrum for the urgency of his opinions, and he has no superior as a critic today.

OCCUPIED WITH CRIME, by Sir Richard Jackson (Doubleday). The

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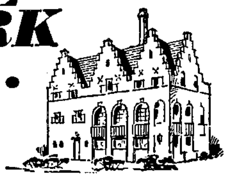

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memoirs of a onetime London barrister who served for ten years (1953-63) as Assistant Commissioner in charge of criminal investigation at Scotland Yard. Sir Richard's recollections are wholly professional. He opens his report with a brief account of the history and character of Scotland Yard, pointing out that, contrary to the impression given by a thousand novelists and playwrights, it is not (like the F.B.I.) a national but a metropolitan police force, and then sits comfortably back and recalls some of the more interesting and instructive crimes that occurred and were solved during his administration. Sir Richard is an engaged policeman ("Crime causes suffering. There are worse ways of spending one's life than in fighting it") and a highly perceptive and intelligent one: "The chief cause of crime is not, as the liberals of previous generations believed, poverty. Poverty can cause crime; few people would really prefer to starve rather than steal. But the relief of poverty and a drastic reduction of economic inequality have brought no comparable lessening of crime. On the contrary, booming crime rates seem to be characteristic of an affluent society. . . . The causes of crime are multiple and complex; a combination of greed and boredom, of resentment, arrogance, disrespect for property, of vanity and a lack of imagination or compassion. . . . [Moreover] since the psychiatrists and liberal theoreticians began to make their influence felt, crime, far from diminishing, has increased."

WITH AN EYE TO THE FUTURE, by Osbert Lancaster (Houghton Mifflin). A second fine installment of the memoirs of the English artist, cartoonist, and stage designer. The period: between the two Great Wars. The actions: going to school, going to parties, finding a career, travelling, and marrying. The subtle and valuable purpose: to describe the appearances, moods, tastes, preoccupations, and sensibilities of an era that proceeded—how or when, no one at the time knew—from being postwar to being prewar. Mr. Lancaster's style is witty, easy, and accurate. Illustrations by the author.

AUBREY BEARDSLEY, by Brian Reade (Viking). First, a commendably crisp, incisive prefatory note by Sir John Rothenstein, formerly director of the Tate Gallery. Then a much longer, somewhat overblown biographical and critical introductory essay by the author. Finally, some five hundred plates, followed by fifty-five pages of notes. The trouble is that the book is too big for its subject. Technically, Beardsley was one of the greatest masters of black-and-white of all time, but his range was severely limited, as was his inspiration, and his taste was decidedly erratic. The author has abandoned selectivity for all-inclusiveness, and the result is a plethora of drawings that strive so hard for the rococo, the allusive, and the vaguely erotic that they occasionally verge on the grotesque, while the really effective pieces—and there are many of them—are lost in the welter. The wonder, of course, is that Beardsley, racked by consumption and dead at twenty-five, produced anything remarkable at all. Sixteen dollars and ninety-five cents.

SOME CLASSIC TRAINS, by Arthur D. Dubin (Kalmbach). Because it is the *fin de siècle*—the end of the Century (the familial name for the Twentieth Century Limited) and nearly all of the other commodious institutions that were for so many years our fiery chariots by day, our magic carpets by night—it is time that Mr. Dubin, publicly a Chicago architect of contemporary tastes but privately the worshipper of the most enormous collection of Pullman-car memorabilia in the world, should bring out this new edition of his fond remembrance of things passing and past. He wears his heart on his sleeve (assuredly, the sleeve of a Pullman uniform) as he annotates the photographs of the locomotives, the sleeping cars, the parlor cars, the dining cars that crowd almost to the edges of his four hundred and thirty-four pages. A merry, if dewy-eyed, Christmas both for the keepers of archives and for the keepers of the faith. Twenty dollars.

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All available rooms were taken by the hunters, last week-end, and will be for the next two week-ends. Was predicted 100,000 hunters including those from out of state, would be in the woods, and that only about 18,000 would be shot, so many will go home disappointed.—*Woodstock (Vt.) Vermont Standard.*

Well, if you're a lousy shot, you're a lousy shot.

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LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

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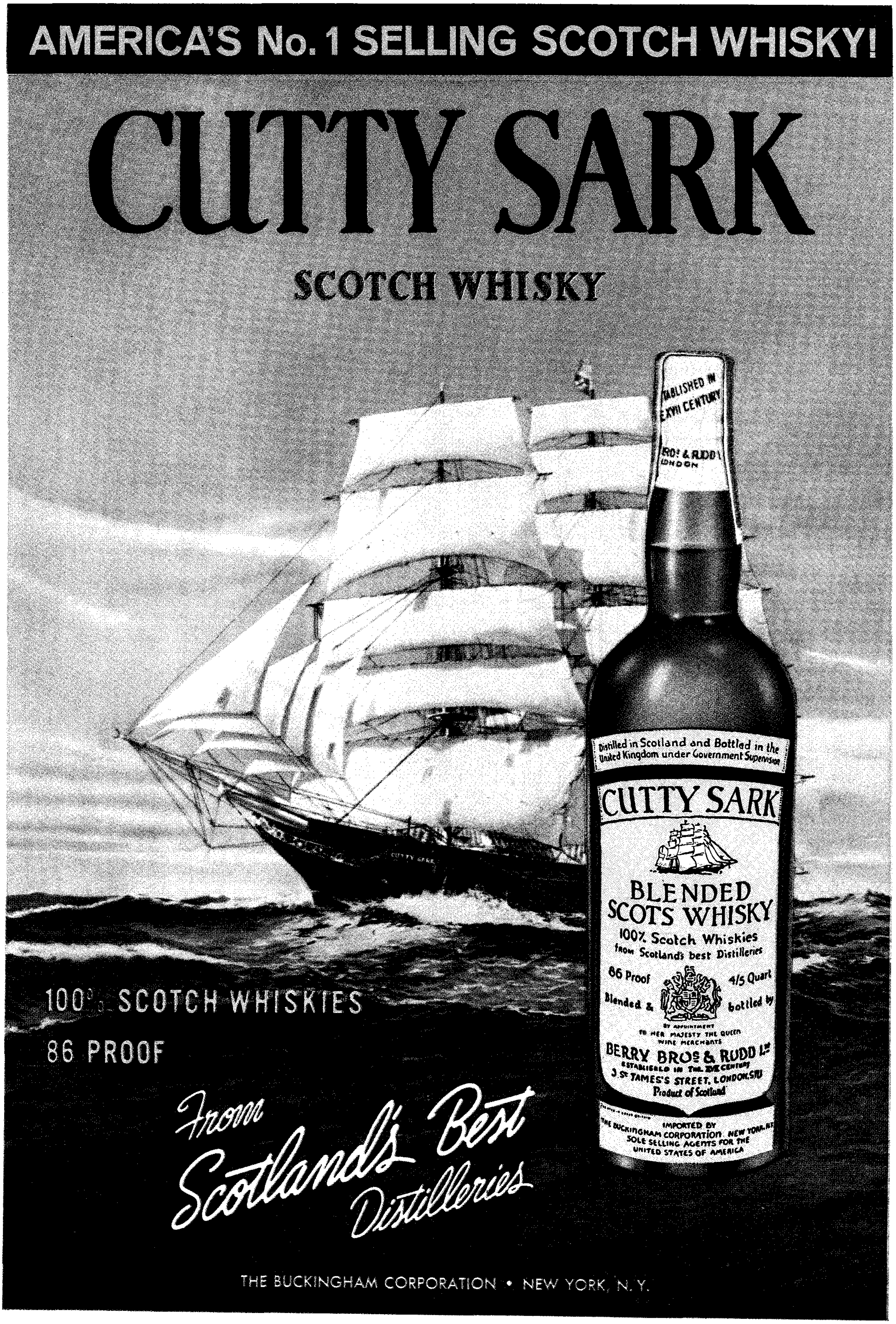
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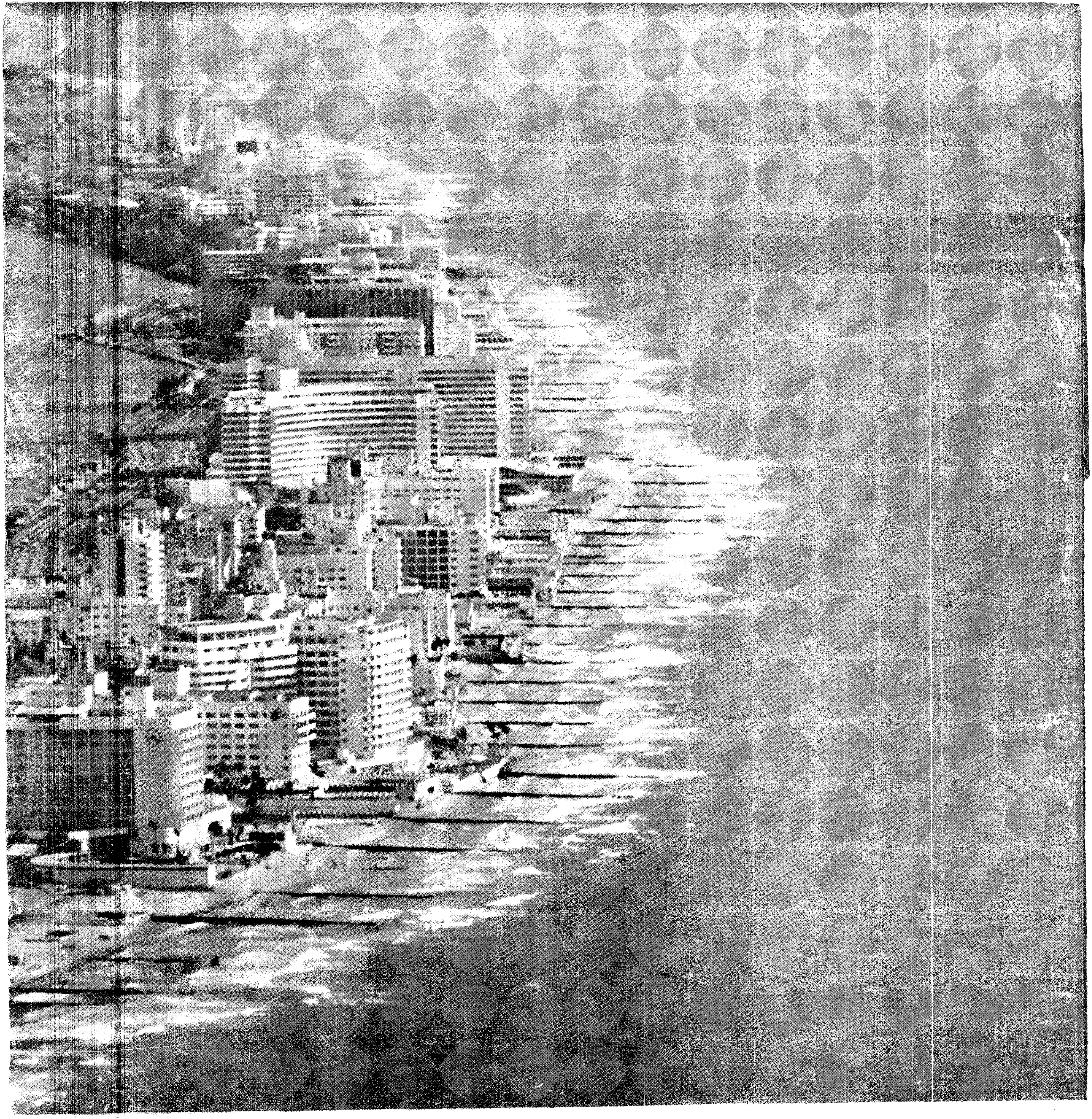

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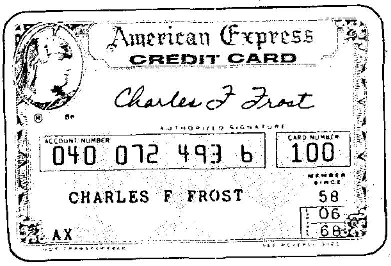
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